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## THE FUTURE OF THE COUNTRY COLLEGE.

THE university is a new factor in American education. By university is meant, not a college with a euphonious but inappropriate title, nor yet faculties of law, medicine, and theology associated under the same government with the academic faculty, but an institution where all the leading lines of liberal learning are taught in their broad relations, studied in their minute details, and carried forward by original investigation. That the rapid rise of universities in the United States is destined to work great changes in our system of higher education is obvious.

The university cannot supersede the college. The attempt to rear the university on the basis of the academy alone would be as absurd as to put the roof of a house directly on the foundation, with no intervening stories. The university brings with it a new kind of college. Hitherto we have had large colleges and small colleges, both having essentially the same curriculum and spirit. Now we have the college connected with the university, and the college which stands by itself. The college connected with the university has the advantages of location in a centre of culture, and has abundant wealth. Its university connection gives it fame and prestige, and the attraction of intellectual gravitation enables it to secure the choice scholars of the land for its professors. How is it with the college which stands by itself; in a word, with the country college? The answer may

be suggested by a plain statement of the comprehensive work of higher education. That work is threefold, intellectual, moral, and religious. In each of these three spheres there are three stages. Corresponding to these stages are three institutions, the academy, the college, and the university.

The first stage of intellectual work is drill. This is the province of the classical academy. The classical academy withdraws its pupil from studies of immediate utility. It selects Latin, Greek, and mathematics: partly because these studies lie logically at the foundation of all the literature and science which the pupil will study in the college and the university, and partly because they afford a superior field for drill in the thorough masters of the fundamental principles of thought and expression. The chief value of a classical course lies not in what its students know when they graduate, but in what it enables them to learn afterward. Hence the course in a classical academy is comparatively unprofitable for one who intends to go no farther. The classical academy is strictly a fitting-school. Its aim is to form right mental habits. It insists on accuracy, thoroughness, and form. It does not aim to attract the mind by the inherent interest of the subjects taught. On the contrary, it forces it to unwelcome tasks. It brings the mind into subjection to the will. There is inevitably an artificial and more or less pedantic atmosphere about it.

The college presupposes in its students the drill of the academy. Yet, to make sure of it, the college keeps up this drill during the Freshman year. For without this drill as a foundation no successful work in the latter part of the course is possible. Yet even from the first the aim of the college is radically different from that of the academy. Not drill for its own sake, with its irksomeness, its monotony, its slavery to a text-book, but knowledge in the most attractive, stimulating, and practically valuable aspect, is the ideal which the college holds up before its students. It invites the student to bring his will into subjection to his mind, instead of simply compelling him to subject his mind to his will.

Since the aims of the two institutions are so different, it is generally recognized that, when possible, it is best for both academy and college that they be kept separate.

It is the province of the university to take men who have the drill of the academy and the breadth of view which the college gives, and help them to carry forward self-chosen lines of special study to the limits of the world's attained knowledge, and on into regions yet unexplored. Not the teaching how to walk, nor yet the easy and rapid journeying along the beaten paths of knowledge, but the exploration of fields remote from the main lines of ordinary travel, and the surveying of new territory, is the function of the university.

The function of the university is thus as distinct from that of the college as is that of the college from the function of the academy. The same reason which has made it desirable to separate the academy from the college will in due time render desirable a separation of the college from the university. Where colleges are new, as in the West to-day, college and academy are united. But where colleges are old and well established, college and academy are separate.

Universities are new throughout this country, and have grown up for the most part in connection with colleges. But when universities become more definitely organized, the radical difference between the university and the college will become increasingly apparent. Even now a list of the principal universities having colleges connected with them would probably indicate that the more thorough and extensive the university work in any one of them, the less is there left of the college ideal; and *vice versa*, the more faithfully the college aim is adhered to, the less is the university ideal realized.

The two aims, breadth and specialization, the acquisition of knowledge for the student's sake and devotion to learning for learning's sake, are two distinct stages of intellectual development. Though the latter is unquestionably the higher, yet the former has its rightful time and place. The two aims cannot coexist side by side, each in supremacy over its rightful field, and as the college ideal is the lower and weaker in itself, it will inevitably yield to the university spirit. That broadening of the mind by an apprenticeship to the idea that there are many things which the student must learn before he can begin to be a scholar, which it is the province of the college to foster, will be neglected, and we shall have the sorry sight of immature youths affecting to be scholars before they have learned to be students.

Thus it is not the country college, but the university college, which has most to fear from the growth of the universities. The country college will continue to fit nine tenths of her graduates for professional and business life, as she has done. The other tenth she will prepare for the universities; and the college which in these days fails to send from five to ten per cent. of its graduates on into university work is false to its students and false to the cause of education. The best use in furtherance of higher education in New England to which two

hundred and fifty thousand dollars could be put to-day would be the establishment of twenty-five fellowships in the country colleges of New England, enabling one or two in each college class to enter upon university studies. The stimulus to the colleges and the support to the universities arising from such a system of fellowships would be invaluable; and it would impress students with the true and real relation of the college to the university as no amount of mere explanation and exhortation can impress them.

Intellectually the future of the college is assured, because it represents a distinct and essential stage of intellectual development, which none but the exceptionally endowed student can skip without serious and permanent injury; and the future of the country college is assured just because the more separate college and university are kept, the more helpful can they be to each other. They are members of an organic system of education; and they must be individually two before they can be organically one.

The moral reasons for the separation of academy, college, and university are no less strong. When a boy enters the academy, his morals are the product of heredity, home influence, and early associations. He has not formed principles of his own, and, as a rule, is not capable of forming them independently. Consequently the academy must enforce right conduct by sheer authority. It must watch the boys day and night, in school and on the street. Its rules must be rigid and arbitrary. Its punishment must be swift and sure. It can enter into no argument with pupil or parent. The parent who wrote to a large fitting-school, demanding an explanation of his son's unexpected return home, received all the satisfaction the academy could afford to give in the laconic reply, "Dear Sir, — Your letter is received. Your son is a loafer. Yours truly." The strengthening of right habits in

those who have them by the authoritative enforcement of rules, and the stern repression of evil tendencies by arbitrary penalties, is the moral *régime* suited to boys in the academic stage.

In the college this method should be entirely abandoned. There should be no spying of students nor prying into their secrets. There should be no list of things forbidden, with penalties attached. There should be nothing arbitrary and no avoidable severity. At the same time, the college officers should take the deepest personal interest in the moral welfare of their students. When a college is organized properly, its officers, while not inquiring too minutely into specific acts, will know the principles of each student. They will know whether the student is reliable or deceitful, diligent or lazy, temperate or dissolute, pure or licentious, sound or corrupt. They will not hesitate to point out to the immoral student with utmost frankness and friendliness the shame and ruin of his evil ways. Making no charges of specific acts calling for external proof, they will hold up the mirror to the moral nature in the clear light of an indisputable conscience. In the vast majority of cases, this discipline, if faithfully and persistently followed, does its work. In case it fails, the student is requested to withdraw, not as a specific penalty for a specific act, but for the common good of himself and of the college. Of course a discipline thus friendly and confidential will run the risk that friendship and confidence always must run, of being occasionally imposed upon and betrayed. This is, however, the true and Christian method of moral discipline for men of sufficient maturity to appreciate it. Furthermore, it must be complete and unreserved. It is impossible to mix it with what I have called the academic system.

If it be asked whether such a system will actually work, I can only write from a very limited experience. In

Bowdoin College, over which I preside, there have not been, during the past three years, half a dozen cases in which students have been called to account for specific acts of disorder or immorality. During these three years there has been but a single case in which any penalty beyond a verbal admonition has been inflicted. During the past year there was not a single case calling for even verbal admonition; and all familiar with the facts agree that the moral tone of the college was never higher. This is undoubtedly due in a very great degree to the high character of the young men with whom the college has been favored during the period. Yet had these same students been subjected to an irritating *espionage*, and threats and penalties held up before them, the result would have been far less satisfactory. Personal influence is the abundantly adequate as well as the only appropriate moral incentive for men in the college stage.

The university relies for its moral dynamic on the force of abstract ideas. Indeed, it presupposes in its post-graduate students a degree of maturity and self-possession which would render any other sort of moral influence superfluous. An independent intellectual life fosters a moral independence which resents personal as well as legal interference. It is inevitable that a university should foster this attitude of moral self-sufficiency; and for its post-graduate students this is undoubtedly the healthy and normal attitude.

When, however, college and university are united in the same institution, these two types of moral attitude cannot permanently coexist. The university type is inherently the stronger. It is, however, not adapted to the average under-graduate; yet it is sure to dominate both graduate and under-graduate departments. Professors accustomed to deal largely with post-graduate students, and naturally having their chief interest in the men nearest to their own level,

are almost certain to ignore the personal moral needs of the students furthest removed from themselves, and leave them to work out their moral character as best they can.

Those students who succeed in working their way out to this independent moral basis during their college course undoubtedly acquire a rugged stoic strength which is lacking in men who have had more personal help along the way. But multitudes are utterly wrecked and ruined as the result of being left to themselves before they have reached an independent moral self-consciousness. This personal help and inspiration in the formation of moral character is a most important factor in the rounded education of the total man; and it is its superior opportunity for doing this which constitutes one of the greatest advantages which the college which stands alone will always have over the college which is dominated and overshadowed by university ideals and influences.

The religious attitudes of the three institutions toward their students are likewise distinct. The boy comes to the academy with a religion which is merely formal and habitual, or else with no religion whatever. The academy can do little more than to sustain and strengthen such religious habits as it finds, and impose the outward forms of devotion upon all. If it undertakes to teach religion, it must be dogmatic; avoiding the discussion of vexed questions, for which its pupils are not ripe.

The religious function of the college is entirely different. It maintains formal worship; but it must breathe the breath of a rational spiritual life into these religious forms, or they will do more harm than good. It must constantly point out the connection between religion and the common duties and relations of everyday life. It must make it manifest that all its dealings with its students are the necessary and consistent outcome of the Christian spirit which it is the aim of its



devotional exercises to cultivate. In so far as the college teaches religion, it must do so with the utmost candor. It must give full weight to every objection, fairly discuss every difficulty, and be content to leave in the minds of its students many questions unanswered until they settle themselves. And yet, while scrupulously maintaining this intellectual fairness, the college professor should take every opportunity, in public and in private, in season and out of season, by precept, example, and entreaty, to "commend to every man's conscience in the sight of God" the superiority of the spiritual over the natural life. Respecting the reason and conscience of the student, the college professor should never try to force religious convictions upon him; but he should not hesitate to throw all the weight of his personal influence on the side of an earnest and reasonable religion.

The university approaches religion not in a dogmatic, nor yet in a persuasive, but in a critical spirit. For mature men this is well. The cause of reasonable religion has much to expect from the purifying influence of our universities, in breaking down prejudice, cutting off excrescences, and laying bare the rational foundations of religious faith, when once they fairly get at work upon the problem. Yet this attitude is a dangerous one for the immature and unformed mind; but where college and university are blended, this is sure to be the attitude of both graduate and undergraduate: the one seriously inquiring into the claims of religion upon the intellect; the other flippantly proclaiming that "religion is an elective," which he hopes to find time to take later in his course. The result is that the undergraduate is occupied with second-hand criticism before he has sufficient personal experience to make any criticism, intelligent, earnest, and fruitful. Consequently he goes out with no definite religious convictions, and with little pros-

pect of ever acquiring any. He has taken the university attitude, which insists that nothing shall be accepted until it is seen to be both historically real and philosophically true; whereas a comprehensive grasp of the results of historical criticism and of the basis of philosophical certitude is impossible for the average student in the college stage of development. If the college student is to accept religion at all, the example of those in whom he has confidence, and the influence of those who have a personal interest in him, in a word the power of the Spirit, must have considerable weight with him. This personal influence is strongest in the country colleges, where generations of young men have been attracted to the Christian life by the blameless character, the friendly interest, the loving appeals, of such men as President Hopkins and Professor Packard; while it is the inevitable tendency of university life to throw such influences into the background.

For the sake of clearness, the differences between these three stages of higher education have been somewhat sharply drawn. There must be something academic about the Freshman year in college. There ought to be a good deal of the university spirit and method about the Senior year. There are men of exceptional character, talents, and home-training for whom the immediate transition from the atmosphere of the academy to that of the university is intellectually profitable, morally safe, and religiously wholesome. Many more, for whom such a transition is not safe, will continue to run the risk which it involves. The university college has a sphere of its own, in which it will meet a certain class of needs which the country college cannot satisfy as well. But it can never take the place of the country college. As long as in things intellectual, moral, and spiritual the law holds good, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,"

so long will there remain in our system of higher education an honorable place and useful work for those little groups of scholars and students who, according to the original meaning of the term col-

lege, live together in mutual good-will, in friendly helpfulness, in earnest study, amid the broad green fields and under the clear blue skies of our quiet country towns.

*William De Witt Hyde.*

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## PASSE ROSE.

### X.

BURIED from sight among the wooded spurs which prolonged the vast forest of Ardennes nearly to the Rhine, the castle of Immaburg seemed almost deserted; for the king, with the royal household, had set out for Aix, to await there the arrival of his son Pepin from Pannonia. So magnificent were the preparations made to receive the victorious young king of Italy, and so great was the curiosity to witness the triumphant entry of the army with its barbarian captives and hostages, that many of the permanent inmates of the villa had obtained permission to follow the court; only such servants as were necessary for the care of the kennels and stables, the orchards and gardens, remaining. A single company of guards was also left to act as escort for certain damsels of the princesses' household, who, while chatting over their needlework in the pleasance without the inclosure, were impatiently anticipating the morrow's ride to Aix and the festivities of the capital. Gui of Tours himself, the chief of the company, after yawning away a half hour under the gallery of the *préau*, strolled discontentedly across the silent court-yard through the gateway, where a few soldiers loitered, playing at dice or sleeping on the wooden benches in the shadow of the wall. A subdued sound of laughter from the terrace greeted the captain's appearance, for the company of women was well known to be his last resource.

But the captain paid no more heed to the laughter than he had to the dice which the soldiers concealed at his approach, and disappeared among the out-buildings where were lodged the dogs and horses.

Shortly after, he was seen again on the road beyond the pleasance, gazing moodily over the cabins of the serfs, clustered about the paddocks and sheepfolds, towards the green wood which stretched unbroken to the horizon. It were no wonder if the women deemed the captain was searching for some flutter of the king's banner in the screen of leaves below, and the pout on the small lips of Agnes of Solier, as her eyes glanced from the valance spread over her knees to the distant figure of the soldier, betrayed the chagrin which his indifference caused her. So dense was the green curtain that the hare beneath was safe from the kite above; neither flash of spear nor gleam of flames on the king's standard rewarded the captain's gaze, and he wandered back to the court-yard gate like a restless hound left behind from the chase.

"Were I in thy stead," whispered young Heluiz of Hesbaye, bending to Agnes' ear, "I would ask the captain to replenish my reel. The silk is almost gone, and he chafes with nothing to do."

"If the captain chafes, he is best away," replied the girl, striving in vain to conceal the blush which rose to her cheek.

"Truly, I believe he is afraid of thy tongue's point, — it is sharper than thy needle," laughed her tormentor maliciously.

"What art thou saying, Heluiz?" asked an elderly dame, who, in the centre of the group, directed the work of the young girls.

"I was relating to Agnes of Solier, Mistress Chlodine, how Attila, king of the Huns, was slain by his wife with a golden needle on their marriage night."

"They say the Huns have the faces of apes," said a fair-haired girl, looking up from her embroidery; "like that which the Emir of Barcelona sent the king."

A sally of laughter greeted this statement, and the speaker, Gesualda, daughter of Leidulphe, Count of Arnay, bent her head over her work in confusion.

"What thou sayest is true, little dear," said Mistress Chlodine. "These people are pagans and sorcerers, fearing neither God nor man. Is it not so, Rothilde?" she asked, turning to the maiden nearest her.

The question was rude, for the girl was a barbarian, of that Saxon race whose perfidy had cost the kingdom such blood and treasure, and all knew that Mistress Chlodine bore with ill grace her presence among the princesses' women. Saxon and Hun were all one to Mistress Chlodine; she made no distinction between their abodes, putting them all together in the zone of heathendom, which girdled the land like the sea in the maps which the School of the Palace had made for the king.

Two limpid blue eyes looked up from the vignette border of the tapestry, and a faint blush overspread the girl's neck. At a passing glance, one would say she was the least beautiful of all present; yet there was that in the small face so attractive that he who looked into its quick-falling eyes waited till they should lift again, so trustful was their gaze, so timid their fall, so fraught with mute

inquiry their slow return, — like a hand put confidently into one's own. There was not a maid in the pleasance but deemed her sly and full of wiles, and not a man in the kingdom but would have scouted such talk for jealous slander, so gentle was her bearing. That the heart of Robert of Tours had become as wax in her presence was common gossip. It was said that he had seen her first among the captives at Ehresberg, and would have had her, willing or unwilling, for himself but for the Abbot Rainal, who had brought her to the queen's notice. Every one knew that it had been the abbot's design to send her back to her own land to win her people to the service of the true God, but whether the king had twice refused her to Robert of Tours because he favored the abbot's design, or because he was wroth that a great *leude* of the kingdom should wed a Saxon rebel, was matter of dispute. Certain it was, however, that after the king's refusal Robert of Tours went with Pepin to Hungary, to vent his spleen on the Avars, and that Rothilde was sent from among the queen's women to the school of the novices in the convent of Eicka. If she remained at Eicka but a single month, that was because of the favor of the young queen, to whom, it was said, the king could refuse nothing. Be that as it may, she was back again among the queen's women; and one would have sworn she was born in a palace, so apt was she to learn, excelling the rest in all she did. Indeed, luxury suited her well, and she filled her station as easily as water fills a jar.

As for the suit of Robert of Tours, if you would know how it fared with the girl, in spite of the king, ask Gesualda of Arnay. She would bid you observe the fillet of black pearls — the same which the count's wife wore when she was alive — which Rothilde never loosed from her hair. Not that Gesualda was wiser than the others, — for the

Saxon held her tongue, — but was more friendly to the girl than they; if not from affection, then from the love of contrariety, which was so natural to her that it often set her right hand against her left.

"We shall soon see for ourselves," she said, parrying Chlodine's question for her friend. "That the Huns resemble the Saracen's ape I am sure. Ask the captain; he was with Theudoric on the Danube."

"He might as well be there now," replied Heluiz of Hesbaye, with a side-long glance at Agnes.

"Jessé," said Agnes, calling to the page on the terrace steps, "go say to the captain, Gui of Tours, that Heluiz of Hesbaye is dying to put to him a question about the monkeys of Barcelona."

A burst of laughter followed this retort, at which Mistress Chlodine, not understanding its import, frowned, and the fingers plied again between the silken floss and pearls in silence.

Agnes of Solier had long been betrothed to Gui of Tours. Both her mother and her father were dead, — unless, indeed, there were truth in the rumor that the blood of Karle ran in her veins. Certain it was that the king loved and honored her next to his own daughters; and it were strange that Robert of Tours should so set his heart on this betrothal if the girl were only an orphan dependent on the royal bounty. Certain also was it that on her mother's death the king had sent her to the abbey of Chelles, whereof his sister Gisèle was abbess, but neither his commands nor the abbess's entreaties had been able to dry her tears or stem her protest; so that after the lapse of a year the girl had her way, and exchanged the modest dress of the cloister for court attire. It were no new thing, surely, for a girl to brave the will of a king, but that the king should take the rebel into his favor lent strength to current rumors; for so he did, and even the Queen Fas-

trade had received her without jealousy in her household, exercising her mind by various devices and her fingers in every skillful work. If there were little in her voice and features which resembled Karle, she possessed his courageous spirit. It leaped to her eye in anger, it burned like a coal beneath her silence, to flash forth again between her parted lips and white teeth in the merry laugh which gladdened the king's heart. Not one in the company would dare to provoke her as had Heluiz, who withal teased without malice and loved without envy. What from her lips was only a sallying breeze from a rose thicket, from another would have been a biting, worrying wind that stings the blood like a wild nettle. If she teased, it was from curiosity to know what she could not otherwise discover; for at times her friend matched Gui's indifference with scant words, and again the black lashes quivered over swimming eyes, — whether for love, or pride, or anger, Heluiz of Hesbaye was sore in doubt, not yet dreaming with what sorry company love will sometimes abide. Waiting for the captain's coming, she stole a glance now and then at Agnes' face, and seeing the fine lines of pride quiver said to herself, "So the covert of leaves stirs when the fawn within trembles."

A slope of broad steps led up from the roadside to the terrace. Elsewhere the latter was circled by an open balustrade, and so pressed about by the wood that at high noon its marble floor was dark with the leaf shadows. The frown had scarce left Mistress Chlodine's face when Gesualda, sighing that she should be at work when butterflies were abroad, chanced to follow one with her eyes in its flight over the balusters, and gave a quick cry.

"Mother of God!" she said, her hand on her swelling bosom, "I thought it was a wood spirit."

The occasion of this exclamation was a young girl, who, emerging suddenly

from the copse surrounding the pleasure, and surprised at the scene before her, hesitated whether to advance or retreat, fixing her large eyes in succession upon the faces turned towards her. She stood holding the branch which had barred her passage, her uplifted arm bare to the view, for the lacing-cord of the sleeve was gone and the braided wrist unfastened. A border of silver lace, tarnished and frayed, encircled the low neck of her dress, and, continuing down between the spiral pleats of the bosom, terminated in a broad band, which accentuated her slender form, and from which hung innumerable tiny trinkets and bells. Worn and dusty as was this dress, it served only to enhance the wearer's vigorous beauty, which burst through her outgrown garment as the ripe fruit bursts its sheath.

Judging from her attire and appearance that she was some wandering dancer, who, separated from her companions, had become lost in the forest, Mistress Chlodine addressed her kindly, bidding her approach and rest on the terrace steps. Releasing the branch, the girl advanced slowly to the opening, where she stood scrutinizing the rich apparel of those about her.

"What is thy name?" asked Agnes of Solier, on whose amice of seed pearls and ermine kirtle the stranger's gaze was riveted.

The girl lifted her eyes, without replying, to Agnes' face, where they rested with so frank an admiration that the latter forgave their beauty and daring.

"Either she is dumb or does not understand!" exclaimed Gesualda, whose earnest lisping voice was always the signal for laughter.

"Nay," said Heluiz of Hesbaye gently, offering her a small tray on which were bean cakes and almond pasties; "she is tired and hungry."

The girl took the tray, and, sitting down on the step, began to eat without ceremony.

"Any one can understand that language," lisped Gesualda.

Lifting her large eyes to the speaker's face, the stranger smiled; whereupon all laughed aloud, even Mistress Chlodine. "It is good, pretty dear," said the latter, condescendingly.

"The captain, the captain!" cried Gesualda, clapping her hands. "Have ready thy question, Heluiz."

The girl, from whom attention was momentarily diverted, looked up from her tray. Down the path came Gui of Tours, twirling the empty strap of his baldric and followed by the page. His head was uncovered, and the sun shone on the metal band confining the brown hair above his forehead. As he drew near, his eyes sought Agnes' face, where was clearly to be seen pride at his manly grace, mingled with a nervous apprehension as to how he might bear himself towards her.

"Captain" — said Heluiz of Hesbaye.

But in turning his eyes from Agnes to Heluiz, they got no farther than midway from one to the other, for there between them on the step sat *Passe Rose*.

*Passe Rose* it undoubtedly was, but in such guise that the captain's cap fell from his hand for wonder and surprise. Her hair was powdered with the red dust, and her dress so torn and stained that if ever he had been in doubt of his heart's desire, the plight of the girl made it plain. There she sat, eating her cake, apparently unconcerned, her eyes upon the wicker tray between her knees, — she of whom he dreamed by night and thought by day, the light of whose eye was dearer than the king's oriflamme, and whose laugh was sweeter than all other of God's sounds.

"Captain," said Heluiz, "we have fallen into words over the Avars" —

"Whether they have the faces of apes or of men," interrupted Gesualda. "Hast thou not heard the song about Sigebert, how his army took flight at

the mere sight of the Huns? My mother told it me when I was young."

A chorus of laughter greeted this evidence of the little maid's age; but still the captain could not tear his gaze away from *Passe Rose*, in whom, it was now evident to all, he took more interest than in the Avars.

Although quietly eating her bean cake, a storm of emotions tore *Passe Rose's* heart: shame at the contrast between her and the laughing girls, and a burning dread lest *Gui* should deem she had sought him out; envy of all the joyous ease and rich attire about her, and scorn for it all in comparison with what she herself could give; a bitter anger against injustice, and a sense of loss made doubly keen at the sight of things beyond her reach; but most of all the consciousness of the captain's gaze, for its open eloquence caused her both fear and exultation. It was to measure the effect of this gaze that she lifted her eyes, and saw the curious glances fixed upon the captain and herself. Even *Gesualda* had forgotten the Avars.

With an effort *Passe Rose* stood up, confused before so many eyes.

"Art thou rested?" said *Heluiz* kindly. But the girl could make no answer.

"Bid the captain give her shelter for the night, *Mistress Chlodine*," said *Agnes*; but the tone of the voice was at such variance with the meaning of the word that a sudden fire blazed on *Passe Rose's* face, and the eyes of the two met with a shock as when flint strikes flint and the fire flashes between. Neither knew cause for enmity; but as often one feels more than is perceived, so a secret foreboding filled their hearts with mistrust and defiance. It seemed as if each forgot her own beauty at the sight of the other's, and it were hard to tell what had happened (for the rest looked on in wonder) had not *Gui* stepped boldly forward, taking *Passe Rose's*

hand, and saying, "Were the king here, shelter and food were surely thine, and in his name I offer them." With this, delaying for no reply, he led her down the step to where the page stood in waiting, and, being still observed of all, gave her into his charge without further words, and returned to answer *Gesualda's* question.

"I have followed the Count *Theudoric* from the *Kamp* to the *Vaag*," he said, pushing back the hair from his forehead, "but have seen more apes in France than in all the land of the Avars."

"By what sign dost thou know them?" asked *Gesualda*, in doubt whether he was in jest or earnest.

"By a certain chattering speech, — without meaning or purpose," replied the captain.

"I think thine hath overmuch of both," said the girl, hot with vexation. It was evident to all that things were not as they had been before the stranger's coming, and *Gesualda*, losing all interest in the Huns and eager to repay the captain's thrust, divined the point of attack in spite of his nonchalant manner. "*Mistress Chlodine*," she said innocently, and plying fast her needle, "after working on the queen's valance, I am sure the king would grudge us no pastime at supper. Here is this girl, who doubtless hath tales of adventure, or can otherwise divert us with jugglers' tricks or even rope-dancing" —

"Nay," interposed *Gui* abruptly, "let the girl rest; she hath walked from *Maestricht*" —

"From *Maestricht*!" exclaimed *Gesualda*, lifting her eyebrows. "Hath she taught thee her conjurer's art? She said no word, and yet thou knowest whence she came."

"I saw her in the abbey of *St. Servais*," stammered the captain, getting nearer the truth than would have many another in like vexation.

*Gesualda* contented herself with a



glance at Agnes and a subdued laugh, indicating vast amusement over something she chose not to utter.

"For my part," said Heluiz of Hesbaye, "I had far rather ride to Aix this very evening. The moon is full, and I love dearly to see the wood by night."

"Aye, let us have all," chimed in Gesualda: "dances at supper, the moon on the plain, and torches for the wood."

So lively a murmur of approbation greeted this proposition that Mistress Chlodine smiled assent, and at the same time took the cover of gilded leather from the needle-case on her knees as a signal that work was over. The embroidery was quickly folded in its silken cover; there was rustling of robes, flashing of beads, and chatter of loosened voices; a score of light feet pattered over the terrace floor, a half score gowns swept the steps, and the pleasure was left to the birds and the leaf shadows.

"Who is she, — the one with the ermine kirtle?" *Passe Rose* had asked of the page, as she followed him down the path.

"With the ermine kirtle?" said the page, turning to see whom the girl designated. "Oh, that is Agnes of Solier. She is betrothed to the captain who commands the guard;" and half closing his eye with an expressive glance at *Passe Rose*, "They say she is a king's daughter."

## XI.

A bat sweeping from the night gloom into a blaze of candles would be no more dazed than was *Passe Rose* when, from the silence and twilight of the wood, she stepped into the maidens' chatter and the light of her lover's eye. Fascinated by the scene before her, and gladdened at heart in the midst of her misery by the sight of *Gui*, yet through all the maze of her feeling ran a single thought like a leading-string, — to escape again, and free herself from suspicion

of seeking aught at his hand. But when she heard the page's answer, the design she had formed to outwit the boy clean from her mind. She followed him now willingly, the image of Agnes of Solier in her ermine kirtle before her eyes, heeding so little whither she went that she neither saw the soldiers about the gate nor observed the woman to whom the page committed her; and when her thoughts returned, there she was — like one who, waking from sleep, sits up in bed — alone, on a bench in a sort of alcove, curtained off from view. A mat of reeds covered the floor, and a bed of moss and dry leaves was spread in the corner. Pushing aside the curtain, she saw a large room, with seats ranged along the wall, and a table before the fireplace, at which a woman was cooking. The light fell full in her face from the door opposite, so that at first she could distinguish nothing clearly at the farther end of the vast apartment; but on shielding her eyes from the sun, she perceived a monk seated at the table. He had apparently just finished his afternoon meal, for, taking a cloth from his bag and wiping his mouth, he pushed his seat to the wall, near the fireplace, where, with hands locked over his paunch, he composed himself to slumber.

Having cleared the table of its cup and platter, the attendant raked the unburnt sticks from the fire, and disappeared in the shadows beyond. *Passe Rose* was about to let fall the curtain, when a woman whom she recognized as one she had seen on the terrace entered the doorway. Casting a quick glance behind her, the latter traversed the room with a rapid but timid step, as if seeking some one, and seeing the monk dozing near the fire hastened towards him. So light was her footfall that the monk knew nothing of her approach till he felt her hand upon his shoulder.

"Dost thou return to Maestricht to-

night?" she asked, checking his surprise by her question.

Passe Rose listened.

"I am told," continued the speaker, "thou art a holy man, much esteemed by the Prior Sergius."

Passe Rose could not hear the monk's reply, for his voice was thick, but its tones betrayed satisfaction.

"I have a message to send him, and lest thy memory should be overtaxed I have committed it to writing. Where is thy money-bag?"

The monk showed the bag whence he had taken the napkin.

"Is it secure?" asked the woman, testing its cord, and at the same time putting within it some things she drew from her bosom. "Deliver it into the prior's own hand without fail, and may God keep thee."

Followed by the monk, the speaker retraced her steps, and Passe Rose, fearing to be seen, let go the curtain.

"Remember thou givest the parchment into the prior's own hand. Thou shouldst have heard the queen praise thy work; it was marvelous."

"Honey-tongue!" thought Passe Rose. They were now close by, and she could not resist the temptation to part the curtain again the width of her eye; and there, beaming with self-complacency, stood the monk who rode the gray mule.

"From whom shall I say—should the prior ask"—he stammered, under the woman's soft eyes.

The latter hesitated, balancing something in her mind. Then, after a moment, "Rothilde," she whispered.

"By St. Martin," thought Passe Rose, "the gospel was right."

"Here comes thy mule. God speed thee," said the woman to the monk, and, retreating from the doorway to escape the observation of those who brought the mule, she glided down the room and disappeared in the obscurity.

Brother Dominic, little thinking that

only a hempen curtain separated him from the demon, smiled in the doorway. He had expected to win the queen's praise, but it was news to him that he stood high in the prior's favor. As for the woman's voice, it was sweeter than the king's wine.

"If the sight of me were not too much for thee, dear monk," said Passe Rose, thinking of Friedgis, "I also would entrust thee with a message."

The mule was at the door, and Brother Dominic was preparing to mount. "Hold thyself steady till I am firmly on," he said coaxingly. "So—there, now, by God's grace we will reach Visé to-night, and to-morrow"—

"Good father"—said a voice within the door, from behind the curtain. The monk turned in his seat as best he could, but discovered no one. "As thou goest from the square of St. Sebastian by the house of Werdrich the goldsmith, knock at the garden gate, and say to Jeanne, his wife, that I am well, and send her greeting."

Partly from surprise and partly because of the mule's impatience, Brother Dominic found no reply at hand. To tell the truth, he had fully recovered from neither the wine taken at supper nor the nap so suddenly interrupted.

"My voice is not so sweet as the other's," continued Passe Rose, "but if thou givest my message I will thank thee none the less; and if it tax not thy memory overmuch, say the sender is Passe Rose."

By this time Brother Dominic had lost all hope of checking the mule's ardor. It was enough for him if he were able to guide the beast through the gateway, through which, however, he passed in safety, but with sorely confused ideas of his messages, their mysterious senders, and those to whom he was to deliver them.

Having watched the monk through the gate, and waited till all was silent again, Passe Rose, satisfied that she was alone,

unlaced her sleeve, loosed the band about her hair, and, kneeling down beside the shallow basin on the floor, near the bed, began to bathe her face and neck in the cool water. While she was thus occupied came Gesualda with Heluiz of Hesbaye, — the former having sought permission to bring the girl to supper, the latter accompanying her at the command of Mistress Chlodine, who would as soon have trusted a filly in the open field as Gesualda with liberty. *Passe Rose* had taken her dagger from her bosom, and, bending above the basin, was parting her long hair with the blade's point, so that she neither saw nor heard anything till, throwing back the hair from before her eyes, she looked up, and perceived the two standing hand in hand without the parted curtain. Gesualda's face was pretty enough; what it lacked the queen's toilet chest could not furnish, — a certain depth of expression beyond her years; yet *Passe Rose* passed it by to rest her gaze upon Heluiz, who looked neither upon her soiled feet nor her disheveled hair, but steadfastly, with a kindly promise of amity, into her eyes.

"Thou hast a stout comb," said Gesualda, who had watched the dagger's passage through the shining hair.

"It hath served many a purpose," replied *Passe Rose*, seeking to fasten the neck-band over her bosom, while still looking at Heluiz.

Nothing daunted, Gesualda advanced and sat down on the bench's edge.

"I have an ivory one, white as a dog's tooth, I will give thee, for a tale or a dance at supper," she said, scrutinizing the bells which bordered *Passe Rose's* dress.

Little had the latter thought, when boasting to Friedgis beside the abbey pond, that she was to dance like the water stars for those that shine in the sky; but her pride was numbed with the dread of leaving the place. Had the servants driven her from the gate, she would have hovered about the skirt

of wood. Her thought was no more of silk or pearls; she had lost all memory of Jeanne's tears, the shame of their parting, and the weary journey in the forest; a single face barred every way to which her thought turned, the face of Agnes of Solier, and the bitterness and loneliness of her heart uprose in a single hate against this face which stood between her and her soul's desire. For the love which unawares had consoled her in her wandering, self-confessed and unrebuked, now mastered every other desire.

"Wilt thou come?" persisted Gesualda.

"I am ready," replied *Passe Rose*, rising from her knees.

The three crossed the room to the doorway through which Rothilde had passed, Gesualda leading. This door led to a flight of stairs, which they ascended to the floor above, where a corridor with openings upon the court conducted to a spacious vestibule. Between its pillars hung white cloths fringed with purple, and, as they entered, sounds of approaching voices were heard between the curtains. Whispering a word to Gesualda, Heluiz drew *Passe Rose* aside. The voices grew louder, two pages held back the swaying drapery, and a merry company came forth from the room beyond. It was the women of the princesses' service passing to supper.

"Come with me," said Heluiz, taking *Passe Rose* by the hand, and drawing her into the apartment whence the women had issued. Hurrying across it to one of the smaller rooms surrounding its three sides, she called to a serving-maid loitering by the water-tank, and, putting into *Passe Rose's* fingers the key she took from her girdle, said, "Take what thou wilt from the chest within; thou canst return it when supper is ended;" and to the maid, "Bring water for her feet, give her sandals, and wait upon her;" saying which, she hastened back to join the others at supper.

The maid, filling her basin from the pool, regarded *Passe Rose* with curiosity. *Passe Rose*, alone with the maid, looked about her in no less wonder. Sitting where she was bidden, she gave herself over to the girl's service, gazing down at her own feet in the limpid water which curled about her ankles, giving forth a scent of roses under the maid's hand. Having finished her task, with a sulky face at having to serve one whom she took to be of no dignity or degree, the maid stood by, waiting to see what orders *Passe Rose* dared to give. But *Passe Rose* did not observe her. The warm colors on the walls, the soft cushions of brilliant hues, the lustre of enameled tiles strewn with sweet-smelling herbs, delighted her senses, and, refreshed by the cooling water, she sat gazing about her, holding the key in her hand. The girl brought her sandals, finished with soft leather reaching halfway to the knee, and, suiting her motions to the maid's endeavor, *Passe Rose* was watching the fitting of the hooks in the silver eyelets, when the wind lifted the curtain of the vestibule, bringing the sound of voices from those at supper.

She rose quickly to her feet, saying "Enough!" to her curious attendant, and entered the side room which *Heluiz* had designated. A couch covered with a serge cloth occupied one angle; in the other stood the chest whose key she held; between these a square window, high up, admitted the light from the corridor. Below the window was a recess in the wall, containing a mirror of polished metal mounted on a bronze stand, with other articles of toilet. From among these *Passe Rose* took a comb and a long silken band, and began to braid her hair, still hanging over her shoulders, weaving the band in and out deftly between the braids. Having finished, she fitted the key to the chest's clasp and raised the lid. On the top lay a mantle, covered with the finest plumage of the peacock's neck and bordered

with swan's down, and above her shone the mirror, with the lines of her sloping shoulders in its dark face. She smoothed the mantle with her finger-tips, lifted it cautiously to feel its weight, held it high in the beam of light, then spread it about her neck. To slip the pin in the double clasp at the throat was the work of a moment; the touch of the plumage upon her down-bent chin was soft to feel, but to observe the garment well she must needs turn her head with a sidewise glance over her shoulders, and there, in the doorway, stood *Jessé*, the page, his eye sparkling with admiration, and his message sticking fast in his throat.

Thinking he summoned her to supper, *Passe Rose* laid the mantle quickly in the chest, turning the key, and, taking the boy's hand, crossed the room. But on reaching the vestibule the youth found his tongue.

"The captain, *Gui of Tours*," he stammered, holding out her collar of gold, "bade me bring thee this token that he waits in the strangers' court to speak with thee."

*Passe Rose* took the jewel from his outstretched hand.

"Dost thou know the place where they are at supper?" she asked, smiling upon him.

"Surely," replied the boy; "it is there, straight on," pointing the way.

"Go tell the captain," said *Passe Rose*, "that I am gone to dance before *Agnes of Solier*, his betrothed, having a fancy to see her so strong that I cannot come." Saying which she left the page gazing after her, and disappeared in the direction he had indicated.

## XII.

Not since she saw the candle burning in her chamber window, on her return from the abbey of *St. Servais*, had *Passe Rose* felt so light of heart as now, en-

tering the supper-room of Immaburg. In its doorway she stood on the threshold of her ambition, and Jeanne's garden seemed far away. Have you seen the bright edge of clouds piled high against the sun's disk at dusk? The passage of the Lady Adelhaide with her train in the streets of Maestricht had been nothing less to Passe Rose than that glimpse of splendor lying on the farther side of the cloud, where the sun is; and here she was, passing into the glory of the king's court, where, come what night, she was resolved to stay.

As she entered, servants were removing from the dresser a quarter of roe-deer garnished with flowers and jelly of loach; others were bringing wine and spices, and Passe Rose, who lived to the full each passing moment, while searching for Agnes of Solier among those at table, saw these and many other things, enjoying all as they were her own. She took no notice of the surprise occasioned by her coming before she was bidden, turning her eyes slowly from face to face till they fell upon Agnes, sitting in the chief seat, Mistress Chlodine being in chapel at prayers for the safety of the night journey.

"Come hither; have no fear," said Gesualda, who, although the youngest, was the readiest with her tongue.

Advancing slowly to the centre of the room, Passe Rose stopped, her gaze still fixed upon Agnes of Solier.

"What is thy name?" asked the latter, washing her hands in the basin offered by a page.

"Passe Rose," replied the girl, returning the curious glances directed upon her, and observing Rothilde at Agnes' side.

"Passe Rose?" repeated Gesualda. "That is a strange name. Whence dost thou come?"

"From whence the swallows come at night," replied Passe Rose.

"Hast thou no master, no kin?" asked Agnes of Solier.

"Nay; I am free."

"Thou saidst thou wouldst dance for us," said Gesualda. "Thou hast a pretty foot, since it goes into the sandals of Heluiz."

"I danced once before the Queen Hildegarde, and I have made a vow to dance no more except before a queen," replied Passe Rose.

Gesualda opened wide her eyes. "Before Queen Hildegarde! Pray what is thine age?"

At this moment Passe Rose caught Rothilde's eye, and, without heeding Gesualda's question, began to fasten about her neck the collar Gui had sent by the page, exposing it full to view. The Saxon uttered a cry of surprise.

"Whence hadst thou my collar?" she exclaimed, spilling her cup as she leaned forward over the table.

"By St. Martin," replied Passe Rose carelessly, "that is the question which Friedgis, the Saxon serf who keeps the gate for the monks of the blessed St. Servais, asked me, and I am tired of answering it."

At the mention of Friedgis' name Rothilde fell back in her seat, turning pale.

"What ails thee?" asked Agnes, observing her pallor. "If the jewel is thine" —

"Give it her to see!" exclaimed Gesualda. "Bid her give it, Agnes!" she said excitedly, rising from the table, with a glance of suspicion at Passe Rose.

As she spoke, Gui appeared in the doorway, and at the sound of his step an insolent light gleamed in Passe Rose's eyes. The message she had sent her lover by the page, seasoned though it was with bitterness and cold with seeming indifference, was little else than the call of the wounded bird to its mate; and when first her ear caught his step she knew for whom he came.

"The jewel was given me by my lover," she said, looking straight into

Agnes' face, "and I swore at the time to give it into no hand but his."

"Let it pass," whispered Heluiz to Agnes, pressing her hand beneath the table. But the words on the latter's lips were beyond restraint. Gui's first glance had been for *Passe Rose*. Agnes had noted it well. "Captain," she said haughtily, "bring me, I pray thee, the girl's collar, that I may show it to Rothilde."

"Thou hast chosen well," said *Passe Rose*, turning for the first time to Gui. "It was the captain who gave it me, and he may have it if he will."

Between differences of wealth and station, where no love is, a man may waver; but for Gui to be at *Passe Rose's* side was station enough, and the message in her eyes more than gold. "To this girl," he said, taking her hand, "I gave the protection of the king. Since that is not ample to cover her, henceforth she is under mine."

There was not one present who, at these words, did not expect from the king's favorite some angry retort or harsh command, and not one, remembering afterwards how she bore herself, doubted the story of her birth; for she only laughed, fondling the hound beside her chair, and, rising from table, bade the others follow her, saying to Gui, as she passed, that the girl was safe now, and she felt at ease to prepare for the journey, — just as often the king himself, when vexed or even insulted, had been seen to put the occasion by with a jest, and bide his time.

"If the girl has not the chance to dance in truth before a queen, and a king also, ere her oath is a week older, then am I no prophet," thought Gesualda, as they left the room.

Scarcely were they gone, whispering together, with backward glances, than *Passe Rose* began to speak, as if she would give the captain no chance to utter a word.

"I fell on the Saxon maid at the first

cast," she said, struggling to command her voice; but her bravery was over, and she retreated towards the table, facing Gui, who followed her. "Thou shouldst have seen her face. When I put on the collar she cried out, asking whence I had it. Did I not tell thee, in the field? I said to her the *serf*!" —

"I heard thine answer, — that thy lover gave it thee."

"Nay," said *Passe Rose* hurriedly. Her eyes shone and her voice faltered. "I said the *serf* Friedgis put me the same question. Thereupon the Saxon turned white. Does a woman wax pale and swoon on finding her lover?" Gui, advancing, smiled, and *Passe Rose* knew the color on her cheek was answer to her question. Still receding, she found her retreat cut off by Agnes' chair. The collar bound her swelling throat, and the words fell nervously from her lips. "She sent a message to the prior by the monk. Her voice is like honey and wine. The monk was drunk with it. She hath soft eyes, looking down. I hate such!" —

Gui took both her hands. "I love thee," he said.

*Passe Rose* trembled from head to foot. "I love thee," repeated the captain. His words enveloped her like a mist. In an instant his arms were about her. Power to speak, to stand, strength of will and limb alike, were failing her, when suddenly, like a spark out of the dark, came the thought of Agnes of Solier. A quiver ran through her body, and she slid from his arms into the chair, hiding her face with her hands.

Seizing them by the wrists, the captain drew them away, and uncovered her eyes.

"How happens it, being betrothed to" — the words died on her lips — "that thou lovest me?" She had twisted her wrists from his grasp, and, shrinking back in the chair, trembled.

"I swear" — cried Gui passionately, seeking her hands.



"Sh!" said *Passe Rose*, leaning forward suddenly, and covering his mouth with her fingers.

It was *Mistress Chlodine* returning from prayers. Her eye glanced down the deserted table, and she had certainly discovered *Passe Rose*, crouching breathless in the chair, had not the captain come boldly forward between the two.

"Countess," said he courteously, but chafing inwardly, "the sixth hour is just called, and time presses. To a man on a good horse an hour is nothing, but with baggage and women's litters" —

"Have no fear," she replied. "In an hour's time all will be ready," and she passed out whither the others had gone, observing nothing, for the room, dimly lighted from without, was growing dark.

Now it happened that *Brother Dominic*, whether because of the wine he had at supper or the conversation he had with *Rothilde*, whose presence lingered with him like odor of musk, had gotten no farther than the outer gate, when he began to query whether the written message in his pouch or the spoken one of *Passe Rose* was for the prior. In vain did he cudgel both his wits and the mule; and having so excellent a reason for hearing that sweet voice again, he turned back to the room where he had supped. Finding it empty, he left the mule at the door, making inquiries of all he met for two women, — though his thoughts were of one only, — till at last, full of misgivings, and so bewildered by many turnings that he began to think of nothing but to find his mule again, he came up the private stair from the oratory to the supper-room just as *Mistress Chlodine* finished speaking, to find himself face to face with the captain, furious at this second interruption. It was enough for *Brother Dominic* to be thus confronted by one whom he thought beyond redemption in the grasp of the demon; for he had not seen the captain since

they parted on the abbey road. What then was his terror on seeing the demon also advancing upon him from behind the captain. With no thought but of flight, the monk retreated precipitately into the corridor; but before he had passed the door *Passe Rose* had him by the sleeve.

Holding him fast, — an easy task, — "Go thou," she said to *Gui*, who looked on in amazement. "Nay, listen," for the captain advanced towards her: "go thou and prepare a litter for me also, and come again quickly to the chapel." An exclamation of love and remonstrance burst from the captain's lips. "Nay," cried *Passe Rose*, stretching out her arm forbiddingly. "As thou lovest me, go; and, as thou lovest me, come shortly." Saying which, she drew the monk with her into the passage, leaving the astonished captain as she had left him in the wood of *Hesbaye*, and on the road which descends to *Maestricht*, consumed with love, yet loath to disobey.

Deserted by the captain, and alone with the girl in an obscure corridor, *Brother Dominic* planted his feet as firmly as ever his mule had done, making the sign of the cross above his tormentor's head.

"Blood and death!" cried *Passe Rose*, in no mood to trifle with his terror, "art thou mad? Only show me the way to the chapel. Do demons seek the altars of God?" Somewhat assured by this reflection, *Brother Dominic* ceased his gesticulations, but still stood, obstinate, his back against the wall. "Feel my arm," said *Passe Rose*, thrusting it under his nose; "hath a devil flesh and blood? Do thou pass first, and I will follow." By no means convinced, but persuaded that compliance was the door of his safety, the monk shuffled down the corridor, taking by good luck the stair to the chapel, for he had no recollection of the way he had come. The private stair by which

they descended opened directly into the porch in front of the curtain. "May the blessed St. Servais reward thee," said *Passe Rose*, as they emerged into the air. A few penitents, who had been listening to the service within, were still prostrated before the curtain. "Hast thou the message safe which I gave thee?" she whispered in his ear. "I thought by this time thou wouldst be well on thy way."

"The message" — stammered the monk, bewildered, and fumbling in his bag.

"Aye, for the prior — quick — let me see."

"Here it is," replied the monk, drawing it forth; "but surely it was the other gave it me."

"What other?" said *Passe Rose*, taking it quickly. "Tut, tut, dear monk, thou art bewitched. Say to the prior I have more to add to it, and will send it by the captain when next he goes to inquire for the abbot's health. Farewell." With this she wrapped the parchment about her dagger, with the other found by the abbey pond, and lifting the curtain disappeared within.

The torches which had been lighted during the vesper service were extinguished, and for a moment *Passe Rose* could see nothing but the candle of yellow wax burning under the cupola of the altar. As she went down the nave she put out her hand instinctively before her, till, becoming accustomed to the gloom, she perceived the reading-desks in front of the chancel and the iron gates leading into the choir. Opening one of these gates, she passed in, and stood contemplating the altar. The curtains between the columns supporting the canopy were drawn aside, and the dove containing the Eucharist, hanging by four silver chains between the pillars, was visible. Behind the altar, on the screen, stood two angels collecting in a cup the blood flowing from the feet of the Christ on a cross above them. Be-

low the angels was a manger, within which was represented an infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes. *Passe Rose* gazed in silence at these things, which seemed profoundly to affect her. Her face shone, and one hand rested on her bosom. If she thought of the image lying broken on the floor of her chamber where she had hurled it, she made no effort to reconcile that act of anger with her present purpose. One thing she knew, — she loved; and this love, unutterably precious, in which she exulted and for which she trembled, she had brought to the protecting shelter of the power so mysteriously symbolized in the emblems before her. Absorbed in contemplation, she remained motionless, scarcely breathing, when a voice close beside her said: —

"Woman, what seekest thou?"

*Passe Rose* turned her head, and saw a priest. Hearing the clang of the chancel gate, he had come out from the vestry, where he was disrobing, and perceiving a woman within the railing, whose upturned face he scrutinized in vain, and whose strange dress proclaimed her no ordinary inmate of the villa, had hastened to ask her errand. *Passe Rose* seemed in no wise surprised by his presence. She stood smiling, her hand still resting on her bosom.

"Whom seekest thou?" repeated the priest.

*Passe Rose* turned her ear to the porch and listened. The neighing of horses in the court could be heard, but the church was silent. "Father," she said, "we have need of thy blessing. Come." Descending the chancel stair, she opened the gate, and listened again. It was evident that she expected some one, and the priest, following her motions, peered into the darkness which enveloped them. "Have patience," whispered *Passe Rose*, "he will come; let us wait in the porch," and she extended her hand.

"For whom dost thou wait?" asked

the priest, observing the girl suspiciously.

A quick blush overran her face. "Knowest thou the captain, Gui of Tours?" The priest assented. "It is he — we seek thy blessing." The captain was well known to the priest, and, seeing the girl color, he doubted not into what manner of adventure she had fallen. "Come," she stammered. Chilled by the expression on his face, she began to tremble.

"Thou hast sinned," he said gravely, eyeing her steadfastly.

Passe Rose looked up quickly. "Nay, to love — that is no sin" — She stopped, her confusion increasing. "Is it not in the porch that they who love receive thy blessing? Said I not we seek it?" Her voice faltered. She read on his face the expression she had seen on that of Friedgis, by the pond.

"Is she mad or foolish?" the priest was saying to himself.

"Knowest thou not that Gui of Tours is betrothed? The king himself was present at the espousals. Who art thou? Tell me all," he said gently, for he saw her limbs tremble as with cold.

But Passe Rose, retreating through the gate, shook her head. "He will come," she murmured; "he hath promised."

"To marry thee?" Passe Rose, holding fast to the gate, nodded. So astonished was the priest that he smiled incredulously. At this smile the girl quivered like a tree when the lance strikes fast in its heart. "Daughter," he said gently, "the blessing thou seekest were of no avail" —

"Thou refusest!" interrupted Passe Rose hoarsely. The priest sighed. The girl had turned away her eyes, and was gazing at the altar. Beside the screen were two nuptial crowns. Suddenly she drew herself erect. "It is well — thy blessings are for the great — Because I come to thy porch with no train of damsels nor sponsors" — Her

throat swelled. "If I brought thee my shame, thou wouldst receive it. I have come with my love, and thou wilt have none of it. So be it, — so be it," she repeated to herself, casting a scornful glance at the altar. "The Saxon spoke well; henceforth thy king and thy God are nothing to me."

Hot with passion, she had scarce passed the chancel gate when she saw the captain, who, entranced by her promise to accompany him that night to Aix, advanced eagerly from the porch to meet her. She stopped short, her feet rooted to the flagstone like a tree to the soil. The blood ran from her face and neck; with a convulsive effort to reach the priest's side, she cried, "Father, save me!" Then the walls rocked before her eyes, as the walls of the house before the eyes of the revelers, when Samson laid hold of the pillars.

When she awoke, she felt the cool autumn air upon her face. Was she still in the wood of Hesbaye? Nay, she thought, raising herself on her elbows. She was in a cart, and her limbs were sore with the jolting. Crawling to the opening, she looked out from under the cover of skins. A long cavalcade of wagons and horsemen stretched before her. Through the smoke of the torches she saw stars and waving branches. The red flames streamed in the wind, and shone on the metal plates of the harness. Returning to her rough bed, she endeavored to collect her thoughts, watching the reflections dancing on the covering over her head. All at once these reflections disappeared in a man's shadow. She lifted her head. "Hush!" said a voice which made her blood quicken. "Art thou well? There is wine beside thee. Reach hither thy hand." She put forth her hand. "I swore to the priest by the sacred books, and thou hast his blessing. Art thou satisfied?" A hand pressed hers to the lips which spoke. "Sleep on, and fear nothing."

Passe Rose lay down again. The jolting cart pained her no longer. She had no need of wine or sleep. An ecstasy of joy possessed her, and she smiled, alone, in the darkness.

If one has not seen in midwinter a gray birch copse filled quickly with such a wealth of sun that the very buds seem to swell, though the ice-drops hang from the tips of the twigs; if one has not seen a dull waste of sea under a rack of low cloud answer a random slant of sun with a play of such colors as fire the stone in the brooch of the king's mantle; nay, if one has not felt within his own breast, though for no longer a time than the passing of a bird's shadow, the presentiment of an endless joy, one would never understand how Passe Rose should so smile and dream on her bed of skins in the king's baggage-wagon. Fears enough were ready to assail her, pressing close as the night without on the torches, yet held aloof, as it were, by that smile; and just as the torches' flame flared brighter and their fiery sparks leaped higher for the very thickness of the shadows, so was her joy sharpened by her heart's hunger.

Suddenly the wagon stopped; there was neighing of frightened horses and stamping of hoofs on the loose stones, for they had come to the ford of the Wurm, and the water was high because of the rains. Rising on her hands and knees, Passe Rose peered between the loosely sewed covering. Blocked by those in advance, the wagons stood three abreast at the edge of the shoal. She could see horsemen sounding the river shallows with their lances, the glare of uplifted torches reflected in their armor plates and dancing on the swollen waters. The foremost wagon was already midway in the stream; its horses, snorting with fear, pricked forward their ears, scattering the spray at every hesitating step upon the leather pleatings of their riders' tunics.

"Is there danger?" cried Mistress Chlodine, from the wagon in front.

"Nay," replied a horseman, "the bottom is firm; have no fear."

Passe Rose, widening the crevice between the skins with her fingers, searched for the captain. As she looked, a low, familiar voice issuing from the adjoining wagon caught her ear. The axle-ends touched each other, and the words came distinctly:—

"Tell me, then, dear Rothilde, what it is that wins a man's fancy. If to be a king's daughter, and to possess beauty"—Then the words were lost amid the shoutings.

Passe Rose pressed her ear to the opening.

"Which thinkest thou hast the greater beauty?" said the voice of Gesualda again.

"It is plain what the captain thought," replied the other; then a horse shook himself, and the voice was drowned in the rattle of the harness.

"One would say she thought to wed him on the spot," laughed Gesualda.

"He will have her no other way, mark me."

"Saints of God! a dancing-girl"—

"Moreover, the captain will do her bidding," pursued the other. "I noted them both well. She hath his heart, and the king himself cannot buy it from her with the treasure of the Huns, though for his own daughter."

"What a king cannot possess he destroys," said Gesualda, significantly; "thou shouldst know that well, being a Saxon."

There was a moment of silence.

"If Agnes will let him. Dost thou not remember what the priest read yesterday morning: how, when Solomon would have divided the child between the mothers"—

"The case is far different," interrupted Gesualda. "Which is easier,—for a dancing-girl to give herself to a captain, or for a king's daughter to for-

get an injury? For if he had Agnes' heart, he gave it back to her in presence of us all. Mark well what I tell thee, — this business will cost him dear. One hath his heart; the other will have his head" —

"Heu, heu! forward!" cried a horseman, brandishing his torch. The voices ceased, the horses strained to the task, and the wagon whence the voices proceeded entered the river.

Like the dazed hound, mute under the scourge of its master, so, on her knees, dazed and powerless to reason, *Passe Rose* remained motionless. "The other will have his head;" and then, like the cut of a whip's lash, "Strumpet!" cried the voice of *Werdric*. Her own wagon began to move. A hand thrust aside the covering in front, and she saw the captain.

"Art thou afraid?"

"Nay."

He made a movement as if to enter. She held up her hand. He smiled, his eyes shining under the steel rim of his helmet, then disappeared. Crawling like a cat over the skins to the rear of the wagon, *Passe Rose* drew her dagger from her bosom and made a rent in the covering. She could hear the gurgle of running waters, the wagon swayed on the rolling stones, then the wheels sank in the yielding sand, — they were over. The leather thong fastening the curtain was knotted tightly. She took her dagger again, and widened the rent clean to the bottom. The edge was keen, and in her haste to thrust the weapon back in her garment she cut her wrist. Lifting the flap, she put out her head. The night was dark, there were none behind her, — the way was open. About to leap, yet she could not stir; it seemed

to her that her heart was in a vise, that it was not beating. Looking down, she saw the blood upon her wrist. Wetting her finger in the spot, she drew on the covering of the wagon a large heart transfixed by a dagger, — such as she had seen of marchpane and sugared sweets at the fair of *St. Denis*. The sight of this heart seemed to give her pleasure as she contemplated it. "Heu, heu!" cried a driver. With a rapid twist of her dagger she cut out the heart, hid it with the blade in her bosom, and leaped.

The entire train had crossed the ford, and the momentary disorder caused by the passage was repaired. The foremost wagons, having waited for those which followed, had begun to move again; the escort were taking their places; and the horsemen, appointed to close the march, galloping down the line, wheeled into position almost on the spot where *Passe Rose* had leaped.

"By the mass!" exclaimed one, leaning forward on his horse's neck and examining the rent covering, "one would say the claws of a wild-cat."

The other — that *Gascon* who would have saved the captain from the demon on the road to *Maestricht*, and who, having seen the captain return sound of body, but indisposed to answer the questions put to him, and having, moreover, assisted in secretly carrying *Passe Rose* to this very wagon as the train drew out from the court at *Immaburg*, was ready to swear there was more flesh than spirit in the business — thrust his torch eagerly through the rent. "The cage is empty," he said, withdrawing his torch, and, beginning to believe that the monk was right, he put spurs to his horse, and hastened to tell the captain.

*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

## URBS ANIMÆ.

"O ROME, my country, city of the soul!" sang Byron, in his full chest-notes, and with that large and unabashed sentimentalism of his, by virtue of which he speaks, whether they will or no, for the simpler sentimentalists of all succeeding time. But the love of which these o'er-familiar words begin the lyric declaration, the special devotion to Rome as a mystic entity, Rome the queen, Rome the mistress, Rome the enslaver, is a form of enthusiasm almost as old as the seven hills of her visible throne. Its fitful and boyish beginnings may be detected even in the earlier Latin literature, and it is already, in the days of Horace and of Vergil, a fervid and exalted sentiment. Not, however, until the sovereign lady of cities had been sadly disrowned, her rich robes rent by the rude hands of Alaric, and the fiery fragments of her sibylline books dispersed upon all the winds, did her spell over the hearts of men become complete. From that time onward she has been, to the more romantic spirits of every land, the irresistible and immortal siren, who may suffer the worst, and suffer it indefinitely, but while the world lasts cannot die. Ever since then, that is to say, from the second decade of the fifth Christian century, the devotees of the ideal Rome have been talking the same figurative and impassioned language, — a form of speech which we all recognize when we hear it, and which most of us, at one time or another, have stammeringly essayed to use. The elegiacs of Rutilius blend, in the memory, with those of Arthur Hugh Clough, and haunt us like bits out of the different cantos of a continuous poem.

Of the facts in the life of Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, who thus leads off in the long love chant of the ages, very little is precisely known. He was born

in Gaul, at or near the city which is now Toulouse, but he lived a long while in Rome, where he attained the dignity of *præfectus urbi*. After the sack of the capital by Alaric, and when the Visigothic hordes had surged over into Gaul, pillaging and laying waste the country as they went, Rutilius followed in their wake to look after his hereditary estates, and gather together the wrecks of his fortune. He doubtless hoped, when he went, some day to return to Rome; but there, nevertheless, on the far confines of Spain, he appears to have passed the remainder of his days, heart-sick at times for the lost splendors of the world's bright centre; and there, in 417, during the reign of the Emperor Honorius, he wrote out, in smooth and touching verse, — almost worthy, some of it, of the great days of Roman poesy, — a description of his homeward journey. Cl. Rutilii de Reditu suo Itinerarium, — such is the form which Wernsdorf, the keenest and most industrious of his critics, thinks that the author himself gave to his work, which was to have consisted of several cantos or books, but of which we possess only the first and a fragment of the second. We are able, however, to follow the leisurely traveler, step by step, from the port of Ostia to a point on the *riviera di levante*, somewhere between Pisa and Genoa; and we feel, before we abruptly part, that we have been admitted into the confidence of a singular and very interesting man.

He is interesting most of all from the fact that in this, the *hora novissima* of the Olympian deities, he was an unswerving believer in the old religion. He had already seen at Rome, with poignant grief, the new faith flourishing rankly, crowds of the baser sort flocking daily to the standard of the cross,



sacrifices forbidden, temples robbed of their fair statues and costly offerings, and all this with no apparent effort on the part of the insulted gods to punish the sacrilege or stay the everywhere rising flood of gross impiety. Nor is it possible to refuse our sympathy to Rutilius as he thus takes his firm stand on behalf of a fated order, and lifts up his musical voice in clear championship of a losing cause.

The tale of his reluctantly undertaken journey toward the desecrated altars and waste farms of his early home is prefaced by a sort of overture or invocation, on this wise : —

“Reader, marvellest thou at one who, early departing,  
Missed the unspeakable boon granted the children of Rome ?  
Know there is time no more to the dwellers in Rome, the belovèd,  
Early and late no more, under her infinite charm.  
Happy beyond compute the sons of mortals appointed  
Unto that marvelous prize, birth on the consecrate soil !  
Who to the rich estate of the heirs of Roman patricians  
Add thy illustrious fame, city without a peer !  
Happiest these ! but following close in the order of blessing,  
They who have come from afar, seeking a Latian home.  
Wide to their pilgrim feet the Senate opens its portal, —  
‘Come, all ye who are fit ; come, and be aliens no more !’  
So they sit with the mighty, and share the honors of empire, —  
Share in their worship, too, kneeling where all do adore ;  
Thrill with the State’s great life as aye the earth and its ether,  
Unto the uttermost pole, thrills with the being of Jove.”

After this rapt beginning the Itinerary proceeds more soberly, as follows : —

“Fortune tears me away from the shores wherein I delighted ;  
Native of Gallic fields, Gaul now summons me home.

Long have the wars been raging, the land lies waste and neglected,  
Fair no more to behold, filling with sorrow the heart.  
Lightly we scoff at a prosperous folk, but a country afflicted  
Calls with imperious voice unto her recreant sons.  
Thus in the home of my sires, the while I weep for its downfall,  
Straight will I turn me to toil. Sorrow shall be my spur,  
For it is meet to bethink me how, season by season increasing,  
Ever the ruin spreads, gathering while I delay.  
Meet, at least, after all these years, on the ashes of burning,  
Pastoral huts to restore, shelter for lowly swains.  
Ah, if I knew that language of yours, ye murmuring fountains,  
Knew what the laurels repeat, leaf unto whispering leaf,  
Sure I should hear them chiding, chiding my tardy endeavor,  
Calling for favoring gales, bidding me hasten on ! ”

Rutilius then proceeds to tell us why he elected to travel by sea. The Aurelian Way, it seems, was virtually impracticable. The road-bed was out of repair, and very few of the bridges had been rebuilt since their destruction during the Gothic invasion. Most of the houses of entertainment likewise had been burned at the same time, and the few which remained standing were all but deserted. We are led to suspect, however, by the length of Rutilius’s explanation and its rather apologetic tone, that it was not, in his day, considered quite the dignified thing to proceed by boat along that stretch of the Mediterranean coast ; and it is amusing to observe that a very similar impression prevails in our own time. Mr. Samuel Rogers did, indeed, consider it well to complete his experiences by sailing from Spezia to Genoa. That canto of his *Italy* which describes the voyage is entitled *The Felucca*, and he professes himself sedately satisfied with the result of the adventure. Not so the latest

traveler whose written testimony we happen to possess concerning the charms of that classic bit of sea. He was a German, and he sent back to an English friend on the Western Riviera, who had been meaning to follow his example, a postal card of earnest dissuasion. "Le voyage n'a pas réussi," he summed up, in their ordinary medium of communication, "à cause du bruyard (fogue)."

During this frivolous digression of ours, Rutilius has taken his fond first farewell of the Eternal City, and set out to meet the boats at the mouth of the Tiber. He was to embark not at Ostia, but at Portus Trajani, named in honor of the Emperor who had caused to be built those magnificent docks and warehouses, the outlines of whose foundations may still be traced among the marshes, though now more than two miles inland. Ostia was destined to recover its importance as a seaport in the succeeding century, and again, for a time, to out-rank the newer harbor; but, at that moment, Rutilius tells us that

"Save for *Æneas'* coming its glory is wholly departed."

He left Rome by the Porta Portuensis, along with a numerous escort of regretful friends. The gate in question was not exactly the modern Porta Portese, — the mediæval walls having been withdrawn very considerably in this quarter, — so that the traveler made his exit at a point lower down on the Via Portuensis, which followed the right bank of the Tiber from the city to the sea.

His progress, as he tells us, was but slow at first, owing to the constant succession of tearful farewells which had to be taken of his companions, as they turned back, one by one. If the site of the venerable grove of the Arval Brethren has been correctly determined, Rutilius passed it midway on his route to the coast, just before entering on that stretch of sad and colorless meadow land, which the narcissus clothes so fitly with its pale sweetness every spring.

When at last, in the early twilight, he reached the harbor, only one friend remained with him, Rufius Volusianus, — the same, perhaps, to whom the *Itinerarium* was inscribed. He was a youth of high promise and position, albeit the claim of royal descent which his friend puts forward on his behalf will stand a critical inspection little better than sundry more modern genealogies. The surname Volusianus was undoubtedly a very old one in the family of Rufius, and, on the other hand, we read, in the eleventh book of the *Æneid*, that, when a report reached the council of Latin princes that the Trojan invader was meditating an immediate attack on their camp, the orders for defense issued by Turnus comprised the following injunction: —

"Tu, Voluse armari Volseorum edice maniplis  
Duc, ait, et Rutulos."

From these two premises Rutilius deduces the somewhat hasty conclusion that Volusus was the hereditary name of the Rutulian kings, and that from these kings his comrade was descended. Mythical pretensions quite apart, Rufius appears to have been a man who shed lustre on the name he bore, and we wish that more could be definitely learned about him.

They arrived at the shore to find that the boatmen had flatly refused to set out that evening, and consequently they would have to wait a full fortnight for an auspicious aspect of the moon. Rufius was unable to remain with his friend during the whole of this period of enforced inaction, but a young cousin of Rutilius was glad to take a holiday from his law studies, and join the latter by the sea; and, entertaining one another as best they might, these two whiled away the interval of the waning and dark of the moon. Doubtless they found much to interest them in and about the already decayed city of Ostia, although we naturally hear nothing of that which constitutes for the traveler of to-day by far the most thrilling memory associ-

ated with her silent streets. What signified to this pair of idle Gallo-Romans the trance of unearthly peace — “first-fruits of the Spirit” — in which Monica and Augustine here sat out, by an open window which gave upon sea, their last mortal hours together? Rutilius had very possibly never heard of either, although Monica died in his lifetime, and probably while he lived in Rome. And less even than the solemn parting of mother and son, which might have stirred his human sympathies a little, would the fable have appealed to our exile of the angel in the guise of a little child, who met St. Augustine upon these gleaming sands, and dispelled by an incredibly simple argument his doubts concerning the Trinity. Doctrine and doubt alike would have seemed foolishness to the pious pagan; Arian and Trinitarian were as one to him. All he professed to know or care about the matter was, that the gods had afflicted mankind for their sins with a new madness, and we are not sorry to be spared his rationalizing and supercilious version of the baby angel’s apparition among the pebbles of the shore.

Settled weather came with the crescent moon, the season being autumn, and at last the sailors were ready. Paladius then returned to Rome, and Rutilius makes pensive note of his final departure: —

“So was our anchor weighed in the dubious  
dusk of the morning,  
When the first gleam in the east suffers the  
fields to be seen.”

Quite a fleet of vessels appears to have set sail in that gray dawn, small craft which could hug the coast, so as to be ready to put into harbor at the first threatening of storm, and furnished with oars against the contingency of a contrary wind. One would have liked a more detailed description of the boat in which Rutilius made his voyage, but the scenery seems at once to have engaged his entire attention.

The configuration of the coast near the mouth of the Tiber has greatly changed since the beginning of the fifth century, at which time the shore must have run almost in a straight line from Tor Paterno to the modern village of Palo. The latter occupies the site of Alsium, which is the first spot noted by Rutilius: —

“Make we the Alsiæ coast, then Pyrgi fades  
in the distance;  
Gorgeous palaces now, humble hamlets of  
yore;”

and, as a matter of fact, the ruins of what was apparently a single stupendous country-seat still stretch for more than a mile along this part of the shore. Alsium was always a favorite retreat of the Romans. Pompey we know had a villa there to which he came on his return from Africa, and so had Marcus Aurelius. In earlier days both towns had been dependencies of the great Etruscan city of Cære, and at Pyrgi there was once a marvelously rich temple dedicated to Juno, and plundered by Dionysius of Syracuse. Nothing remains of Pyrgi, except the polygonal blocks of Pelasgic masonry, which have been incorporated in the substructions of its picturesque mediæval fortress.

Cære itself, commandingly seated upon its abrupt table-land, about five miles inland, was next pointed out by the sailors, a city immemorially old, but still tolerably prosperous. It is absolutely deserted now, for the town of Cervetri, though preserving the ancient name (Cære compounded with Vetus), lies wholly without the circuit of the original walls.

Further on, Rutilius observed the outlines of the choked and deserted harbor of Castrum Novum, traces of which remained as late as the seventeenth century. No doubt existed in his mind that this was the Castrum Inui mentioned by Vergil;<sup>1</sup> and an archaic statue over a

<sup>1</sup> “Prometios, Castrumque Inui, Bolamque Coramque.” (*Æn.*, vi. 775.)

gateway, with a half-effaced inscription beneath it, plainly visible from the water, he at once identified as the figure of Inuus, or Faunus himself. Cluverius, however, in his *Antiquities of Italy*, points out that Rutilius was clearly wrong; because *Castrum Inui* was in *Latium*, not in *Etruria*; and the pastoral god over the gateway must, he thinks, have been *Silvanus*, whose cult flourished greatly in *Cære* and all the region round about.

The voyagers made only forty miles the first day, and put in for the night at *Centumcellæ*. For all the vicissitudes of fortune which this port has undergone, a better description than that of Rutilius could hardly be given of the modern harbor of *Civita Vecchia*. The curving moles, each terminated by a lighthouse; the narrow entrance for ships, yet further protected by an artificial breakwater, thrown up only a short distance outside, and of the same length as the opening, — these are still the characteristics of the port. Even the hot baths in the suburbs, which Rutilius and his companions visited with so much interest, are a feature of the place to-day. The greater part of the immense Roman establishment is, indeed, a ruin; but certain of the original reservoirs are still in sufficiently good repair to hold the water brought down by an aqueduct which follows the line of *Trajan's* from the hot springs in the hills, twenty miles distant. Rutilius betrays a little skepticism concerning the story of the miraculous discovery of these springs, but relates it circumstantially, nevertheless.

Early next morning, — “*roscida crepuscula*,” — *when first the dewy twilight began to glimmer in the dark blue heaven*, they were off once more; and after passing “the scant remains of *Graviscæ*,” a site much wrangled over by the antiquarians, they skirted the piny shore until their attention was arrested by the wonderful walls of *Cosa*. Now, as then, these walls encircle the summit of the single hill which breaks the low

line of the coast for many miles; and the hill is worth climbing, not only for the exquisite prospect which it affords, but for the sake of the walls themselves, which afford a liberal education in the successive modes of mural construction.

With an apology for mentioning anything so absurd, and no apparent premonition of the fate of Bishop Hatto, Rutilius then recounts a queer legend to the effect that *Cosa* had once been stormed and taken, and the inhabitants driven into exile, by an army of *rats*. Of course he does not believe it, but so runs the tale.

“Hence not far, with the dying day and the  
freshening breezes  
Made we the port that bears *Herecules'*  
eminent name.”

The deep natural bay on the southern side of the promontory of *Monte Argentaro* still goes by the name of *Port' Ercole*, and offers a scene of wonderful animation in the height of the tunny season. Here the spot was pointed out to our travelers where *Lepidus*, the unsuccessful rival of *Sylla*, encamped the night before he fled to *Sardinia*, and the talk of the little company turned on him, and on three other men of the same name, — the triumvir and his son, and *Lepidus*, brother-in-law of *Caligula*, — who had all been concerned in political conspiracies, and had all died violent deaths.

“And at the present moment” — continues Rutilius, but then pulls himself up abruptly. “Let posterity tell the rest,” he says with enigmatical caution; and we apply in vain to other sources for the faintest scrap of information about the *Lepidus* of Rutilius's day.

Taking advantage of the stiff breeze which sprang up during the night-time, they were away before dawn, rounding the *Argentarian* promontory, “only six miles across, but six and thirty around,” as Rutilius rather wearily notes; and one wonders that the energetic Romans never cut through the two narrow strips

of sand which connect the mountain with the mainland, and between which lies the great salt lagoon, whose deadly emanations poison the whole region in summer. Slowly and with constant tacking they moved on to the northern side of Monte Argentaro, where is now a fortified harbor. But Rutilius alludes to no haven; neither does he mention the tunny fisheries, though these were already famous in Strabo's day. Doubtless this was one of the industries which had been ruined, for the time being, by the Gothic inroad, of which Rutilius had been forcibly reminded, as they passed the cape, by the sight of the well-wooded island of Igilium, where many fugitives from Rome had found shelter. "Though it be near to Rome, yet is it far from the Goths," he observes; whereby we judge that these voluntary exiles were still lingering in their green retreat. Did they delay their return, one wonders, month by month, and year by year, until they no longer cared to go; and are the fishermen and farmers who people the island of Giglio to-day the descendants of those lotus-eaters of old? It is a fascinating possibility.

Rutilius has nothing more to tell us about the mainland until the mouth of the Umbro is reached, "a not ignoble river;" and we surmise that, the sea being quiet, the captain of the craft ventured to make a straight course to this place from the outlying point of Argentaro. There is no safe anchorage at the mouth of the Ombrone to-day, but Rutilius very much wished to put in there, and he exults not a little over the discomfiture of the sailors, who had insisted on pushing forward. No sooner had they advanced to where return was out of the question than the wind failed entirely, and they were fain to beach their boats and "camp out" over night. In the morning a dead calm still prevailed, and the reluctant mariners took to their oars, making, however, but little headway.

The iron mines of Elba are noted by Rutilius as the only interesting feature of that island, and it was doubtless while their slow progress kept it in view that he found time to note down upon his tablets, and perhaps even to polish to its present perfection, the rather trite disquisition which he gives us in this place on the superiority of that useful metal to the more enticing gold.

While the sun was yet high, the weary crew struck work, and put into Faleria. There is no longer a vestige at this place, whether of harbor or town, and for at least one half of the year the region is completely deserted. Rutilius, however, beheld it on a gay and picturesque *festa*, of the kind which appealed most strongly to his pagan sympathies:—

"Now was the day, by chance, when merry  
swains at the cross-ways  
Lighten with sober glee spirits a-weary  
with toil;  
When celestial Osiris, the god of the later  
sowing,  
Spurs the exultant seeds, bidding the crops  
reappear."

Landing for a rural walk, the travelers contrived presently to stray into the grounds of a villa, which they found beautifully shaded, and furnished with sundry broad, shallow pools of sea-water, where all manner of fish were gayly disporting. They did not in the least realize that these were stock-ponds, maintained to furnish the Roman market with delicacies, but stood in innocent admiration, until up rushed the keeper in a fury, accusing them of trespass, taking them to task for every twig they had plucked, and claiming damages for their disturbance of his fish. The trespassers—for I think we must admit that they were such—retaliated by flinging at their enemy, in no very choice language, the charge that he was a Jew. Rutilius is always glad of the chance to vent, whether upon Jew or Christian, a little of his concentrated disdain, inasmuch

that even in recounting this affair he works himself into a rage, and concludes by wishing to the gods that Judæa had never been conquered by Pompey or Titus : —

“Now is their venom spread, like that of a  
serpent dissevered,  
Until the subjugate race holdeth its victors  
in thrall.”

Had Rutilius possibly been borrowing, at fifty per cent., of the Hebrews in Rome; or did the Jew keeper exact a heavy fine from him and his companions, or even, by chance, come off conqueror in their undignified battle of words? We shall never know, and must hasten to reëmbark with the voyagers.

Another night has passed, and

“Now, in the teeth of Boreas, pull we hard at  
the rowing,  
While the stars once more fly to the cover  
of day;  
Passing the safe retreat of the Populonian  
harbor,  
Hollowed by Nature's self, deep in the  
meadows withdrawn.  
Never a mole is here, and never a far-gleam-  
ing Pharos  
Holdeth its beacon aloft, pointing the mari-  
ner's way;  
Only the men of old, laying hold of the  
rocky foundation,  
There where the summit ascends, clear of  
the violent waves,  
Reared for a twofold use the walls of a  
menacing fortress, —  
Guard of the landsman's home, guide for  
the narrows below.  
These, by the ravening tooth of time, the  
relentless destroyer,  
Wasted away long syne, shorn of their  
pristine pride,  
Lift but a broken crown to-day on the  
height of the headland, —  
Lift but their towers unroofed, shapeless  
and mantled with weeds.  
Mortal bodies are these of ours. Why mourn  
that they perish,  
We who have seen with our eyes even great  
cities can die?”

Fourteen and a half centuries have elapsed since Rutilius mused over mouldering Populonia, and what would the poet say could he now revisit the spot? Surely his first emotion would be one of

speechless awe at the discovery that dissolution does not always follow death. For as the mortal frame of Santa Chiara sleeps peaceful and unaltered in the crypt at Assisi, so the decay of the dead city has been mysteriously arrested; the massive blocks of ancient masonry remain as in Rutilius's day, and the jagged line of the wall is yet visible above the hilltop, which commands, both landward and seaward, a prospect of rare beauty even for this portion of the Mediterranean coast.

Here the news overtook Rutilius that his friend, Rufius, had been made prefect of Rome, and, much gratified by the intelligence, he proceeded gayly upon his way : —

“Southerly now the breeze, and we spread  
our sails to receive it,  
While Eöus returns, riding his rosiest steed,  
While the uncertain shapes of the cloud-  
hung Corsican mountains  
Pierce the crepusculent air, shadows that  
vie with the shades;  
Aye as the tenuous curve of Luna, new-born  
in the ether,  
Cheats the unsatisfied eye, vanishing e'en  
while it shines.  
Here so narrow the strait that severs the isle  
from the mainland,  
Fain are we to revive garrulous legends of  
yore,  
How to the strand Cymæan once came the  
shepherdess Corsa,  
Led by the loud-lowing herd, swimming the  
watery way.”

The vaguely seen outlines of Corsica served merely to remind the voyager of this childish fable, and to afford him a mild æsthetic gratification, untouched by any foreboding of the thunderbolt of war long afterwards to be forged in the soft heart of those misty mountains.

Very different were the emotions with which he identified an insignificant island a little farther on. The thought of the Christian anchorites, who had taken refuge in that place, kindled into a blaze his religious animosities, and thus he delivers himself at their expense : —



“On, till Capraria springs from the waste of  
 encompassing ocean,  
 Haunt of the squalid recluse, hiding from  
 splendors of day.  
*Monks*, the name they elect to bear, and the  
 Greek appellation  
 Gives us the scheme of their life, — solitude,  
 silence, and woe;  
 Trembling before the buffets of Fate, they  
 shrink from her favors,  
 Hasten to suffer to-day, dreading the mor-  
 row’s pang.  
 Never before was man possessed by such idiot  
 madness;  
 Blessing of life he will none, fearing its pos-  
 sible bane!”

Rutilius turns impatiently away from this unwelcome topic, in order to describe the tortuous and difficult channel which had to be navigated before they could find anchorage for the night in a roadstead near Volterra, “verily named of right the Volterranean shallows.” Rain overtook them here, and our traveler made for the villa of a friend, where he was warmly welcomed, and whence he was taken to inspect the salt-works for which the region was famous. We are told all about the shallow tanks where the sea-water was evaporated by the summer sun, until only a thin layer of pure, white salt remained, shining like hoarfrost. So interesting, indeed, did Rutilius find all this, and so well did he like his sojourn at Volterra, that he found it hard to tear himself away; nor had he been long *en route* before something occurred which revived, in an aggravated form, his anti-Christian transports of the day before. They sighted the island of Gorgon, which the elder Pliny calls Urgo, and here the poet breaks forth with renewed bitterness:—

“Hateful to me those cliffs, reviving the pang  
 that reminds me  
 How in perpetual death lingers a scion of  
 Rome.  
 Lately one of ourselves was he, and of lineage  
 noble,  
 Wed to a loving wife, greatly by Nature en-  
 dowed;  
 But of the Furies impelled, forsaking his  
 gods and his country,

Lo where the credulous fool skulks in yon  
 isle impure!  
 Dreaming, in his delusion, that filth is am-  
 brosia celestial,  
 Smiting himself with a scourge crueller far  
 than the gods!  
 Verily this belief is worse than the poison of  
 Circe:  
 She did but change men’s frames; this can  
 disfigure the soul!”

A striking spectacle this, of the perfectly natural and absolutely impotent anger of Rutilius!

The next halting-place of the travelers was at Pisa, where there was then a safe harbor, protected by a bank of seaweed, over which vessels could ride, but which effectually broke the force of the waves. On one side rose Triturrita, the House of the Three Towers, a magnificent villa, built out into the sea on artificial foundations, like those at Baiæ. The weather was now beautiful and the wind exactly in their favor, but Rutilius was fain to stop over long enough to visit the city of Pisæ, which then, as now, lay several miles inland; and in describing its position he makes the following extraordinary statement: “Arnus and Auser encircle the town with confluent waters.” To-day, of course, the Arno bisects the town, which is undoubtedly much larger than its classical namesake; but the curious thing is that the Auser, or Serchio, so far from joining the Arno, runs fully five miles distant across the plain, and empties into the sea by a distinct mouth.

The father of Rutilius had been proconsul in this region, where his memory was revered as that of a just and equitable ruler; and the son had a most flattering reception for the sake of the sire. By way of returning the compliments of the Pisans, the poet pronounced the province charming and its customs highly civilized; and he readily allowed himself to be persuaded that the bright day was a “weather-breeder,” and that he would do well to protract his stay.

A storm did in fact overtake him

here, but not before he had borne his part in an exciting and successful boar-hunt. The tempest, when it broke, was furious; the sea ran exceptionally high, and flecks of foam were carried a long way inland, spotting the fields with white. This circumstance leads Rutilius to reflect a little upon the origin and uses of the tides, concerning which he finally propounds the following sage theory, or rather choice of theories:—

“Refluent seas of another sphere collide with<sup>1</sup>  
our planet,  
Else do the waves feed the stars, making  
them sparkle and shine.”

It was, perhaps, a reminiscence of this pregnant suggestion which led Mrs. Browning, in the person of Aurora Leigh, to make the bewildering remark that, when they had parted from the Italian shore, they felt themselves thrown out “as a pasture to the stars.”

The second book of the *Itinerarium* opens with the departure from Pisa:—

“So at last, the siege of storm being raised  
from the ocean,  
Clear we the Pisan port, shaping our course  
for the main;  
Placidly smiles the level sea in the shimmer-  
ing sunlight,  
Softly the sibilant wave speaks to the fur-  
rowing prow.”

The moment has come for saying farewell in good earnest to Italy. The foreboding was evidently strong upon Rutilius that he was leaving that fair land forever, and he strove to embrace it all, in a single comprehensive backward look. He notes the eccentric shape of the peninsula, “like that of an over-long oak-leaf,” its dimensions and geographical features, passing on to its terrible recent misfortunes and the darkness of the political outlook. The Emperor Honorius he may not arraign; it is Stilicho, the supposed betrayer of Italy to Alaric, — Stilicho, the disgraced and righteously murdered general, — whom he charges with all the present woes of

<sup>1</sup> “Nostro colliditur orbe.”

his dear, adopted country. The crowning iniquity of Stilicho — the sin for which Rutilius can conceive neither excuse nor expiation in any possible world — was his contempt of the elder gods; and we see plainly that the poet, in his withering diatribe, is attacking the whole series of Christian emperors under cover of their late agent:—

“Now in Tartarean deeps be the torments of  
Nero suspended;  
Quenched be the Stygian torch, lost in a  
gloomier shade:  
One on the mortal fell, the other on the  
immortal;  
One his mother slew, one the mother of  
earth.”

It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that while the culminating charge which Rutilius brings against Stilicho — that of having himself given the order for the destruction of the sibylline books — is quite unsubstantiated, there is plenty of proof that he was guilty of two other very notorious and, in pagan eyes, atrocious acts of sacrilege, to which no allusion is here made. He did strip of their golden plating the doors of the temple of Capitoline Jove; and he suffered his wife, Serena, to snatch from the neck of a statue of Cybele, mother of the gods, and appropriate to her own adornment, an ancient and very precious necklace, while a horrified Vestal stood by, protesting against the outrage. Perhaps these were among the other and quite unspeakable crimes of Stilicho which Rutilius had still in mind when he suddenly checked his anathemas to observe the beautiful effect produced by the white walls of the city of Luna, which were built of what we now call Carrara marble. He gives us but a few words, however, concerning the

“town of the Sun’s fair sister,  
Walls than lilies more white, peaks that  
out-glitter the snow;”

and then the curtain of oblivion falls without warning, and our pleasant journeyings with Rutilius are barred by that *reliqua desiderantur* which has baffled

so much modern curiosity. Of his further progress along the *riviera di ponente* we know nothing, nor of the reception which awaited him in Gaul. We must picture to ourselves as best we can his dreary existence as an Arian and barbarian subject; how, and how long, he lived on, looking in vain for the day when the deities of Rome should reassert their supremacy, loyal to his latest breath, we feel very sure, to them and the city of his love. It was thus that the musings of Rutilius had run, during those October days when he was detained at Portus Trajani: —

“Still I can fondly look back on the town that  
I quitted so lately,  
Straining my eager gaze, follow the curve  
of its hills;  
Reveling still in the prospect of earth’s  
most exquisite region,  
While the desire of the eye fancy to vision  
restores.  
Not by low-hanging smoke-wreaths know I  
where rises that city  
Whose is the headship of earth, whose are  
the citadel-queens;  
Rather a space of serenest sky and a whiteness  
in heaven  
Signal the summits clear, signal the seven of  
fame.  
There is perpetual sunshine; there to my  
fond recollection  
Rome to the fairest of days addeth a light  
of her own.”

And here, where the voice of Rutilius may well have failed through emotion, let the wistful singer of yesterday take up the strain: —

“Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye en-  
vineyarded ruins!  
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars,  
and domes!  
Therefore farewell, far-seen, ye peaks of the  
mythic Albano,  
Seen from Montorio’s height, Tibur and  
Æsula’s hills!  
Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand  
while to ocean descending  
Sinks o’er the yellow dark plain, slowly, the  
yellow broad sun;  
Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset at  
once in the champaign,  
Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts um-  
brageous and old, —

E’en in those fair open fields that incurve to  
thy beautiful hollow,  
Nemi imbedded in wood, Nemi inured in  
the hill!  
Therefore farewell, ye plains and ye hills and  
the city eternal!  
Therefore farewell! We depart, but to be-  
hold you again.”

There is reason to believe that the flattering dream of a return to Rome was equally delusive in the case of her Christian and her pagan adorer. The failing steps of Clough were stayed at Florence, as we know; and never again after Rutilius sailed away in the dark autumnal morning was he to behold the tawny windings of the Tiber and the templed hill of Jove. The city which faded from the yearning gaze of Rutilius was the Rome of the emperors, only a little tarnished, as yet, in its external splendor. The Rome of the popes had risen and flourished and fallen into decrepitude before Clough said good-by; and now the city of the seven hills and the city of the eighth are alike menaced by the *piano regolatore* of free and united Italy. Progress runs riot in the streets of gallant Umberto’s capital, but outside — only a very little way outside — are the avenues of nameless ruin and the sunlit reaches of the hushed Campagna still. This is the place for a revery on the sweet March mornings, when the young grass is golden-green, and the distant fruit-trees sprinkled among the olives are like puffs of pale rose-colored vapor rising out of a sea of silver-gray. No sound is in the still air save the note of a solitary lark high overhead, and a soft patter upon the grass-plain yonder, — the multitudinous footfall of a passing flock.

Here haply it may befall you, as you lounge in the shadow of some friendly tomb, suddenly to see gliding along the narcissus-beds the stately ghost of Rome, with an unwonted softness in the haughty eyes which have not lighted upon you. Rise, then, and make your reverence; and bring to the bar of that

old wisdom, if you will, whatever question may torment you ; as, why should a man like Rutilius be born out of due time, his best faith stultified beforehand, his valor vain, his hopes inevitably forlorn? Why, through some incomprehensible reversal of the moral action of the universe, do gifts which

might have blessed mankind work only for its confusion? So runs your impatient questioning; but the answer of the Genius is supremely calm. "It is the secret of life itself, ever failing, ever regenerate. I may by no means reveal it, but I and this dreaming Campagna of mine, we know it well."

*H. W. P. & L. D.*

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### A DEVIL'S PASSAGE.

. . . WHEN Pedro Espinosa was taken by a guard of soldiers to his cell in the dungeon of the prison, and there fastened to a ring in the wall by a chain upon his right ankle, he regarded neither day nor night. He sat upon the wooden stool rigid with rage. He had not planned the mad dash for liberty which he had just made, but the failure was none the less bitter. For one intoxicating moment he had felt himself free, and now he was in chains. He sat like one made of stone, moving neither hand nor foot. His fingers were clenched together, his head was thrown back, his lips were parted, and his breath came in long, irregular movements, as though he was in pain. One leg was drawn into a right angle ; the other was pushed back until the knee was almost in a straight line with his body. Yet, constrained and stiff as was his position, he took no notice of it. His rich clothing was torn and soiled, and the wound in his shoulder bled profusely. The traitor Rodriguez had given him the wound, but this Pedro could have forgiven him. Now and then he whispered, "For life!" but he did not comprehend what was meant by the words. He was still a young man, and had commanded his own days, and he did not yet know that the logic of life is failure, and not success. True, conspirators fail and are betrayed, but Espinosa had not expected

it to be true for him. It seemed to him that the world into which he had been born had opened, and showed itself to be hell. He now knew that Rodriguez had been paid the price of his treachery, and was governor of the fortress, but he did not know that his safe-keeping was the condition on which the post was held. Still less did Espinosa understand the dread with which Rodriguez now regarded him. For well did that traitor know that although, if need be, he might conciliate the king, the vengeance of Espinosa waited only on his freedom. Yet a man's life is worth nothing if another may seize and hold it. This had Pedro often said, thinking of the sufferings of others. In his cell was he himself proving it.

After a time, being worn out, he fell asleep, still sitting upon the wooden stool. His head sank upon his breast, his hands gently parted, and he heard and knew nothing, so that neither the king nor Rodriguez was happier than he. But when he awoke, he did not know where he was, and it was perfectly dark. His back ached, his wound smarted, and he arose to stretch his limbs ; then his right foot was suddenly jerked back as though a strong hand had clutched it, and he fell prone on his face. He remembered that he was chained.

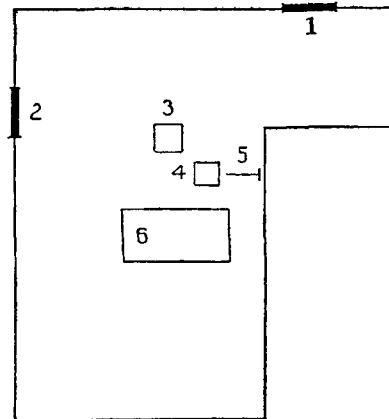
He wondered if it were night or day,

as he arose to his knees and groped for the stool on which he had been sitting. He was very hungry, and as he listened to the guard walking steadily on his way, he wondered what meal the man had eaten last, — whether it was dinner or supper. It could hardly be breakfast, for certainly the cell was not so dark when his chain was riveted. Then he remembered that one of the soldiers had held a torch. As he sat there in pain and starving, he thought of a ball at the palace where he had danced a few nights before he was taken, and he wondered if any one were dancing then, and if there were still light and music in the world. Ah! at that very moment — for it was just past midnight — the palace was ablaze with gayety, and Pedro's partners were merrily dancing, and to them it seemed as if the world was all brightness and sweet sounds. If any one in the palace knew what it was to waken in a dungeon, he put the thought from him, for fear it might happen again.

Then, after a time Espinosa moved his foot to the left; it struck something cold; he put out his hand to see what it was, and found a jug of water and a loaf of bread. So he knew some one had entered his cell while he slept, and he thanked the man for not arousing him. This made him remember his mother, and how often, since he was grown, he had watched her come into his room at night, tenderly and softly, meaning not to awaken him, but only to pray a moment by his bedside. God rest her sweet soul in paradise! It was well she was safely there, and not here.

How stiff his arm was, but how little need he had of it! So the hours went by, and he sometimes slept and sometimes watched; but it was late in the day, although he did not know it, when the tardy light shone in through the small high window of the cell. It was then he saw that just a foot or so away from

him was a bed of straw, and on a table stood a candle, and flint and steel. This made up the furniture of his cell, which was a little irregular in shape, and thus arranged: —



1. Window. 2. Door. 3. Table. 4. Stool.  
5. Ring in the wall. 6. Bed.

Weeks after this, when he had become accustomed to the few sounds that reached him, and could localize them, he knew that he was in the tower of the prison, just where it jutted into the moat, and that the sentry's walk was along the northern and western walls. The water was off to the north. By the shadows he found that his window was on a level with the ground, and more than once he saw the guard stoop and look down into the cell. So he knew that he was watched. It made him smile to think what a forlorn and monotonous spectacle he must present. He wondered if the guard were discontented, and if it ought not to make him happier to see how much worse off a prisoner could be than even the prisoner's guard. But he doubted whether sentinels were any more likely than other people to be philosophers.

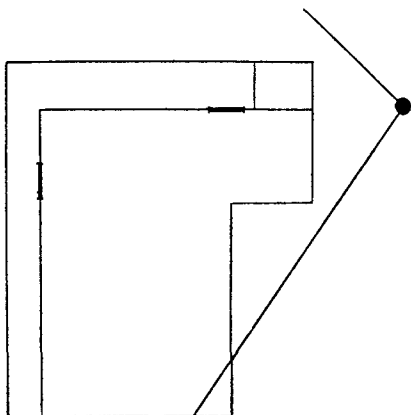
Once every day an officer and a blacksmith entered his cell; the latter tried his fetters, and once added some additional links, making the chain about six feet long, so that Pedro could enjoy a little more motion and greater ease in

lying down. Neither of these men ever spoke, nor did they answer his questions; so after a time he never cared to speak, and lived in total silence. He lay down very often, because he was greedy of sleep, and in his dreams he was always escaping. One day he was upon his bed, and, as was natural, stared steadily at the wall, thinking of what he should do were he once free. For this poor fellow had no materials, even had he had the knowledge, for writing a history of the world; and had there been spiders or flies, they would not have interested him. He would only have pitied them. There were snails near the window, but he detested them, and dreaded their possible approach to him. So he could only think, and his thoughts burst prison walls and flew out into the world.

One memorable day the sunshine was doubtless brilliant and the sky cloudless, because his cell was unusually light and everything very distinct, so that he saw several cracks and breaks in the masonry which before had escaped his notice. As his eye traveled on its short journeys, he fancied that on the western wall, opposite the foot of his bed, there were some lines made with regularity, as if they were drawn there. He started as though he had heard a voice, and crept over on his knees toward the spot. He went in this way because he could reach farther, as he thus added the length of his leg to that of the chain.

The lines had not deceived him. They were drawn with intention, and they were a plan of his room. But there was another line that he could not understand, and long did he ponder on it. In the night, as he lay awake, it became plain to him, and he sat up on his bed, and gave a great cry that startled the sentry so that he brought the officer of the guard; and they listened at the window, but for nothing, as Pedro was now silent, and lay like a stone, although his brain was on fire.

This was the plan which he found:



And this was the meaning which dawned upon him: His own room was plain to him, and also the sentinels' walk around it, and he perceived that the square marked at the northeastern corner must be the guard-house. East of his prison there was, he knew, a paved court-yard, north of it the water. What then was the line starting in the southeastern corner of his cell, and which, making an angle, ended in the moat? What should it be but a subterranean passage to freedom?

The thought almost crazed him, and he began to tug at his chains, as if by pulling he could get them apart, but he only tore and wounded his hands. When the day came, he examined his fetters as the blacksmith never dreamed of doing, but vainly. The work was excellent, and not a link would give. So he sat and glared at the corner of his cell where the passage began; it was as impossible to him as the open gate of the fortress. He crawled toward it; he stretched out his arms; and then he drew himself all into a heap on the floor, and cried, sobbing like a child.

When the officer and the blacksmith came, Pedro regarded them with profound scorn. Their precaution was so childish; yet when they were gone he swore to himself that they should not



prevail against him in the end. He stood up, and grasping the ring with both hands, while he braced his foot against the wall, he pulled long and steadily. After a while a small piece of plaster fell on the floor. So every day Pedro pulled at the ring, and he loosened little by little the plaster, and then the stone; he put back the plaster as well as he could, and repaired the breach with bread, so that the blacksmith never perceived the work he was doing. The plaster and crumbled stone which he could not replace he put under his bed; as he felt the lumps, his bruised body thrilled with expectation.

In less than a month he had pulled the ring from the wall, and the moment it was out he flew across the room, and fell on his hands and knees to examine the ground. The spot did not differ from the rest of the cell, but on the wall was the rough impress of a hand, and one finger pointed downward.

Then he was sure. He saw his way to liberty. It was curious how this discovery calmed him. His feverish excitement faded out, and the fury of baffled desires no longer possessed him. In their stead came a great quiet and steady resolve. The absorption of labor was upon him, and he lived only when he worked; at other times he slept or mused, and the hours passed unheeded.

Now Pedro had discovered, long before, during hours of wakefulness, that before dawn the sentinels were apt to be neglectful and remittent in their walk, and he therefore fixed that time for the beginning of his labor. But better to secure himself, he put the table under the window, the chair upon it, and so managed to climb up and fasten his blanket over the grating, in order to keep his light from being seen. And because he wanted to save his candles he burnt them at no other time, but hid them; otherwise the jailer might have noticed, and not given him one each day, when

he brought the loaf of bread and jug of water.

The floor was very hard, and the only tools Pedro had were a broken iron plate and a nail over six inches in length, which he had worked out of a board under his bed; for the part of the cell where he sat and slept was floored over. But he had his two young, strong hands, and he did good work with them, no mole ever digging better. He toiled hard, but as he had to remove all traces of his labors, he had the less time to dig. After a while he was greatly helped by a discovery which other prisoners have made. He found that he had become so thin and meagre that the band around his ankle no longer fitted, and that he could, with some effort and pain, draw his foot out. Truly it was good to be free of the weight. He sprang into the air, he danced an airy measure, and sang to himself as he danced. It seemed to him as though gravitation were suspended, and only the walls and roof kept him from rising into the upper air.

From this moment he never doubted his escape, perhaps because, being free from his chain, he once more felt command of himself. All his thoughts turned unwavering toward plans for the future, and he worked with a perseverance and cheerfulness that never faltered. Not very far down the river lived Pedro's cousin, and he had faith that, could he once get to him, he would be as safe as friendship could make him. After that it should be as his kinsman advised and God willed. His belief in the honesty of man was the stronger because he perceived that the plan was honest and faithful. He had to break his way, but he never went astray, for there were indications in irregular stones and looser soil that the way had been burrowed out, and then filled in again. He perceived that a prisoner had once escaped in this way, and that the authorities had discovered it and filled the tunnel again. Nothing was plainer than

this, but what amused and strengthened Pedro was the knowledge of how Rodriguez had outwitted himself, and by putting him into this dismal dungeon had himself opened the avenue of release. So (Pedro went on to reason) will malice forever outrun its own goal, and if we will but be patient and faithful Fate or Providence will sometimes take our revenges into its own hand.

Even in the burrow, as he worked, Pedro would laugh, thinking of Rodriguez. But how it happened that his daily inspectors never noticed his hands he could not understand. He could hide his worn and broken finger-nails, but the marks of earth and of digging would not be rubbed from his hands and arms. But the young fellow did not realize how woe-begone and forlorn a figure he was. He was gaunt and wild, his beard was grown, his hair a tangled mass, and his torn and scanty garments were almost fantastic, with their rich texture and ragged condition; and he was altogether covered with dirt and grime, and bore every mark of misery.

After some weeks he reached the apex of the angle, and there he found a walled-in chamber, narrowing to a pipe-like chimney, many feet high and open to the sky. Looking up, he saw a star, and he breathed an air purer and fresher than any he had breathed since he was thrust into his dungeon. But in this chamber, which was so narrow that he could scarcely turn in it, was a skull and some other bones, and a rosary. Pedro took the rosary in his hand, and looked up at the star overhead.

"God!" he said, drawing his breath, "O God, burn them, burn them in hell, and never show them paradise, except to torture and confound them!" Then, on the rosary of the dead man who had here been walled up, Espinosa prayed for his soul.

But behold, when he had broken out of this chamber he came to a passage, clear and open, as if the workmen had

not thought it worth while to fill up this remote portion. It was higher and larger than the one Pedro had made, and much he wondered what tools his predecessor had used, and where he put the dirt and stones he brought from the excavation. He no longer wormed his way, but could with ease creep on his hands and knees; and so he went along until he came to a wall, and knew that his work was almost over.

He had now been so long absent from his cell that he could not delay to examine this wall, and he turned and went back, and found it was daylight, and so late that the jailer came in before he had got his foot well into the chain. But the chain was not the jailer's affair, and he took no notice, but put down the jug and loaf, and went his way. When the officer and blacksmith came, the prisoner was asleep on the floor, and the men glanced at him; they did not waken him, for the chain was now in its place.

Pedro slept long, for he was very tired; but when he awoke he felt well rested, and his youth was strong in every muscle of his body. He would have liked to make a toilet before he left his cell, knowing that his work this night would be his last; but he could only empty the jug of water into his hands and well lave his face and neck, and then run his damp fingers through his hair and push it off his brow.

He began to uncover the hole he had made in the floor, but this time carelessly, and with no heed whether the dirt scattered or not, and so he crept into his burrow, the long nail fastened in his belt, the broken plate in his hand; and poor enough tools were these for breaking through a stone wall! In the chamber he paused, and looked up at the star, which shone as yet dimly, the twilight still lingering.

"Greet your comrades for me," whispered he in a voice husky and strange

for want of use, "and say I shall see them all to-morrow night." Then he took the rosary, knowing he should like to have it when he was again a free man.

It was slow and toilsome work breaking through this last wall, but the young fellow had now learned some lessons in quarrying, and he wasted neither time nor strength in idle or futile labor. Every effort told, and little by little the stones loosened and the fissure widened. He could hear sounds that he knew must be footsteps in the guard-house, and once he fancied he heard the dip of oars in the water. As the night grew older, he worked desperately, resolved never to reënter the cell, but to gain the river before daylight. The stones began to give more easily, and he at last thrust his hand into an empty space. Then he knew that he was through the wall. His haste was now nervous and fiery; the stones broke, crumbled, under his strong, eager hands, and he could hardly wait until the aperture was large enough for his body. He felt as though he must thrust himself through, push, pull, drag, himself. Still, he was wise enough to make the opening so large that with a little tugging he got safely out.

It was yet very dark, and he could see no stars. The air was close, and he did not hear the water. He stood still, trying to accustom his eyes to the darkness. Then he put out his right arm and touched a wall; his other arm, and behold, there was another wall; but he was not disconcerted, being sure he had entered some sort of shed or shelter. He could hear no sounds, so he crept softly on, feeling his way by the wall. When he had gone some fifteen feet or thereabouts, he found he was in a corner, and the wall turned. He hardly knew what to make of this, he had been so certain that he was groping his way into the open. Just then his foot struck something that jangled, and he stood

stock still in terror; but the noise aroused no one, so he stooped to feel what it was that lay there.

A great terror took him, a hideous horror, and he turned and looked up, — up, through the barred window of his cell — his cell! — dimly outlined in the wan light of the morning.

He gave a loud cry, a horrible shout; at once the door opened, and, as if they had been called, the guard came in. Their torches flared, and Pedro saw the two heaps of rubbish, — the place where he had gone out, and the broken wall where he had come back. Behind the soldiers came the governor of the fortress, smiling. Pedro sprang at him, and the fingers hardened by tearing out iron, and pulling away stones, and digging into the earth, closed on the throat of the traitor. But Rodriguez had his dagger; out it came, and quick and sharp cut into Pedro's heart. But the fingers never loosened, so the two men fell down dead together.

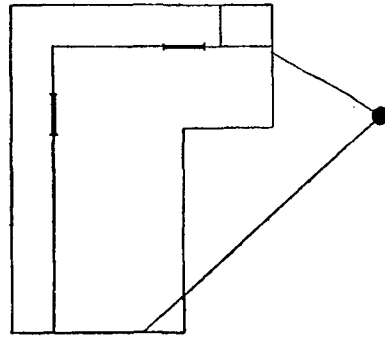
Thus did Don Pedro Espinosa, a grandee of Spain, gain his liberty, and by a road for which he had not looked did he put himself out of the reach of his jailer; but what happened next I cannot tell. Whether the two foes, at once and again, fell on each other, or whether they instantly parted, and without a backward glance went each on his own road, I know not. If they again fell into fight, Pedro must now have had the odds, seeing how much purer and stronger was his spirit, and how much more ardent and fiery was the nature God had given him. I could fancy that Rodriguez, all his armor, his plans, and stratagems left behind, and no longer supported by his soldiers, but taken alone, would show without disguise what a craven he could be. Indeed, no worse coward than he was ever born, because Pedro had once summoned him to equal fight, and that is better grace than most young noblemen would grant a traitor;

and instead of meeting him, the creature got him first into the prison, and then into this devil's trap and excavated passage, of which the true plan was well known to Rodriguez. I have thought that had we wanted any further proof of the baseness of this man than his conduct toward Espinosa shows, we should have it in his knowledge of this most diabolic device. Vile secrets, when they are to be shared, are told to the vile, and Pedro might have been governor of the fortress all the days of his life, and never have known of this trap, except there had been intention to have destroyed it.

The whole scheme, as can be readily seen, was of the simplest character, but

well calculated to deceive a man digging in the dark and without measurements, and that on a route pre-arranged for him.

The plan in the possession of Rodriguez was made in this manner : —



*Louise Stockton.*

## THE CLOSE OF GARIBALDI'S CAREER.

THE death of Count Cavour in 1861 was an injury to Garibaldi, though he little suspected it; and henceforth, while we remember that Garibaldi's devotion to the national cause was never slackened, we must pronounce him to have hindered the consummation of Italian unity. He condemned the delays of international negotiators, and saw how easily the knot could be cut by one bold stroke. Victor Emmanuel's ministers (he persuaded himself) were either puppets of Napoleon or cowards; and since the result was the same, no matter what was the cause, Garibaldi determined to take the initiative upon himself. Had he realized that the establishment of order in the recently annexed provinces of the centre and south was of greater importance than the immediate liberation of Rome and Venice, had he learned from experience or history that an ecclesiastical system which required centuries to reach its height cannot be uprooted in a day, he would have spared himself

much mortification and Italy much danger. But Garibaldi was not a reasoner; he kept to the last the delusion of very young men and very zealous dreamers, — that what you would like to have happen will happen, because you wish it.

In 1862, in Sicily, he enrolled another Thousand, whose war-cry was "*Rome or death.*" They crossed to the mainland, fondly believing that the Italian government would allow them to pass unimpeded through the Neapolitan territory, gather volunteers, and attack Rome, which was then protected by a French garrison. Rattazzi, the Prime Minister, connived at first at the scheme, hoping to profit by it as Cavour had profited by the Sicilian expedition, two years before; but he was soon convinced that the European Powers (and particularly France) would interfere, and so he changed his policy. General Pallavicino was instructed to prevent the march of the Garibaldians. At Aspromonte (August 29, 1862) the royal troops met the

volunteers : a few shots were exchanged ; then Garibaldi and his followers laid down their arms and submitted to arrest. Garibaldi had been severely wounded in the foot. He was placed on a man-of-war and taken to Varginano, near Spezia, whence, after an easy confinement, attended by romantic women and devoted men from all parts of Europe, he was allowed to return to Caprera. Popular sympathy of course sided with him, — had he not set out on an enterprise whose success would have rejoiced every Italian ? — but the sober-minded perceived that public order and constitutional government would come to an end, were every patriotic enthusiast to levy troops and make war whenever his zeal prompted.

In 1864, Garibaldi visited England, ostensibly for the purpose of consulting English surgeons about his wounded foot ; but many persons not unnaturally suspected a deeper motive. The Duke of Sutherland was his host ; the aristocracy and the working-classes rivaled each other in idolizing him. No hero since Wellington had been so splendidly entertained. Very different was this from his treatment in England ten years before, when he was only a poor, exiled sea-captain ! He had planned a triumphal progress through the provinces and Scotland, when the announcement was suddenly made that he had been advised by his physicians to forego further excitement and return to Caprera. The cause of this hasty change was much disputed at the time, and it cannot even now be positively unraveled.<sup>1</sup> Garibaldi went home, and for the next two years remained outwardly inactive, though in his mind he was revolving many schemes.

In 1866, that war was fought which raised Prussia to the leadership of the Teutonic states, and, as events soon proved, to the arbitership of Europe.

<sup>1</sup> An interesting account of this trip, and of the intrigues which cut it short, will be found

Having joined together in a robber's raid upon Denmark, Prussia and Austria fell out, as thieves will, over the division of the plunder, and Bismarck used the quarrel as a pretext for bringing to an issue his long-meditated plan of destroying the supremacy of Austria. Italy formed an alliance with Prussia, and while the Prussian armies, under Roon and Moltke, were marching towards Vienna, the Italian armies prepared to drive the Austrians out of Venetia. Garibaldi again took command of the Hunters of the Alps, and pushed operations into the Tyrol. But whereas the Prussians won a decisive victory at Sadowa (July 3), the Italians had been defeated by Archduke Charles at Custozza (June 24), owing to a defect in the plan of the campaign, by which their divisions were carelessly separated instead of being united against the Austrians, whom they outnumbered three to one. Austria, nevertheless, being threatened in her capital, agreed to a peace. She ceded Venetia to Napoleon, who handed it over to Italy. The purpose of the war was thus attained, but it could not have been attained in a manner more humiliating to the Italians, who had expected to win the coveted province by their own prowess, and were chagrined that it had been won by their allies.

The states of Italy were now free and united, except Rome and the papal territory ; but without Rome the nation would be incomplete. Tradition, history, location, and political interests all required that Rome should be the capital of Italy. But Rome was in the control of the Pope, the most insidious of enemies, whose influence as head of the most numerous sect in Christendom was exerted to tighten his grip on temporal power, against the wishes of nine tenths of the Italians. The tremendous paradox of the professed " Vicar of Christ "

in a volume called *Politica Segreta Italiana*, 1863-1870, chapter iii.

being a worldly sovereign at all, of his dwelling in the most magnificent palace on earth, of his being surrounded by courtiers and condescending to the tricks and intrigues of diplomacy, need not be pointed out. It is one of the most significant facts in history.

All Italians, and the Romans most of all, yearned to be released from the Pope's sway. But how could this be done? In these later times, as we have seen, Napoleon had played the double rôle of ally of Italian independence in the north, and of protector of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope at Rome. On September 15, 1864, he had signed a convention with Victor Emmanuel, by which he agreed, after two years, to withdraw the French garrison from the Holy City, provided the Italian king pledged himself to respect the integrity of the Papal States. So far as we can judge, this was Napoleon's disingenuous method of retaining the good-will of both parties. He seems to have intimated to Victor Emmanuel that, should a favorable moment occur for quietly occupying Rome, the French government would limit itself to making a formal protest for the sake of appearances; for of course Napoleon would not have Europe suppose that he abandoned his ostentatious protection of the Pope through weakness.<sup>1</sup> This uncandid performance pleased nobody. The Pope complained that this desertion would ruin him. The Radical Italians were incensed that their king should hamper his future action by any pledges, however vague. The king and his ministers could not, of course, divulge their reasons for signing the convention. "Italy is now a nation of twenty-four million inhabitants," clamored the impetuous: "she is strong enough to do as she sees

<sup>1</sup> M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs, said to the Italian ambassador at Paris, when negotiations in this matter were opened: "Naturally, the result of all this will be that you will end by going to Rome; but it is important that between this

fit. It is ignominious that she should still submit to dictation from Paris." Internal discontent seethed and sputtered, and when, in 1865, the Italian capital was removed from Turin to Florence, there were not lacking agitators to whisper that this was the preliminary step to the cession of Piedmont to France. The war of 1866 temporarily diverted attention to the conquest of Venice; that accomplished, the acquisition of Rome became the sole object of plots and deliberation.

In due time the French troops were recalled from the Holy City. The Pope, had he been left to himself, would very soon have been unable to control his subjects. There would have been a revolution which he could not have put down; there would have been a plebiscite, declaring the wish of an overwhelming majority of Romans to be united to Italy; European diplomats, bowing at last to the inevitable, would have consented to the peaceable entry of the Italians into Rome, and then the weary Italian question would have been set at rest. But the "party of action" was too impatient to wait a year, or longer, for this probable solution. In the summer of 1867, Garibaldi attended a convention of the League of Peace and Liberty, in Switzerland, and there determined to organize a crusade against the Pope. He was allowed for a while to conduct his agitation openly, for Rattazzi, the Prime Minister, again deluded himself with the hope that he could ape Cavour's policy successfully. Unfortunately, Rattazzi was not Cavour: it makes a world-wide difference whether the lion put on the ass's skin, or the ass put on the lion's. Rattazzi's trick was easily fathomed. Louis Napoleon, who for fifteen years had flattered himself, fact and that of our evacuation there pass such an interval of time and such a series of events as to prevent any one from establishing a connection between them, and that France may not be held responsible." (Massari, *Vita di Vittorio Emanuele*, page 415.)



and tried to persuade the world, that he was a latter-day, waxed-mustached Jove, without whose nod the affairs of mortals could not go on, had already made so many un-Olympian blunders that many of his easily gulled subjects had begun to whisper to each other, "This is no Jove, after all, but a vulgar interloper." He had meddled in Mexico, and Europe was laughing at his failure, — laughing at him, and commiserating his poor dupe, just shot at Queretaro. He had suddenly awaked to the fact that a mighty enemy had come into power across the Rhine; and when he hurled his thunders, that enemy, instead of quailing, defied him in veritable Jove fashion. Napoleon, therefore, could not risk fresh ridicule; and Europe would surely mock should he, who had always boasted that he would protect the Pope, stand by impassively whilst agitators accomplished what he had so long forbidden. There was, besides, a deeper reason: already he felt the need of leaguings himself with the Jesuits, a certain indication of his declining strength and a presage of his fall.

The cabinet at Florence was instructed, accordingly, that the agitation must cease. M. Rouher, the mentor of French imperialism, bluntly declared, "The Italians shall never go to Rome, never!" Rattazzi perforce resigned. Garibaldi was arrested, and conducted under guard to Caprera, and a squadron of Italian cruisers patrolled the island to prevent his escape. French regiments were dispatched from Toulon to reoccupy Rome. But the agitators would not desist. Volunteers assembled on the papal frontier, and lo! one day late in October, Garibaldi, in red shirt and slouch hat, appeared to take command of them. He had slipped by the men-of-war in a little skiff at night, crossed to Maddalena, and passed thence to Sardinia and Tuscany, before the government could hinder him.

<sup>1</sup> The Pope had to depend upon Poles, Irishmen, Austrians, and Frenchmen, who vol-

The campaign was brief. The Garibaldians captured Monte Rotondo, and advanced to within a short distance of Rome. But at Mentana (November 3) they were routed by the French troops who had come to the assistance of the polyglot regiments of the papal army.<sup>1</sup> "The chassepots have done wonders," telegraphed General Failly to Napoleon, as if the purpose of the skirmish had been no more than to test the new French arms, and as if Italians existed merely to furnish a living target for them. "Late events have drowned every remembrance of gratitude in the heart of Italy," wrote Victor Emmanuel to the Emperor. "Alliance with France is no longer in the hands of the government: the chasseur gun at Mentana has mortally wounded it." After their defeat, the Garibaldians had fled in disorder behind the lines of the regular Italian army, which had crossed the frontier in the hope of warding off an encounter. Garibaldi was confined at Varignano; but when the excitement had sufficiently subsided, he was permitted to return to Caprera. This, his last adventure in the cause of Italy, was a humiliating failure, leaving the situation more difficult than it had been before. It restored the French garrison to Rome, and so seriously embarrassed the king's government in internal affairs that a general outbreak was hardly averted. Had Garibaldi reflected, he must have regretted the injury which his rashness had done to the cause dearest to him. He must also have realized how much of his earlier success had been due to Cavour, the man he had distrusted and abused.

Once again, however, in spite of years and rheumatism, he girded on his sword. As soon as the news reached Caprera that the Napoleonic Empire had ignobly (but how appropriately!) collapsed at Sedan (September 4, 1870), Garibaldi

unteered in his service, to fight for him against his own countrymen.

telegraphed to the French provisional government that he would be glad to serve the new Republic. Nearly a month elapsed before his offer was accepted. Then he hastened to Marseilles, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by the populace, which fancied that the magic of his name would suffice to check the advance of the Germans. At Tours, he conferred with the Committee of National Defense. It was decided that he should organize a corps, enlisting as many Italians as possible from the southeastern departments, and defend the country around Dôle. The Army of the Vosges, as this corps was called, served well, but it could not cope with the superior Prussian forces under Werder and Manteuffel. There were gallant combats at Dijon, Paques, and Autun, but when Paris capitulated (January 28, 1871) resistance ceased in the rest of France. Garibaldi was elected deputy to the National Assembly, convened at Bordeaux, but, being refused a hearing on a question he wished to present, he resigned his office, and retired to his home.

The Franco-Prussian war marked the close of a period dating from Waterloo, in which the powers of reaction struggled desperately to repress those two dominant modern ideas, the principle of constitutional government and the principle of nationality. Metternichism and Napoleonism, based on shams and trickery, were the embodiments of this reaction. Napoleon, indeed, talked bravely of the rights of nationalities, but in practice he was as persistent as Metternich in opposing them whenever they seemed to menace his personal ascendancy. If he helped them incidentally, it was because he hoped to profit thereby. By encouraging the Italians he transferred the balance of power from Austria to France; but this proved a delusive victory, because out of it grew the independence of Italy and the independence of Germany, with whose exist-

ence the supremacy of Napoleon was incompatible. As I read the history of the Second Empire, it is a record of failures, each temporarily hidden by skillful bravado. Louis Napoleon resembles those adventurers in finance who make a dazzling show upon borrowed millions, and when suddenly they become bankrupt disclose the fact that they never had any capital except their brass, and kept their accounts on their shirt-cuffs. He gambled on a great name, and had no assets when his creditors demanded more than a name in payment. He was beaten in France, where a revolution was nearly ripe at the moment when he declared war against Prussia. He was virtually beaten in the Crimea, whatever artifices may have been resorted to in order to make the Crimean war appear a splendid success. He was beaten in Mexico. He was beaten by Cavour. He was beaten by Bismarck. The fall of Napoleon secured national unity for Germany; she has still to develop a really constitutional government. For Italy it secured both. On September 20, 1870, Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, after a petty resistance by the Pope's foreign mercenaries. The dream of Garibaldi's youth had come to pass. Rome was the capital of an emancipated and united Italy.

Garibaldi took his seat in the national Parliament, but he had neither the training nor the temperament of a legislator. With one beneficent measure, indeed, his name is associated. He proposed to reclaim and colonize the Pontine marshes, a scheme which could not be undertaken from lack of funds. Now that the nation was established, he urged his republican doctrines more persistently than ever. He criticised the monarchy, and denounced what he regarded as its unwarranted wastefulness. He encouraged the plots of the Irredentists, those hot-brained extremists who will not be satisfied until Trieste, Trent, the Canton of Ticino, Savoy, and Nice are

restored to Italy. He joined in the clamor that the government should furnish a million guns for the accomplishing of this "redemption." He eulogized Hödel, Nobiling, Passanante, Hartmann, and other assassins who aimed at the lives of Emperor William and King Humbert. He decried the guarantees which the Italian government had given to allow the Pope, unmolested, to occupy the Vatican, and freely to exercise his spiritual functions. Political wisdom, we perceive, shed but little light on these later counsels of Garibaldi. Yet his popularity did not wane. His countrymen treated him as a privileged person, whose senile extravagances were not to be taken seriously. They loved his intentions; they were grateful for the achievements of his prime. Wherever he went, immense enthusiasm greeted him; and when, on June 2, 1882, he fell asleep peacefully at his home in Caprera, all Italy put on mourning, and the world grieved at the departure of a hero.

Garibaldi's character is so evident that it needs no searching analysis. He was a man of action, guided by but few principles, which sprang from his emotions rather than from his reason. His instinct decided for him whether a line of conduct was good or bad, and, the decision once made, arguments could rarely move him or obstacles deter. Hence the single-minded zeal with which he plunged into every enterprise; hence, also, his inability to measure the value of any policy but his own, and his distrust, often intensified into unreasoning prejudice, of those who differed from him as to the means to the common end. He seemed not always candid in his relations with the monarchy, but the cause was not so much intentional insincerity as the starting up of a new impulse which led him in another direction, and which he did not deem it necessary to explain. Neither did he willfully misrepresent facts; he simply

reiterated his statements, even when they had been disproved by incontestable evidence, because his opinion had not changed, and the fact ought to have been what he believed it was. His kindly, frank nature often made him the dupe of less honest men. "He is," wrote Massimo d'Azeglio, in 1864, "one of the choicest natures created by the Almighty; a lover of his country, enterprising, humane, generous, averse from cupidity. But, after all, no deserts, no extent of service, entitle the citizen to set himself above the laws of his country, to create an *imperium in imperio*, to treat with his sovereign as an equal, and to assume the decision of peace and war. By instinct shy and mild, he has been thrust forward by rogues for their own purposes, and they have intoxicated him with flattery which would have turned the brain of the hardest head, much more his." The wonder is that he was not beguiled into irreparable excesses. He was saved partly by a thread of common sense strangely interwoven in his emotional tissue, and partly by a self-respect akin to vanity, which made him suspicious of being used as a tool. Although modest, and unwilling to accept material rewards for himself, he was fully conscious of the heroic part he was playing, and he took no pains to dissemble the childlike delight which he felt at demonstrations of his popularity. He possessed, to an almost unrivaled degree, that indefinable quality called magnetism, which attracts the devotion of multitudes, and binds them by ties stronger than those of blood or interest to the person of their hero. Rarely, indeed, has there been a man more worthy of such devotion than Garibaldi. Simple in his life, fearless in his courage, disinterested in his deeds, immutable in his patriotism, the people knew that he was wholly consecrated to them.

His religious belief was vaguely theistic. He was not one to speculate on theological problems, or to formulate a

creed. He early rejected revelation, and was inclined to treat the forms of worship in existing churches as superstitious. It was sufficient for him that his instinct distinguished between good and evil, and that he was conscious of striving after the good. Why should anybody need more than this? seems to have been a question he often asked himself. Nevertheless an afterglow of religious sentiment glimmered at times within him. "Oh, although certainly not superstitious," he exclaims, "not infrequently, in the most perilous moments of my turbulent existence, as I issued unharmed from the billows of the ocean, from the hail of the battle-field, there came to me the vision of my loving mother on her knees, and, bowing before the Infinite, imploring for the life of her son. And I, although believing little in the efficacy of prayer, was touched thereat, happy and less unfortunate." He had a vein of mysticism, which he could not define, but which was as real to him as any of his emotions. Especially was he impressed by the mystery of sympathy, by the meeting of friends whose paths seem to be brought together through the immediate intervention of destiny. Thus, when he was walking one day in Rio Janeiro, he fell in, casually, with Rossetti. "Our eyes met," he says, "and it seemed not for the first time, as it really was. We smiled reciprocally, and were brothers for life, inseparable for life. May this not be one of the many emanations of that infinite intelligence which can probably animate space, and worlds, and the insects which flutter on their surfaces? Why should I deprive myself of the gentle delight which blesses me, as I think of communion with my mother's affections, returned to the infinite source whence they sprang, and of that of my beloved Rossetti?" And in another place the memory of a battle and of the vast untamed nature of South America begets a similar strain. "There is something,"

he muses, "beyond the intelligence in our being, which we cannot discern, which we cannot explain, but which exists; and its effects, although confused, are a prophecy, be the word understood how you will, — a prophecy which brings you contentment or bitterness. Perhaps that infinitesimal spark, emanating from the Infinite, and which has its abode in our miserable husk, — but immortal as the Infinite, — foresees beyond the contact of our senses and beyond the reach of our vision."

In constructive politics, as we have seen, Garibaldi was unpractical. He had the dreamer's inability to comprehend that human societies cannot be lifted from a lower to a higher condition by a mere manifesto or patriotic resolution. It is not enough to say to an evil system, *Thou art bad. Begone!* You must replace it by a better through the slow process of education. But Garibaldi was as impatient at the gradual methods by which alone the morals of a nation can be regenerated as at the devices and circumlocutions of diplomacy. The intensity of his opinions made him intractable. He could not serve; he must command. This explains what he could not explain to himself: that is, he says, "the unfavorable reception given me by those men who may justly be called the lights of the modern period of our national resurrection, of which they deserved well; as, for example, Mazzini, Manin, Guerrazzi, and some of their friends. The same fate befell me in France, in 1870 and 1871. And yet in France, as in Italy, I have enjoyed, among the populace, an enthusiastic sympathy certainly much above my deserts." He maintained that the ignorance and debasement of the peasantry, and the corruption of a large part of the upper classes, were due to the pernicious influence of priestcraft. His remedy was to shut up all churches and convents, and either to exile the priests in a body to Siberia, or to set

them to work, like galley-slaves, to reclaim the Pontine marshes. Take away the instigators of corruption, and society would immediately become virtuous. A fine theory, but only a theory.

It was as a popular soldier that Garibaldi won his fame, and as such he has had no equal. The forces he captained were insignificant in numbers compared with the great armaments of modern times. His tactics were those of the Rio Grande guerrillas; nevertheless his success was astonishing, because he was peculiarly adapted to lead a revolutionary uprising like the Italian. From the minuteness with which he describes the plans of his campaigns and the disposition of his troops in each battle, and from the copiousness of the military precepts which he sprinkles over his memoirs, it is evident that he deemed himself a master of the art of war; but the captains of the future will not turn to him for instruction in tactics or strategy. His strength lay in his personal valor, and in the unbounded confidence and devotion which he inspired in his comrades; and these are qualities without which excellence of discipline, or numbers, or technical skill can win victories. His favorite dream, that the Italians could emancipate themselves without foreign assistance, by rising *en masse* and arming themselves with a million muskets, was impracticable for two reasons, which he ought to have understood: first, the peasantry (as he states many times) were too subservient to the priests to be easily aroused;<sup>1</sup> and, second, a multitude of raw volunteers could not have overthrown the trained armies of Austria. The god of battles decides for justice and patriotism, provided they marshal the best regiments.

<sup>1</sup> Not one peasant, he says, volunteered among the Thousand.

When we have stripped from Garibaldi his eccentricities and flaws, transient in their nature; when we look into the heart of the man and contemplate his achievements, we behold a hero of the Homeric brood. We are again in the presence of a man of a few simple but elemental qualities, brave, disinterested, and outspoken, whose habit it was to exhibit his passions without that reserve which belongs to our later, sophisticated age. Like Achilles, he did not disguise his feelings; he wept when he was moved, sulked when he was angry. He was inspired by two ideals, and those two the noblest,—love of liberty and love of his fellow-men; ideals which he might not cherish in secret, but which he must proclaim before a hostile world; ideals for which he endured poverty, exile, fatigues, and the perils of battle. He believed that in every man there dwells a consciousness of right which needs only to be quickened in order to produce righteous acts. His career, which typifies in the large that of thousands of his contemporaries, confounds those materialists who assert that the age of emotions, of high-souled unselfishness, of romance, of true tragedy, has been left behind, and that we have entered the Sahara of egotism and commonplace. In the history of modern Europe, which is the history of the reconstruction of society upon the principles of nationality, political equality, and commercial equity, feudalism having crumbled into ruins, there is no nobler chapter than that in which the unification of Italy is told. Garibaldi was the popular hero of that episode. The race whose heart beat true in Garibaldi, and whose head thought wisely in Cavour, if its character weakens not, will contribute generously to the civilization of the future.

William R. Thayer.

## A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

THE newly cropped meadows lay level and dun to the distant boundary of a swift silvery river, in the sunshine of a July afternoon. The higher peaks were softened by a blue haze; the nearer mountains showed tints of purple in their dark greens, and were dashed with shadows fallen from loose white clouds. The air, everywhere fresh, was cool in the red-brown shade made by a group of tall pine-trees on a steep upland knoll. Agatha, lying on the pine needles, with hands clasped behind her neck, was aware of a mountain breeze blowing across her face; aware, too, although her eyes were half closed, of the sweet familiar New Hampshire landscape, and the clouds floating in blue depths overhead. A spare New England figure, in a short mountain dress, she had the careless attitude of a girl; yet she had passed the second crisis of a mental life, when the revelation which has come to us in youth as intuition is forced to give way to or be supplemented by a revelation of insight. She no longer felt a strenuous necessity for solving the latest problem before the sun had finished his day's round; and a smile of amusement as well as of affection came to her face as the sense of another presence stole in upon her, and she sat up at the approach of a younger and rounder figure, in a fresh summer dress of light blue and a wide straw hat.

The new-comer threw aside the shawl which she had brought with her, sat down on the pine sward, and, with a little birdlike movement of her head, turned her brown eyes, burning with a steadfast glow of earnestness, to her friend.

*Agatha.* Julia, I did not see you coming. "Farewell the tranquil mind!" I don't mean to suggest that your presence is not welcome, but I know you will be talking to me about

the Infinite; and I have been lying for the last hour on Mother Earth, for all the world like one of her own stones.

*Julia.* I am sure I have not come to disturb you. I can play the daughter to Nature as quietly and with as much content as anybody. Looking at the dear old mountains is occupation enough for me. I do not even need to measure their sides with my eye, as you are always doing, to see what ridge will be the best line of ascent.

*Agatha.* I do. It's an inveterate habit. I should start from that gray rock, make a bee-line through the woods to the next clearing —

*Julia.* And you think it is I who cannot rest and enjoy! I can "sit without ambition, hope, or aim."

*Agatha.* Physically, perhaps; but mentally you are a terrible embodiment of all three. My poor old mind has to be up and doing the moment it sees you approach.

*Julia.* Your idea of your mind is the most curious contradiction to the reality. You insist on squaring it to your general life-theory of passive acquiescence. It is absurdly inconsistent in you to think at all. But you can't help yourself.

*Agatha.* I won't be attacked in this manner. Lie down on the pine needles, and be sensible. I have done more talking — I will not say thinking — than usual this summer; but you have had hold of the other end of the string.

*Julia.* As I don't see you when I drop the string, I have no answer ready. But how good it seems to live, on such a day as this, with mountain air to breathe, and the big pine-trees overhead, shading us without shutting away our view!

*Agatha.* They talk about the everlasting hills, but those New Hampshire worthies across the intervales don't wear a very permanent look, after all. In



this light even the sombre and scriptural Moriah looks not unlike a lazy old cloud that will presently pick itself to shreds and disperse.

*Julia.* Yes, but come back to-morrow, and see him stand blank and solid against an uncompromising sky. No, I can't get away from the stability of the hills. Their changing glory is mere illusion: I find myself irritated, sometimes, when their aspect is most dreamily wonderful, by the knowledge of the prosy reality to which they will return.

*Agatha.* Of course there is the constant and understood aspect of permanence. All my wonder was that I should be allowed even momentarily to forget it. But why should reality be irritating to you? There is your Utopia. You dwell upon the thought of what might be and ought to be, and you have inevitably to bump against the knoll, on which I am reposing, of what *is*.

*Julia.* Nonsense. What irritates me is inconsistency. Nature should agree with herself. She has no right to follow one law with the mountains and another with the man. Yesterday's storm surged around the mountain summit; yet there it stands this afternoon, serene, unchanged. Our storms don't blow over us and leave us the same men and women; they alter our deepest natures. The mountain contradicts the principle of development: there you have my quarrel.

*Agatha.* I'm inclined to think that spiritual storms, various and considerable as their effects may be, do yet leave behind the old individual nature that they found. I may have given up lying and stealing, but the being who lied and stole is still under my roof-tree.

*Julia.* That is the bluest sky through the pine branches! Look at it beside the dazzling white of those cumuli, — pure color, attached to no deadening reality of substance. Do you realize, Agatha, that your last speech makes you out a thorough-going pessimist? You

imply — or would, if I had the heart to make you logical on such a morning — that there is no real development possible, for the individual or for the race. Take it back!

*Agatha.* I'll take back all but the residuum. In an age of science, to deny development would be to argue one's self non-existent. Look at the grass which has grown an inch since yesterday, and the train spinning along with our mail on the other side of the valley. Progress of some sort or other is an understood factor in life. But is n't the progress in a series of cycles, alternate growth and decay; a circle which returns as the earth to the sun, and moves onward, if it moves, like the solar system, always in the same medium?

*Julia.* Cycles, if you will, but not circles. A circle must return on itself, but a cycle swings upward in spiral curves.

“And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form.”

*Agatha.* I confess that history and human nature alike bring me back a little fondly to my notion of the circle. But if we try to look too definitely into the future, we may find ourselves walking off the edge of thought. At all events, the circle, if circle it be, is large enough to give free play.

*Julia.* Then you don't mind the fact of limitation if the limits are sufficiently wide? We differ: for my part, if I have to retrace my steps in the end, I can take no comfort in the thought that I have the universe for my treadmill. Let me be a spinning dervish and done with it.

*Agatha.* But don't we have to retrace, however eager our desire to go on? We have all space and thought to wander in, but despite the apparent *carte-blanche* we are always coming up against walls of circumstance and the limitations of our nature.

*Julia.* Only till we stop knocking our heads against the walls, and take the onward path the walls protect.

Moreover, no barriers impede one skyward.

*Agatha.* No, that is a direction in which there will be no need of fences till our wings are grown.

*Julia.* A characteristic speech, from the surface of your mind. You, the follower of Emerson, to talk of the tyranny of circumstance!

*Agatha.* Emerson regards the tyranny of circumstance as an aid to growth, checking effort in the wrong direction.

*Julia.* That was exactly my point.

*Agatha.* But then you agree with me that we can't aim at indefinite expansion on all sides? Life brings within our grasp a possibility, limited, but to our vision still high and marvelous, — the development of our own highest being within the bounds of our personality. But in the idea of a perfected race, which plays such a part in modern literature, personality has no place. The ideal man has gone to seed, so to speak, — has carried all the virtues together as far as they can logically go, and disposed of that difficult element, human nature, as it will never be disposed of save in theory.

*Julia.* I too object to that ideal individual. He would be the least interesting of companions. But my objection applies also to your statement that each man is to "get his growth," as it were, and then stop. I dislike this idea of fixed limits, both for the individual and for the race. The normal life, either collective or individual, does not grow, ripen, decay. Neither does it stop. That may be the law of nature, but the law of the spirit is progressive and endless development. Is not this the case with the individual, even though in old age physical decay supersede for the time the higher law of growth? And, though fewer people grant it, humanity as a whole repeats the experience of the individual. It manifests new powers in every age, losing nothing, advancing to ever new heights. So long as our reach

exceeds our grasp, progress must continue: and that means that progress will never stop, for our reach is towards the Infinite.

*Agatha.* I told you that you would be talking about the Infinite! My objection to the ideal man is that qualities developed collectively have all lost something of their individual force. In the compound, no one element has its full flavor.

*Julia.* That is the value of the new idea of humanity as an organism. It insures variety in unity. The old idea was that each man set out for himself, grew more or less, then passed into the life beyond the grave. The modern idea is more complex. Based scientifically on the principle of inheritance, philosophically on the unity of the race, it sees humanity as a whole, the final organism to which each man contributes his own special function, advancing constantly in this present world to a higher and fuller perfection.

*Agatha.* And yet, as Emerson warns us, "Nature cannot be cheated. Man's life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or grow they slow." One man lives, accumulates, and dies. He leaves an inheritance of thought and knowledge, but of this his heir has only such portion as he in his turn can apprehend. To each the problem is the same, and the experience of others is no more than a suggestion to him as he gains and works out his own.

*Julia.* But each brings a new element to the whole.

*Agatha.* Undoubtedly. Yet one or another of these elements must develop for a time, and decay to make room for its successor. You cannot say, in looking at the field of history, that humanity loses nothing. Look at the growth and decline of nations, the rise and fall of arts, the loss in a great artistic period of the convictions and moral force of a religious epoch, and the neglect in the latter of the artistic side of life.

*Julia.* Was the time of Homer devoted to art rather than to action? Did Æschylus and Phidias belong to an age ineffective in dealing with realities, or to the most solemn and exalted period of Hellenic history? Was Dante's enthusiasm purely artistic? I deny your alternation. The great ages of faith have been the great ages of art, and the times of indifference to moral issues are inevitably times when art dies away in critical prettinesses. Faith and art go hand in hand, and, penetrating constantly farther into the truth that surrounds us, they add constantly fresh power to life.

*Agatha.* As to the age of Homer, what do we know about it? The great poets in all ages have dealt with the realities of life; for poetry in its truest and deepest significance is essentially one with religion. In all times men have had access to truth, and the truest have apprehended it. We are not the first to climb the mountains; as far back as we can look there are figures standing on the peaks.

*Julia.* True men have always seen the truth, but that truth has not always been the same. With each generation it has been deeper and finer. A vision was vouchsafed to Dante to which the eyes of Æschylus were blind. Not that Dante was greater than Æschylus, but that into the world of common men and women there had come a new life and a new power; and the poet, then as always starting from the vantage-ground of the past, led men on to clearer glimpses of the Celestial Vision, heading the long procession that advances through the ages

“On to the bounds of the waste,  
On to the City of God.”

*Agatha.* You state the point of our discussion. Is there that continuous advance? Between Æschylus and Dante there had come into the world with Christianity a new spirit, a revelation of love and hope which is beyond the

Greek idea of fate, or rather the universal idea of cause and effect which the Greeks so strongly perceived. Dante was the poet of the new idea. But Dante was a lonely man in an uncomprehending age. And even if his age had stood with and around him, you would still have missed in its new insight and depth something of the artistic perfection, the primal lofty poetry, of the Greeks.

*Julia.* You grant that Christianity introduced a new power; I think it hardly to the point of the main issue to discuss how far the noblest exponents of that power were comprehended by their time. But your main question is undoubtedly of gravest interest and significance. I think there is that clear onward movement. Not to speak just now of modern life, I think that the world of the Middle Ages stood on a higher level, both artistically and spiritually — I won't say than the world of the cave-dwellers, but than that of the finest period of Hellenic civilization.

*Agatha.* It pleaseth you to be paradoxical. Please explain!

*Julia.* You think that mediæval Christianity sacrificed artistic power. Of course you have the surface truth: no art has ever so perfectly expressed its ideal as that of the Greeks. But do we care more for the method of expression or for the thing expressed? Art, like character, finds its highest glory in humility, in struggling to render something too great for it. Thus I say that the cathedral is artistically nobler than the Grecian temple. Its roughness, inconsistency, and weakness have a higher aim than the calmly perfect symmetry of the Greek. Thus it really reveals to us more beauty, since it arouses higher, purer, fuller emotion.

*Agatha.* Possibly.

*Julia.* And the two arts are symbolic. The pagan presented a conception of life perfectly possible to attain: so some of those old Hellenic characters have

a noble poise, an august and complete calm, such as we no longer see. But the Christ gave us an ideal that no man has yet attained, for he opened the life upward as well as outward; and in the imperfect, crude, sorrowful struggles of humanity to reach that perfect life we see a more touching beauty, a more inspiring power, than in the old completeness within set and narrow limitations. Do we not? Only the lower forms of life reach the perfection of their type. The oyster fulfills its ideal; the man cannot. Which is the nobler, which the more lovely?

*Agatha.* The cathedral marks another height, with a beauty of detail, and also a feeling of earnestness and aspiration, that the temple has not. But in going on to the Gothic we did not cast away the Greek standard. That has been ever since the measure of art as art, whereas the power of rising to that standard has been utterly lost.

*Julia.* Of course a certain kind of loss is involved in every gain. We have advanced immensely in artistic technique, but we have left behind us forever the naive charm, the birdlike lilt, of the folk-song.

*Agatha.* The beauty of the ballad is the beauty of childhood, — of a simplicity which is inevitably lost amid the more complex conditions of life. It has no poetic quality which has not been improved upon in other forms, save that which belongs to its imperfection. But the beauty of Greek art is that of achievement, the culmination of a long period of artistic growth.

*Julia.* I would rather look at Angelo's Greek Slave, rough-hewn, half finished, with the anguish of centuries struggling through his sorrowful features, than at the untroubled loveliness of the Venus. The first has the beauty of the soul, a beauty that involves pain and imperfection; the other has at best the beauty of the perfect body.

*Agatha.* The Greek a merely tech-

nical art! Ye gods and little fishes! Was perfect body ever created without soul in the creator, from the days of Genesis till now?

*Julia.* It was art on the natural plane, at least, and absorbed in the present moment.

"Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?

In both, of such lower types are we  
Precisely because of our wider nature!  
For time, theirs — ours, for eternity.

"To-day's brief passion limits their range;  
It seethes with the morrow for us and  
more."

We reflect in our art the glory of aspiration, the pain of regret. We have learned the artistic value of sorrow, which the Greeks never perceived. We are necessarily suggestive where they were explicit. But I think these changes an advance; and so do you, if you would but confess it.

*Agatha.* Well, partly. But I think you drop the balance too strongly on the side of Hebraism, and are unjust to Hellenism; that is, to the idea of beauty. "Le beau est la splendeur du vrai." Greek art may be compared to the bird in evolution. After evolving it, Selection went round the corner and started on a new line. She dropped at once to the ornithorynchus. There is undeniable progress from the ornithorynchus to man, but the bird is left behind. We have not wings. And morphologically the bird is the most perfect structure.

*Julia.* And yet evolution is synonymous with advance.

*Agatha.* Wings apart, we have certainly developed. The mediæval world had a faith, the modern world has a spirit of sympathy and humanity, which the Greeks lacked. It is gain balanced with loss. Let us follow the gain. Does it lose nothing as it goes on?

*Julia.* Wait, wait! Agatha, do you see that chipmunk? There, under the mulle'n by the big rock! What is he doing to those tall grasses? See him

reach out that wee paw and bend them down.

*Agatha.* Julia, come back to the point.

*Julia.* I will. See how darkly the river flows! It seems strange to watch the current half a mile away. What were we talking about?

*Agatha.* Suppose you try to remember.

*Julia.* I know. Cycles and spirals, race-ideals, Hellenic civilization, Christian art, birds and the ornithorynchus, progress in general, — ever so many things. We had just taken a flying leap to the modern world, had n't we? And you asked if I thought that it had gained very much. Oh, Agatha, the gain seems to me immense!

*Agatha.* So you lend your voice to the chorus of self-glorification and complacent ecstasy over the progress of the age that makes itself heard in political meetings and magazines?

*Julia.* I suppose I do. Look impartially at a few facts.

*Agatha.* Phonographs? Two-cent stamps? Herbert Spencer's philosophy?

*Julia.* No. Take what you spoke of yourself, — the extended sympathy which is the chief note of the modern world. Of course we are familiar enough with its direct effects, but there are indirect effects that nobody talks about, which seem to me even more interesting. In literature, for example —

*Agatha.* Are you going to say that Wordsworth discovered the poor man, and that the modern novelist shows us the beauty of commonplace lives?

*Julia.* No, I am not. I mean something quite different, — an increase of scope in another sense. I mean the extension of our poetic powers till we comprehend and reproduce the life of all peoples and all ages. It is an axiom that art can reflect only its present; and you know what a weariness to the flesh one finds the long galleries of historical pictures in the museums, and what a bore the old-fashioned historical

novel is. All attempts to reproduce the past till our own day were frigid and untruthful. Think of the pseudo-classic drama; and the chief apparent exception, the Oriental themes of the early Italian painters, really establish the point, as Ruskin shows. Now haven't you noticed the entire absence of unity of tone in our modern literature? Every other great literary epoch has unity. We miss it utterly. Think of the Blessed Damozel and Empedocles on *Ætna*!

*Agatha.* Or the Earthly Paradise and the In Memoriam. But what are you coming to?

*Julia.* Why, this: our absence of unity springs from the wonderful breadth of our sympathy; and this sympathy enables us to give the lie to the old principle, and to reflect all phases that human experience has known. We have perfect reproductions of Greek temper, artistic and ethical, in Swinburne's *Atalanta* and in much of Arnold; we have intimate and beautiful revelations of the soul of the Middle Ages and of the artistic Renaissance in Rossetti; and Browning gives us, brilliantly, the Renaissance in its subtler and more intellectual phases. We almost seem to be escaping, in our poetry, from the limits of time and space; and this wonderful entrance of literature into the heritage of the ages we owe directly to the new altruism.

*Agatha.* Is it not rather an outcome of the critical spirit, the desire to enter into and comprehend all life, past and present? I don't know whether it is confined to our time. Of course the Elizabethan dramatists borrowed rather in form and outline than in spirit from the ancients. Still they must have had a deep sympathy with the pagan world.

*Julia.* Yes, but colored with the passion and ideas of the Renaissance itself.

*Agatha.* Well, they had more color to lend in that day than our modern artists have.

*Julia.* Our individuality is clearly

enough marked, I think; but it is so curiously complex that there is no phase or attitude which it does not include. So it can interpret all impartially and justly by looking into its own heart. But there's another line in which the scope of art has extended.

*Agatha.* "Go on," as Hamlet says to the Ghost: "I'll follow thee," — and with as little idea of my destination.

*Julia.* We are freeing ourselves from many of the old limitations. I don't mean in technical matters, such as the unities, but more subtly, in choice of theme and method of treatment. Subjects which did not conform to a certain arbitrary standard of beauty or dignity used always to be neglected, and poetic style had to regard conventional proprieties. All this is of the past. Our own day triumphantly asserts the range of art to be coextensive with life itself; finding nothing common or unclean, free at last to reproduce, in artistic form, every subtlest movement of the soul within. The enlargement of what may be called the grotesque element in art is immensely interesting to me. I can think of nothing more significant, as certainly poetry has never seen anything more daring, than Browning's Christmas Eve, — the juxtaposition of the vulgar, sordid squalor of the surroundings with the vision of the glorified Christ. It is the epitome of modern life.

*Agatha.* In power of reproducing in his own intense, massive, penetrating style an immense variety of experience, both outward and inward, Browning has probably never been paralleled. He has individuality, dramatic intensity, lyric sweep. But what we miss throughout in Browning and other moderns is "that large utterance of the early gods," that magic beauty and potency of words, which fell, as from heaven, upon the pages of Shakespeare, of Milton; that instinctive poetic utterance which came to Shelley and Keats, and in waves and glimpses to Wordsworth. That is, to

my mind, the essential "poetry stuff," the divine element.

*Julia.* Yes. Still, if ideas once get into poetry, they come to stay. The man who first introduces them may stammer, but his successor will find the perfect utterance. So you agree with me on the main issue, that poetic scope has received an amazing enlargement in this century?

*Agatha.* It has received certain new ideas, acquired new tendencies, without doubt; but an amazing enlargement, no. When I feel wonder, amazement, take possession of me, it is not at the power of analysis or the technical achievement of nineteenth-century poets. It is at that knowledge of the human heart, that glance to the root and centre of things, which produced Lear and The Tempest.

*Julia.* I'm going to say something shocking to you under my breath. Really, seriously, I've never been able to see in Shakespeare much breadth of scope.

*Agatha.* You might say it aloud. The pine-trees won't tell, you young Philistine.

*Julia.* Of course he gives us more than any other poet until our own century; but there is an immense extension of life that he has n't touched. Indeed, Agatha, the marvel to me in general is that art has given us, not so much, but so little. How many subtle and fine struggles of the spirit, how many perceptions of things human and divine, are known to each soul that it never finds hinted in literature! Loneliness is often intensified fourfold by the futile effort to find in the poets the reflection of some experience through which one passes of necessity alone so far as human sympathy goes, but which it would be an unspeakable comfort to know not foreign to humanity.

*Agatha.* Yes, there are moments of restlessness when one searches one's cherished books in vain for some hint of



help. But in others how the right word comes clear and strong from some early century to our hearts! Our craving has been too literal, perhaps. The suggestions are there: we are left to fill them out.

*Julia.* Yet there are needs that only our own century can meet. It seems to me, for instance, that there always used to be a curious simplicity in people's relations to each other. Now in Shakespeare —

*Agatha.* I'm glad you've come back to Shakespeare. I was afraid you were going to canter away on a generalization. Come, now, be as heretical as you like.

*Julia.* Well, it does seem to me that Shakespeare saw only the simplest and most obvious situations. Of course they are typical; but we have to translate them, as our Lord translated the Decalogue, before they appeal to us directly. Think of the themes of the tragedies, — most deeply as most intensely real of all the plays. Envy, uncontrollable passion, shattered faith, — we meet them, indeed, but in forms less elementary. The objective provocations are different, fewer; the subjective reality is perhaps more absolute. Ambition does not lead to murder now, nor the passionate demand for love to acts of external cruelty. All is driven inward. I can't imagine a modern girl finding comfort, help, or guidance in the life-histories of Isabel, Portia, Ophelia; but send her to Maggie Tulliver, let her read the history of Dorothea; and if she is capable of entering, let her into the heart-secrets of Browning's girl-dukess. Then see if her aching solitude is not relieved by the knowledge that other women have seen life as she sees it, and yet have prevailed.

*Agatha.* You are right so far as the appeal to our own experience of our own literature goes. No writer can come quite as near to us as the poet of our own day, for no other has had just the same

conditions of struggle. The elements of life have grown more subtle and complicated; or, rather, the elemental passions and experiences are overlaid for us with an intricate pattern of ideas which never perplexed any strong mind in earlier, fresher times, but through which we cannot wholly break without deserting our age and shirking the new burden laid upon us, to say nothing of missing many of its most intimate charms and helps.

*Julia.* This new complexity is surely an advance, is it not?

*Agatha.* At least it follows the law of your pet development-theory in nature, — it changes from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. So does that "rose-flesh mushroom," by the way, with the slugs crawling out of it.

*Julia.* Ours is not, I think, the complexity of decay. We are saved from that by another element which I find in our century. I mean the high spiritual vitality which our literature reflects.

*Agatha.* I thought this was called the century of doubt.

*Julia.* And the doubt is the sign of the vitality. Do you suppose people in general ever distressed themselves over their relation to the unseen, in the old days? A few chosen souls have always done so; but the majority? Take life, again, as we find it in Shakespeare. You know Dowden calls him a thorough positivist: his characters are occupied exclusively with their relation to the visible world of their fellow-men; a world governed, indeed, by great moral forces, to which the individual must conform or suffer torture, but with little upward reach. Now take life as reflected by any modern poet. Think of the proportion occupied by man's relation to the infinite, the ideal, the unseen. Think of the constant aspirations of Shelley, the contemplative ardor of Wordsworth, the struggle of the earthly nature to reach celestial heights which we find in Tennyson and Browning. Glance through a

little book like Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, and note the gradual change in the reach of the lyric from the first book to the last. Can you imagine the concluding poem — the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality — the product of any century but our own? The contrast is amazing. I wonder that people don't talk more about it.

*Agatha.* Yes, we have a more intimate poetry. And another form of literature peculiarly our own, which relies largely on these spiritual perceptions, and brings out with equal strength this sympathy and earnestness of tone, is the novel. The modern novelist has drawn closer to life, and gives us subtler analysis, more varied phases, and a deeper philosophy, than the earlier novelists had thought of, or than any dramatist could, from the nature of the drama, have attempted. The evolution of the novel was in response to the modern need of interpreting the inner as well as the outer life.

*Julia.* Now, *Agatha*, this contemplative tone in our literature — in poetry and romance alike — surely indicates, as I said, a high average level of earnestness and aspiration. People call the century materialistic; it seems to me the era of a spirituality perhaps higher and purer, certainly more general, than has ever been seen before. Materialism and agnosticism have only served to make faith real instead of conventional.

*Agatha.* Undoubtedly. Even alongside of the scientific materialism and agnosticism of a few years ago we had other and more potent forces. The utilitarian school was a surface influence, and was never really felt in literature. Mill, Buckle, and, to come further down, Herbert Spencer, have made an immense stir among practical people and talking people, but they have not affected literature, nor moved men's inmost thought.

*Julia.* And the failure of this school

to crystallize in artistic form their attitude towards life has always seemed to me to argue the attitude transitory and superficial. There were those other forces of which you speak, one force above all, overborne for the time by the clamor of the cruder scientists, — the new democratic idea which found in altruism such as George Eliot's one of its noblest developments.

*Agatha.* That seems to me the distinctive phase of our later nineteenth century. Mr. Lilly, in one of his articles, derives it very ingeniously, and I think truly, from the egoism of the Sturm-und-Drang epoch, the self-brooding of René, turned from its own conscious misery to sympathy with other natures and other pains.

*Julia.* Then there is the more practical result of the democratic spirit, — the new philanthropy and the new economics that are working themselves out through experiments; crude, indeed, and occasionally absurd, but all of them in the main hopeful.

*Agatha.* Yes, Carlyle inveighed against man's inhumanity to man, but his own writings stirred a spirit that he never fully realized, of endeavor to raise and help and live with the poor and suffering. That is a marked and beautiful feature of recent English thought; and if it is less felt in our own country, the reason may be that there is less painfully apparent need for it.

*Julia.* I don't know about that. But we won't discuss it. At all events, we are beginning to see difficulties and feel responsibilities.

*Agatha.* On the whole, the age can be called materialistic only in relation to its worship of machinery and material civilization, and its indifference to the spiritual voices speaking to it and through it. And this indifference is giving way. Within the last twenty, nay, ten years, there is not only a cessation of the confident trumpeting of scientific atheism then in vogue; there is also,

perhaps, a lower tone of boastfulness in regard to the glory of inventions. And while our greatest thinkers, alas! have all left us, there is a world of earnestness and hopeful, active thought in the literature of the day, which testifies to the spirit in which younger writers have taken up the work and continue the teaching. Robert Elsmere, for instance, puts this later religious thought into the mould of fiction.

*Julia.* But what curious forms the reaction assumes, especially here in New England! I almost fear that we are swinging too far the other way. It is amazing to see how prevalent is crude and restless speculation on spiritual themes. Materialism is no longer the danger of ordinary minds. Rather they try to escape from all the limits of time and space and common sense, and fly off into Christian Science, Theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism, or some other of the curious fads that thicken our atmosphere. A sober-minded person like myself finds it irritating enough to run constantly against these queer scraps of metaphysics, detached from their connection, and each paraded as the entire and spherical truth. Yet I wonder if the diffusion of this sort of thing is not a healthful sign. I'm inclined to think it is, and I rejoice in it.

*Agatha.* Well, I am glad you take comfort in the Theosophy, mind-cure, faith-cure, universal-fad development. It's a reaction from materialism, if you will, but to me it is the reaction of people whose conception of the spiritual and of the essence of spirit is of the crudest and most elementary description.

*Julia.* That is just the encouraging feature: that such people as these should be driven, by the absence of external authority and their inner longing for truth, to seek for some relation — spurious or not does n't affect the point — with the spiritual world. How much would they have cared about it a century ago?

*Agatha.* Then you are glad of the overthrow of religious authority?

*Julia.* I rejoice in the resultant spread of individual effort after the truth. Each individual is likely to reach formulæ cruder and less adequate, I think, than the old formulæ of the consensus of opinion expressed by the Church, or of the world's leaders. Perhaps we shall return to the old expressions, after all. I have so returned, and should be called, curiously enough, less progressive than you, I suppose, in spite of the sides we have been taking in our talk. But at least, to-day each man's faith must be true to himself. The inevitable growth and expansion of society have evolved from within, as a necessary condition, that religious liberty, the guarantee of genuine faith, which Protestantism tried in vain to impose as an arbitrary law from without. Don't you see, then, how these multiform illusions, unsightly though they be, are to me witnesses of the new spiritual era?

*Agatha.* Yes; but has there ever been a time when it was not possible for the individual to look upward and outward, and bring the truth straight to his own heart, and speak from his own revelation? All religions have had their source in that.

*Julia.* Assuredly; but till now the average man has had no impulse to look upward. We must look at the movement of the mass.

*Agatha.* To-day a larger number of people are freed from authority; that is, from the dominant sway of the highest minds. But the two elements which, wrongly used, have gone to make up authority are still in the world, and one day or other must have their own again: the strenuous and deep conviction of the men to whom strong revelations come, imposing itself on other people; and the tendency inherent in the race to follow each other like sheep, and to make the spiritual truth given them a material truth in their interpretation.

*Julia.* You wander round a large circle, Agatha; but you, at least, have returned to your starting-point.

*Agatha.* How so? I hardly see.

*Julia.* You assume that inherent tendencies remain constant, and will always reassert themselves with all their initial power. Of course, on this hypothesis progress is impossible, and our discussion has no ground to stand on. But I deny your assumption, and I've been trying to knock it from under you all the afternoon. I say that we can alter our natures; eradicate some things, grow into others. Humanity was unconsciously and innocently materialistic at first: but the function assigned it as the culminating product of natural evolution was to bridge the gulf between matter and spirit; to reach the reality back of sensuous appearance, conquering the innate lethargy, the force of gravitation, that pulls it constantly earthward.

*Agatha.* Wait a moment. My ambitions are small, low if you will. I don't want to conquer gravitation, to put myself in opposition to any fundamental natural law.

*Julia.* Look at that slender birch gleaming on the hillside opposite, and do not arrogantly assume knowledge of all the possibilities of natural law. Gravitation continues, but organic life appears; and see, the upward growth.

*Agatha.* Skyward, but not to the sky. But all this is theory.

*Julia.* But our talk has been one long appeal to experience. You grant my facts, Agatha; you deny all my inferences. We have said that modern life possesses a breadth and intensity of sympathy never seen before; that, so far as we can judge from the mirror of poetry, the soul of man has gained a new subtlety and sensitiveness, has entered into a new ardor of aspiration: and we see signs around us that all men, not only the favored few, are struggling for this new breadth and height. All this you grant. All of it, except the

last point, you acknowledge to be gain. Even in this last fact, though you find it distasteful, you must recognize progress. It means that religion, like society, is becoming democratic; and we can't escape from democracy, though we be never so fine-spun aristocrats at the shallow heart of us.

*Agatha.* Never before was I stigmatized as an aristocrat!

*Julia.* You are one, though, through and through. All these facts which I allege and you allow move you not one whit from your original assumption. I suppose we must leave the matter there; but I should like to ask you one question, if I may: How can you preserve the good cheer that you always show, the high faith that I know you to possess, in the face of your conviction? You believe that the life of the race simply spins around like a whirligig at a fair, and that humanity in general, whatever may be true of a fortunate individual here and there, knows no advance towards an unseen glory and perfection which shall compensate it for the sordid, degrading, painful life of its earlier generations. Now I know you not selfish, to rest in the hope of personal attainment; not narrow, to hold yourself content with the attainment of a few high and starry spirits. How then do you live? I cannot apprehend you, I cannot understand.

*Agatha.* Do you know, my Julia, that you are urging me to definition of things which I shrink from defining even to myself? I can only answer you in a tentative way. Under all the changes which make up the course of life, the unity of its essential conditions does not seem to me impaired, the truths which underlie it remain the same. If we in this day can enter into and reproduce the lives of the past, it is because we perceive that their battle was the same as ours. In discussion we separate things, to examine and define them; but the silent thought of the soul unites

them. It apprehends a light which is universal. Whether we are to be admitted, either here or elsewhere, to the full glory of that light we cannot tell. As regards this world, I see no reason to expect it, and the other does not concern me yet. But neither of these hopes is necessary to my faith, any more than a miraculous past is necessary. We do not invent faith; we receive it. To each soul that has struggled to be true and to adjust itself to the life before it, there comes, sooner or later, something worthy to be called a revelation; and when that has spoken we have no need to measure the gain. The soul that can say, "I have walked with God to-day," is in no mood for bargaining. He may have revealed only some breath of His spirit, some fragmentary perception of the working of His law. It suffices. To receive this and to assimilate it to our daily life is task and privilege enough. At least for myself I find in such light

enough to make life perennially sacred; and it satisfies my thought of the race to which I belong to know that each man is open to a similar or analogous revelation, and that many can receive more abundantly of the joy than I.

*Julia.* Yes, it suffices. These flashing moments of insight known to ourselves and to the race are indeed inestimably precious. Yet do they reveal nothing? To me, they show a God who cannot rest till each one of His children, till the race that He has made, conform to the image of the Perfect Humanity. I cherish them; for they are foreshadows of the time to come, when not transitory gleams alone shall constitute the light of all our seeing, but when, here on this very earth it may be, we shall live in eternal peace and perpetual light shall shine on us. The sun is setting behind Baldeap, Agatha; see the radiance on the eastern hills. It is the earnest of sunrise. Come, let us go down.

*S. K. & V. D. S.*

## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### VI.

#### PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

AT the time when Allston and his contemporaries represented native art, it was still the fashion to know and admire the old masters. France had not been discovered, so far as art was concerned. When Boston boys were able to go abroad for study, they went to England and Italy, and, a few years later, to Düsseldorf. In the twenties, "a young artist going to Europe" offered for sale at Cunningham's auction rooms, at the corner of Federal and Milk streets, a collection of pictures which comprised A Woody Landscape, A Wild Landscape, A Grand Romantic Landscape,

and A View in Venice, in Imitation of the Manner of Canaletto. The very titles suggest to the mind's eye what these compositions were, and are in themselves an interesting indication of the prevailing taste sixty years ago. Was not the Grand Romantic Landscape of an umber tone; and is it not morally certain that a babbling green stream, a beettling brown cliff, a waterfall, a ruined castle, and some cottony cumuli, with an opaque forest, peasants, cattle, horsemen, and boats, were the elements constituting the scene? In a word, was it not a warmed-over imitation of Claude, of Ruysdael, and of Thomas Cole? After Cunningham's rooms became the Corinthian Hall Gallery, about 1830, many picture sales occurred there, and it need

astonish no one to find in the catalogues the most comprehensive lists of works by the old masters. Pictures by the great Belgians and Dutchmen were as plentiful as Corots in the auction sales of to-day. The formality of an interrogation point or of an "attributed to" was neglected. After the perusal of a catalogue of the collection of oil-paintings "lately arrived in this country from the galleries of Milan, Venice, etc." (1831), the reader wonders if any works by the old masters are left in those cities. A remarkable preface, full ofrodomontade, explains how it is the most natural thing in the world that a Paul Veronese should have found its way to these shores, accompanied by choice specimens of the handiwork of Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoret, Guido, Murillo, Poussin, Ruysdael, Carlo Dolce, Giulio Romano, Gerard Dow, Pietro da Cortona, Bassano, Netscher, Mengs, Le Brun, and Backhuysen. It is not fair to say that none of these were authentic works, but it is entirely safe to assume that most of them were counterfeits; and surely no one would have dared to offer such wares to any but a very ignorant and isolated community. It was between 1820 and 1850 that our fathers covered their parlor walls with those dreadful Salvator Rosas, Caraccis, Jan Steens, Ostades, and even Raphaels and Correggios, in the genuineness of which they placed such implicit and touching confidence. Even later, many a collection of old masters was sold at auction by Beebe in Tremont Street, where Claudes were often knocked down in pairs, at six to eight dollars each, shining like plate-glass, under a thick new coat of coach varnish, which must have suffered a sad sea-change before very long. Next after the Claudes, Murillos were the most numerous goods in these sales. There have been, from first to last, enough Murillos in Boston to fill a room in the Prado. The history of some of these canvases is curious, but the great

majority of them were no doubt brought home from Cadiz by Yankee sea-captains, who were better judges of navigation than of painting. Occasionally, when some old gentleman has died, and his books and pictures are to be sold, specimens of these forlorn old pictorial humbugs turn up at Leonard's, often in a sad state for want of varnish or by reason of too much of it, and are sold for a song: herein is one of the many disheartening evidences of the skepticism of our time.

Nevertheless there were some genuine old masters among the pictures fetched hither. One of the best and most important of these was a large Wedding Feast in Holland, by Gilles van Tilborg, a painter comparatively little known, which was brought to this country about 1840, and which is still in the possession of a Boston family. It contains about sixty figures, and is in the manner of Brauwer and of Teniers. At the right rise the massive gray walls of a tall stone mansion, from the porch and windows of which several spectators survey the gay scene of merrymaking in the grounds beneath, where the bride, the groom, and their friends joyously celebrate the day by eating, drinking, and conversing in groups about a long table loaded with good things. The figures are painted with such great skill and honesty that each one of them seems to have a special identity and a special interest. So also with the accessories: the very tables, chairs, benches, pots, pans, and dishes, the suggestive and impressive reach of landscape beyond the wedding party, which forms a superb background, — all this is executed so perfectly, so completely, and with so much gusto that it gives instant pleasure to look at it. The work has, in their highest state of development, the solid merits of its school. Tilborg was born in 1625, at Brussels, and was therefore a contemporary of the greatest *genre* masters of the Netherlands. The cir-



cumstances of his life are unknown, but his rare pictures are in the galleries of Dresden, Vienna, Copenhagen, the Hague, and St. Petersburg. Nagler says that he was a follower of Brauwer, but did not equal that master's animation and intelligence. Descamps mentions as an excellent picture a Drinking Fête of Peasants, formerly in the Vence cabinet. In the collection of Live d'Epinay is his Bean King, which is called a *chef d'œuvre*. Whatever Tilborg's reputation may be among European amateurs, the picture I have described is truly "*ein Bild der guten alten Zeit*," and a sterling specimen of the greatest school of executants that has existed. In Boston, only the Metsu and the Teniers in the Museum can be mentioned as comparable with it in its own province of art, and both of these are on a smaller scale. The other Dutch and Flemish old masters represented by authentic works in private collections are Rubens, Rembrandt, Hals, Metsu, Ostade, Dow, Potter, and Teniers. Of the other schools, there are genuine paintings by Titian, Tintoret, Giordano, Il Bassano, Guercino, and Andrea del Sarto; Watteau, Greuze, and Boucher; Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, and Constable; and Murillo. Although most of these are of secondary importance, they offer the best testimony of their authenticity on their own faces. The most celebrated of them all is Turner's little canvas commonly known as the Slave Ship. This brilliant painting caused a prodigious sensation when it was brought to Boston in 1876, and exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts. It had been shown to the London public in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1840, where it was catalogued as "Slaver throwing overboard the dead and dying. Typhoon coming on." Ruskin made it famous by writing a description which matched the painting in the brilliancy of its coloring; but he thought it represented the ocean after a storm rather

than before one, and a writer in the Atlantic Monthly said, "In this we have no doubt he is right." The work was no sooner placed on exhibition in the Museum than a warm controversy regarding its merits broke out, and raged for several weeks in the press. Somebody suggested that the acquisition of a Turner ought to be commemorated, and ventured to say that "in an artistic age the dignitaries of the city would go in a procession to welcome it, and the citizen who had conferred such a boon on his home would be distinguished by some mark of public honor." On the other hand, the painting was ridiculed with more or less cheap wit, and was regarded by the majority with the same emotions that they would experience in contemplating a Chinese puzzle. Thackeray, who considered himself so competent as an art critic that he did not hesitate to attack Raphael, said bluntly, "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous." This was the very state of mind of a vast number of worthy people in Boston. The extravagant tone adopted by some admirers of the picture made the opposition doubly hilarious. The town was divided into two hostile camps, and ink flowed in copious streams. "It is the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted," said George Inness. "It is a painting of moans, and tears, and groans, and shrieks," said a highly imaginative correspondent, who felt authorized by Ruskin's example to go to any lengths. An old salt published a bluff letter, in which he censured the drawing of the fishes, which, he reasoned, must be intended for sharks. I believe he even reckoned the latitude and longitude. The wordy warfare waxed warmer and warmer. The humorous person who could see nothing in the picture but "a yellow cat having a fit in a dish of tomatoes" was a good match for the Englishman who went to Rome, and, on entering the Sistine Chapel, exclaimed to his compan-

ion, "Egad, George, we're bit." Turner's biographer, Thornbury, had but little sympathy for his later works, which he calls "dreams, challenges, theories, experiments, and absurdities." The color he compares to fireworks, "rising sometimes almost to insanity, and occasionally sinking into imbecility." Finally, the ever reasonable, clear-headed, and dispassionate Hamerton thus inclusively sums up the episode: "The warm controversy at Boston about the Slave Ship was caused by a feeling of rebellion in some minds too independent to accept dictation from an English critic, whilst others defended the picture as the work of a man of genius who had been roughly treated by the press. An antagonism of this description is good for the fame of an artist, because it makes everybody talk about him, but truth disengages itself only when the noise has ceased and the smoke of battle has passed away."

Until the civil war period, there were only one or two artistic private collections of pictures in Boston. Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, who knew Troyon personally, bought a few of his paintings and one pastel drawing, and, acquiring a Rousseau, a Diaz, and about thirty other works, may be said to have had the finest private collection in town prior to 1860. He and Adolphe Borie, of Philadelphia, were the first persons in the United States who made collections of the best modern French paintings. In 1857, and again three years later, Gambart, the Belgian dealer, who introduced the works of Rosa Bonheur and Edouard Frère to the English and American publics with so much success, brought hither numerous French pictures, and it was then that this class of works began to be known and bought. As early as 1852 or 1853, however, William M. Hunt had begun to buy Millet's paintings in Barbizon, and he persuaded Mr. Martin Brimmer to buy *The Harvesters* (or *The Gleaners*),

which was in the Salon of 1857. When Hunt took the money that Mr. Brimmer had given for *The Harvesters* (twenty-five hundred francs) to Millet, the latter burst into tears, and, holding up one of the five-hundred-franc notes, he said it was the first time in his life that he had had so much money. This, the first important painting brought from France to New England, was considered by Sensier to be finer than anything Millet had yet done, and "had knowledge, a fine style, atmosphere, and modeling." It represents three poor women picking up the stray bits of grain which have been left in the stubble by the farm laborers; in the background are men at work unloading a cart and piling the wheat in great yellow ricks. When Gambart came to Boston the second time, he showed some excellent paintings at the Athenæum. Mr. B. F. Burgess bought from him a fine Troyon, called *The Hay Cart*, depicting a peasant walking by the side of his two sturdy horses, which are drawing a load of hay along a rural highway; and Mr. Benjamin Rotch bought a large landscape with apple-trees in the foreground, by Lambinet. The French landscapes, as may be fancied, made a strong impression upon people of artistic tastes, who had never had a chance to see anything in the way of foreign art except an occasional collection of Düsseldorf pictures at the Athenæum, and once or twice a set of English water-colors. "The German and English pictures did not give me any desire to be a painter," writes an artist, "but I had only to see the French work to set me wild to go to Paris and see more." It was thus that between 1850 and 1860 a few young Boston art students began to flock to Paris, the forerunners of the army that has followed them from all parts of the country.

A gentleman who has since formed "one of the most exquisite cabinets of a special kind of art in the world" began

to collect pictures in Paris in 1860, by the purchase of a Lambinet and a Rousseau. The success of Lambinet in Boston, by the way, has always been out of proportion to his reputation in France; and no private collection has been considered complete without at least one example of his work. Mr. E. Durand-Gréville, who was in Boston in 1886, engaged in preparing a catalogue of French works of art in this country for the Ministry of the Fine Arts, was inclined to make light of many of the Lambinets that he found here, and he included only the most important of them in his report. During the war time several of the best private collections were begun. Mr. Wigglesworth and Mr. Hitchcock were among the first amateurs to buy the works of the modern French masters. The latter acquired a Millet from Hunt, and a fine Rousseau, which he bought from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at a very low price. In 1864, Mr. Hitchcock, on going abroad to reside, sold the most of his pictures to Mr. Henry Sayles, who continued to add to his cabinet by judicious purchases until he had a unique collection, one of the best ever owned in Boston. About twenty of his pictures, fine examples of the greatest French painters, were chosen for him by Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole. Cadart, the French picture-dealer, came to Boston in 1866, and sold the first Corots ever seen in the United States, with the exception of one which Mr. Cole had bought in Paris for Mr. Sayles. Mr. Cole went to France several times between 1865 and 1875 to buy pictures for his friends, among others Mr. Peter C. Brooks, Mr. H. P. Kidder, Mr. Alexander Cochrane, and Dr. H. C. Angell, who have formed admirable collections. In the mean time the picture-dealers had begun to have a lively trade in French paintings, a trade which continued to increase until the duty on foreign works of art was raised to thirty per cent. Lately a large proportion of

the French pictures sold here have not been genuine, and others still are miserable examples. It could hardly be expected that it would be otherwise, considering the temptations set before the merchants by the credulity of their clients, the enormous prices readily obtained, and the limited number of genuine works.

Boston amateurs have never made such extensive, costly, and showy collections as those of the Vanderbilts, Belmonts, and Stewarts in New York, or of Mr. Walters in Baltimore, but the number of good pictures modestly housed in the homes of "the upper ten thousand" of the city is astonishing; and it is a significant fact in the history of art that there was a time when New York dealers who had a good Corot or Courbet were obliged to send it to Boston in order to sell it. It must have been before this era of enlightenment that such collections as that of Mr. Alvin Adams were formed. The sale of this cabinet in 1882 brought to view in an interesting way a wholly different class of pictures. It was commonly said that Mr. Adams, who made no pretense to connoisseurship, formed his collection solely to suit his own tastes, and no doubt this was true. That there are those who do otherwise, permitting a picture-seller to choose their paintings for them, as they permit the upholsterer to select their curtains and draperies, is a fact which accounts for some curious and ludicrous revelations of æsthetic hypocrisy. Mr. Adams had paid high prices for two of Bierstadt's large compositions at the time when the Rocky Mountain school was on the flood-tide of popular favor; and the sudden depreciation in value of such works as *The Lake of Lucerne* and *Among the Sierras* was a startling indication of the change which had come over the public taste. Mr. Adams also had a fervent admiration for the works of Kinder-Meyer and of Verboeckhoven.

The sum total of the sale was not far from sixty thousand dollars, the largest amount ever obtained from the public sale of a private collection of art works in Boston. The best prices were those obtained for Bierstadt's two grandiose panoramas; Meyer von Bremen's trio of pious domestic idyls; Boldini's smart and sparkling single figure entitled *Morning*, in the light manner of *Fortuny*; *Verboeckhoven's* dry Landscape with *Shepherd and Dogs*; *Diefenbach's* *An Unfortunate Meeting*, or *High Life and Low Life*, which portrayed an enraged buck assaulting a four-in-hand team of peaceable goats, driven by children; *Schreyer's* *Winter*, a snowy Russian scene, with a group of sorry horses and a broken-down cart; *M. F. H. De Haas's* *Off to the Rescue*, picturing six heroes in a small boat making for a shipwrecked craft, which they will surely never reach through such a tremendous sea; *Nicol's* *Bothered with the Change*; *Bewer's* *The Lorelei*; *Vernet-Lecomte's* *Castanet-Player*; *Tissot's* *Studio Interior*; *Robie's* *Flowers*; and *J. H. L. De Haas's* *Cattle in the Meadows of Holland*. These names declare with sufficient precision the character of the collection, which was not so important for itself as it was when regarded as a type or an illustration of a certain stage in the development of taste. No picture-buyer becomes a *délicat* in a moment; your full-fledged amateur arrives at maturity by a process of slow growth. Picture-merchants say that they have customers who buy entire new collections to replace old ones at stated intervals, even as the chrysalis sloughs off his outgrown envelope when he emerges a butterfly. The subject first interests in painting. Every one likes a good story while it is new, and some stories are good enough to last.

From *Merle*, *Toulmouche*, *Meyer*, *Fichel*, and *Verboeckhoven*, the collectors of later days passed on by more or less abrupt stages to new and still newer

lights,—to the men who, from neglect and obscurity, forced their way to recognition and supplanted the favorites of a former generation. The transition from bread-and-butter art to caviare has been so rapid as to awaken doubts concerning the sincerity with which such strange novelties as *Monticelli*, *Mauve*, *Maris*, *Jongkind*, and *Boudin* were welcomed. It is a long leap, but there were *Corot*, *Dupré*, and *Rousseau* in the interim, to accustom amateurs' palates to curious and piquant flavors; and it is not altogether impossible to find extremists who already avow openly their admiration for those mad outlaws, the *Impressionists*! There is such a thing as fashion in art, and the Parisian merchant who foresaw the fame of the men of 1830 is now staking his fortune upon the next turn of the tide.

Be the future fluctuations of taste what they may, more than half of the important paintings in the private collections of Boston to-day are modern French works. There are at least five of *Millet's* canvases which may be fairly included in this category, among which *The Sower* is the most celebrated. This rustic subject, painted at *Barbizon*, in 1850, has been generally called the peasant-painter's masterpiece. I am not sure that *Théophile Gautier's* eloquent description had not as much to do with making this picture famous as *John Ruskin's* rhapsody had to do with the celebrity of *Turner's* *Slave Ship*. At all events, *Gautier's* words were so apt and memorable that I need to make no apology for quoting from him: "Night is coming, spreading her gray wings over the earth. The Sower marches with rhythmic step, flinging the grain in the furrow. He is followed by a cloud of pecking birds. He is covered with dark rags; his head by a curious cap. He is bony, swart, and thin under this livery of poverty, yet it is life that his large hand sheds; he who has nothing pours upon the earth, with a superb

gesture, the bread of the future. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow: man's strong and gentle companions, whose reward will one day be the slaughter-house. This is the only light part of the picture, which is bathed in shadow, and presents to the eye, under a cloudy sky, nothing but new-ploughed earth. Of all the peasants sent to the Salon this year, we much prefer *The Sower*. There is something great and of the grand style in this figure, with its violent gesture, its proud raggedness, which seems to be painted with the very earth that the Sower is planting." Five years later Gautier returns to the subject in this strain: "His Sower . . . had a rare grandeur and elevation, though its rusticity was not in the least softened; but the gesture with which the poor laborer threw the sacred wheat into the furrow was so beautiful that Triptolemus, guided by Ceres, on some Greek bas-relief, could not have had more majesty. An old felt hat, all rusty and faded, earth-stained rags, a coarse linen shirt, were his costume. The color was subdued, austere, even to melancholy; the execution solid, thick, almost heavy, without any brilliancy of touch. Yet this picture made the same impression as the beginning of George Sand's *Mare au Diable*, — a profound and solemn melancholy." In spite of all this eloquence no one in Paris would buy *The Sower* at the absurd price of four hundred francs, until Hunt saw it, and promptly secured it. Millet's *Waiting*, painted in 1861, delineated Tobit's parents and their lowly home, and was unmercifully ridiculed. This picture was in the Sayles collection for many years, but has passed into a New York amateur's possession, at about one hundred times the price originally paid for it. Millet's *Ruth and Boaz* (1853) is a very modern version of the Biblical story, and describes a harvest scene in France, wherein the nineteenth-century Boaz

"finds a young gleaner, and leads her blushing to the feast of the country people." (Sensier.) *The Potato Planters* represents a level expanse of country under a flood of bright sunlight, a man and a woman at work in the foreground, and a village in the distance. In the shade of a large apple-tree stands a donkey, and a child sleeps in a basket. *The Sheep Shearer* is best described in Millet's own words. In this picture, he says, "I have tried to express that sort of stupefaction which the sheep feel when they are just sheared, and the surprise of those not yet clipped at seeing such denuded creatures coming among them. I have tried to give a look of rustic comfort to the house, and to make one imagine the yard behind it green, where the poplars are planted to protect the house. In fact, I wished the whole thing to look like an old building full of associations." A writer in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* spoke of the painting as recalling the great works of antiquity, and at the same time of the most solid painting and best color of the Venetian school. Millet's *Pastorale* represents his early manner, and is as beautiful in color as any of his works. It was probably painted prior to the revolution of 1848, and before he retired to the country to devote his pencil to the illustration of rural life. At that period he had much facility. His color was rich, glowing, and fat; his touch was lighter than when he executed the more familiar peasant pictures with which his fame is chiefly associated. Although the works mentioned do not by any means exhaust the list of Millet's pictures, they are the best and the most characteristic specimens.

Why Courbet's *Demoiselles de Village* should be so named it is not easy to say. The picture is a landscape, and though there are two or three maiden ladies in it, they are neither conspicuous nor interesting except as accessories in a rural scene, which is painted with marvelous



truth and vigor. The hats and shawls of these provincial ladies are of a by-gone fashion, which gives to their figures a certain quaintness of aspect that is not unpleasing. The merits of the painting are many and self-evident. It is a portrait of Nature's very face, — a likeness of perfect exactitude, faithful to the last line and tint; so simple that there is nothing to describe, so complete that there is nothing to be added which would not be a blemish. If "good tableaux need no declamation," this great landscape, as modest as the quiet country it depicts, but with something of the granite strength that underlies the verdant meadows, may be said to speak for itself with a singular eloquence.

Among Daubigny's works there are five or six examples of the first order, but *The Cooper's Shop* may be taken as a summing-up of its author's best qualities. Like most of Daubigny's large landscapes, it is a rapidly painted, rough-surfaced work, with the characteristics of a hasty sketch; but beyond these it possesses the solidity, depth, atmosphere, and effect of a completed work when seen at a little distance. It is not easy to perceive how *The Cooper's Shop* could be improved. In its legitimate line it is a masterpiece. The subject is extremely simple and grave: a fine dense old wood, in the twilight, when the last gleams of golden light in the western sky break through the openings among the trees, under which is the humble shop, which gives the picture its name, and some vague figures at work down there in the shadows. It is the broad, simple, sincere work of a great painter, full of manly poetry. Corot's *Forest of Fontainebleau*, for which he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, in 1846, his *View of Rouen*, *Ville d'Avray*, and *Clearing Off, Morning*, are but a few of the best of his very numerous landscapes in Boston. Of Troyon's works, there are at least four which may be rated as particularly interesting

examples, and one as of unquestionable importance. Rousseau, Jules Dupré, Diaz, Michel, Jacque, and Jules Breton are represented respectively by works worthy of their fame, and with them our list of really great French painters must close.

Is there any doubt of Breton's right to be named in this renowned company? His *Last Ray*, an exquisite poem in color, leaves no room for discussion as to this point. His place is indeed among the last of that line of illustrious artists classed as the School of 1830, whose achievements will be ever considered the chief glory of nineteenth-century art; but it is none the less a legitimate and a high place that Breton's name already occupies. In *Le Dernier Rayon* he has infused the aroma of a lovely pastoral existence; he has realized the unspeakable peacefulness and sweetness of rural life as it should be, — nay, as it is in those rare moments of joy and expansion permitted to the humblest of toilers. Three peasants, seated just outside their home, have been at work in the shade of the dwelling. To them, from the fields, come a man and his wife from their labors on the farm: he trundling a wheelbarrow, she joyously extending her arms to greet a toddling youngster who runs forth to meet her. Back of the returning laborers is a wall, then a group of red-roofed cottages and a few spindling trees. Upon these and upon the faces of the father and mother shines the warm and mellow light of the setting sun, — an effect in the treatment of which Breton is especially happy. If Millet had not lived, it could be said that Breton had discovered a new element of poetry in his art. As it is, his works are somewhat overshadowed by the peculiar gravity and the classical sentiment of the peasant's creations. Breton executes rather better than Millet, but is not so directly inspired, and makes suavity and sweetness take the place of rugged grandeur. There is no



more instructive comparison in modern art than that which may be instituted between these two great artists: the one so accomplished, so lovable, so successful; the other so obscure, poverty-ridden, neglected, and sad, until Death opened the gate for tardy Fame.

A spirited and breezy work by Isabey, *The Embarkation*, time of Louis XIV., which is marked by a very distinguished and personal style, reanimates the gallant epoch of display, adventure, and romance in France. This dramatic page, as the French say, weds interest of subject with interest of execution in an entirely concordant unity. It is a love-match such as one would like to see made more often. I must mention, finally, those French works which, either by their immense size, by their impressive or amusing subjects, by the great reputation of their respective authors, by some incidents associated with them, or by some means more closely related to artistic considerations, have become more or less celebrated. To this class belong Ary Scheffer's *Dante and Beatrice*, Jules Lefèvre's *Salomé*, Alphonse de Neuville's *Capture of a French Spy*, Adrien Moreau's *Concert of Amateurs*, Léon Perrault's *Love and Innocence*, Henri Lerolle's *Potato Diggers*, Gustave Jacquet's *Première Arrivée*, Adolphe Schreyer's *Flight of the Standard-Bearer*, Jean Georges Vibert's *Schism in the Church*.

The Americans come next after the French artists in the number of their important pictures in private collections. As we have seen, the family portraits by Copley, Stuart, and other early painters are very numerous. Several of the most interesting examples of Allston's art are in private houses, and not a few charming old landscapes by Doughty, Thomas Cole, Kensett, *et id genus omne*. Of later and of still living artists, Hunt, Fuller, Johnston, Inness, Homer, Vedder, Lafarge, Cole, and Brown occupy honorable places in the more artistic

cabinets. In the forty collections with which I have some acquaintance, there are less than one fourth which do not contain a respectable proportion of American works, though I have yet to hear of a collection made up exclusively of native productions, like that of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke in New York. Why should a man who loves pictures and is able to gratify his taste confine his attention to the art of a single nation, even his own? Does one buy paintings from motives of patriotism?

The most remarkable American pictures are Hunt's *La Marguerite*, a two-thirds-length single figure of a young woman consulting that infallible oracle of the fields, the simple flower "soch that men callen daisies," painted when the artist was studying under Couture; *The Bathers*, a fine study of the nude, which Mr. Schoff has engraved; *The Gleaner*; and a noble landscape with cattle, which graces the rich collection of Mrs. S. D. Warren; Fuller's *Quadroon*, *Turkey Pasture*, *Fidalma*, and *Winifred Dysart*; and John Sargent's *El Jaleo*, which was the artistic sensation of the year 1882, and describes a gypsy dance in Spain, in the capricious, fantastic, grotesque, and violent style of Goya.

Outside of the Museum of Fine Arts there are but few really important Dutch pictures in the town. Besides the great *Tilborg* which I have described, there is a brown *Violin Player*, by Metsu; a fine modern canvas by Mettling, representing a peasant woman, a little girl, and a dog conveying a flock of sheep homeward along a dusty road in the warm twilight; a good example of Mesdag's spirited marine painting, with a few smaller Mauves, Marises, and Israels. In the English school there are, besides the *Slave Ship* of Turner, some good examples of Hogarth, *Alma-Tadema*, Boughton, Vicat Cole, and of several famous water-colorists. The German school is inadequately repre-

sented by Becker's Othello and Desdemona, some of A. Achenbach's marines, and some small canvases by Knaus, with a considerable number of Meyer von Bremen's Children-Pictures. Italy, Spain, and Belgium are meagrely represented, too, if we rule out the numerous doubtful "old masters." Pasini's almost perfect Oriental pictures are to be noted among the few modern Italian works which are above mediocrity. The modern men of Spain, Fortuny, Domingo, Madrazo, Ximenez, Zamacois, Rico, a brilliant artistic group, are to be judged solely by a handful of choice little "gems." The highly finished Reception of an Ambassador, by Leon y Escosura, in the Wigglesworth collection, is perhaps of a more popular cast. Rubens's country is scantily accounted for by such men as De Cock, the landscapist, whose fresh green foliage is always a joy to the sight; Clays, the masterly marine painter; Baron Leys, the accomplished historical painter; and Alfred Stevens, daintiest and most delicate delineator of feminine elegance and refinement. There are also some comparatively petty examples of the great Parisian Magyar, Munkacsy; some

beautiful but quite abstruse specimens of that sensuous Italian Parisian, Monticelli; some cold and original illustrative work by the Parisian Poles whose names end in *owski*; and some charming blonde children's heads signed by Edelfelt, the Parisian Finn. Many of the finest pictures mentioned were bought at the memorable sale of the Morgan collection in New York, in 1886, and others were acquired at the sale of the Brown and Wall collections the same year. The owners of the best works of art are very generous, with rare exceptions, in permitting their treasures to be seen; and there has been no time since the opening of the Museum of Fine Arts when there has not been a good loan collection of modern pictures there.

In the foregoing enumeration of works, scarcely any reference has been made to the numerous minor examples of the old and modern masters, of which the bulk of the private collections is naturally composed, since almost all amateurs are like Thackeray, who confessed that he preferred a nice little picture to a "thundering great first-rater."

*William Howe Downes.*

## WILLIAM WARREN.

WITH the death of William Warren, at Boston, on the 21st of September, 1888, the line of leading American comedians of the old school came almost to an end, Mr. John Gilbert alone surviving as their representative. Mr. Warren's career as an actor, beginning in 1832, and continuing for an exact half century, covered nearly all the period within which the stage of America has a history large enough to reward the pen of a chronicler. When he made his first histrionic venture, — at the

Arch Street Theatre of Philadelphia, in the earlier year above named, — there were not thirty theatres in the United States, and only a few hundred actors; now the theatres are counted by hundreds, and the profession numbers its thousands. Fifty years ago there was a narrow but orderly stock system, under which plays were presented by actors in residence, who sometimes supported a visiting artist, but generally filled, or were expected to fill, the public eye without the added light of "stars;"

now there are a bare dozen or so of regular stock companies, but scores upon scores of "stars," who rush over the country, trailing their "troupes" behind them. In 1832 the theatre depended for its maintenance principally upon a small wealthy upper class; now it is the occasional distraction of the few, and affords a chief, eagerly devoured pabulum of entertainment to the many. In and through all these changes, Mr. Warren, almost inexperienced in any other professional life than that of a comedian in the Museum stock company in Boston, steadily grew in skill and in reputation, until, at the zenith of his fame and his force, — say in the year 1870, — he was recognized as the first, or next to the first, of American humorous actors: and here he fairly sustained himself, even when the tide of fashion began a little to set against him; even when his power as an artist, with his bodily strength, was on the wane; even to the end of his public career.

Through Mr. Warren's life it is possible to read the whole inner history of the theatre in America, to trace the causes of the general poverty and abjectness of our stage, to discover the secret of its few but brilliant triumphs, to cast the horoscope of its future. I have no idea of setting myself this task in terms, but any fairly intelligent discussion of Mr. Warren's achievement as an actor must have some of the large outlook just now indicated. At the outset, his lineage and blood relationships tell the familiar tale of the peculiar power of heredity to give the histrionic bent. He was the son of an English actor and an American lady of an acting family, and counted among his near relatives a father, an aunt, four sisters, and many nieces, nephews, and cousins who attained good position upon the stage, Joseph Jefferson being one of the cousins in the second degree. It was at first intended that he should be a merchant, and he was educated for

a mercantile life; but when, at the age of twenty, his own tastes and the needs of his father's household sent him on the stage, he had already begun to be a cultivated gentleman, as his letters of that date demonstrate. Thenceforward, as long as he lived, he was assiduous in educating himself, both broadly and generously as a man and minutely and technically as an actor. He is to be regarded in a special sense as representative of that small class of American actors whose natural aptitudes have been developed under the refining and chastening influences of a careful culture. I deliberately use the word "culture" and its modifying adjective, although I am aware how wide a gulf separates any professional training possible to an American performer of this century from the training of a modern French player of high grade, — a gulf which only genius can overpass. To an actor like M. Coquelin, matured under the tutelage of the *Comédie Française*, in a school which perfects the pupil's enunciation and his pronunciation; which makes him master of gesture; which trains his eye, his hand, his foot, and every joint in his body; which clarifies his intelligence and refines his taste, strengthens his judgment and deepens his intuition, all in the light of a splendid tradition, through definite methods approved by the success of generations of graduates and applied at the hands of artists skilled to make artists, — to such a one the means of technical education accessible to Mr. Warren must seem poor indeed. Yet these means were not despicable. They included a tradition inferior to that of the *Théâtre Français*, yet of much intrinsic worth, handed down through a long series of English actors, who, in spite of a certain subservience to dry conventionalism, had honest notions of an artist's duty to his art and his patrons, clear ideas concerning the classic British drama and the scope and possibilities of its characters,

and strong convictions as to the value of industry, patience, and study to the ambitious player. There was no school *eo nomine* in which these notions were inculcated, none in which even the rudiments of the histrionic art could be acquired. But the old-fashioned stock company, with its dignity, its respect for achieved distinction, its strict regimen, its abundantly afforded opportunities for observation, imitation, and criticism, and its thoroughly professional atmosphere, was a not wholly inadequate substitute for such a school. Indeed, to an exceptionally apt and earnest learner, it supplied all that was quite essential in preliminary training. From every rational point of view it had a distinct, calculable value, and, narrow as it was, it wrought some large and worthy results. How worthy those results were can be fully realized only after an inspection of the present chaos of the American stage. It is a chaos with a few well-regulated corners, — a chaos out of which a beautiful order, I devoutly believe, is presently to be born; but, viewed as a whole, it must also be described — saving your presence! — as pandemonium. On the one hand, a crowd of self-denominated “stars,” shining for the most part by virtue of some single presumed success, respectful of no law but the law of demand and supply, and shaking their dollars in the face of the public as a refutation of the timid criticisms of judicious spectators; on the other hand, a throng of “supporting” players, many of them honest, earnest, and clever, but hopeless of obtaining the instruction which they need, nearly all utterly confused on every important question of taste, and distracted by the shifty, inconsistent demands of a fickle public and irresponsible newspaper criticism, — this is a spectacle which might move the least conservative observer to join the ranks of the praisers even of our meagre past time.

As a member of a few stock com-

panies and of several strolling troupes, managed substantially in accordance with stock-company tradition, playing both tragic and comic parts, but constantly gaining in position, and gradually eliminating characters of tragedy from his repertory, Mr. Warren, through fifteen years of hard apprenticeship, labored in his vocation, until, in 1847, he entered, as “low comedian,” into the service of the Boston Museum, there to remain, with a break but for a single twelvemonth, for thirty-five consecutive years. What a record of his persistent, intelligent toil is afforded by this period! It would be incredible if it were not vouched by simple arithmetic. Thirteen thousand three hundred and forty-five performances of five hundred and seventy-seven characters! The old fairy and Arabian Nights spectacles; The Children of Cyprus, with Adelaide Philipps as Cherry (French “Cheri”), in the untrained freshness of her youth and her voice; The Enchanted Harp, and Horse, and Beauty, Aladdin, and The Forty Thieves, all melodious with Mr. Tom Comer’s tinkling music; Uncle Tom’s Cabin, with Mr. Whitman as the venerable hero, Mrs. Vincent, slender and young, as Cassy, Mr. Warren as the interpolated “Yankee” absurdity, Penetrate Partyside, and the clever Miss Gazinski, just graduated from the ballet, as Topsy; the lesser anti-slavery plays which further marked the growing sentiment of the North; the dramatic versions of Dickens, which followed hard upon the success of his novels; the steadily presented and steadily patronized old English comedies, and the old-fashioned farces, with their vast variety of theme and monotonous loudness of treatment; the translations of the plays of the brilliant modern French dramatists; the sudden ephemeral success of T. W. Robertson’s pieces, of Henry J. Byron’s, and Albery’s, and the like; and the uncouth dramatic webs of domestic homespun, wherewith the popular

taste compelled Mr. Warren often to endue himself. The mere setting down by suggestion of a title of the catalogue makes a little history of the drama, over which every Bostonian may renew his youth, and laugh, cry, or philosophize by turns. The terrible strain of body and mind put upon a leading actor under such conditions of labor can hardly be realized by any one who has not studied the subject. The demands made upon the player's health, endurance, memory, nimbleness, and intelligence are imperious and enormous to a degree often approaching the incredible. The resulting discipline, it may be said, is, of course, proportionally great. That statement is true, but its truth needs examination and qualification. Every kind of active life is disciplinary, but active workers profit by their lives in very different ways. The memory would certainly be well trained in a career like Mr. Warren's; but is it certain that the taste and the judgment would be equally profited? Observation of many actors will make the answer doubtful. The popular comedian of a stock company, even in a city which pronounces itself cultivated, is beset, as an artist, by a thousand perils and temptations; and to pluck the flower, safely, out of the thickly springing nettle, danger, marks the high quality of the man and the actor. Aside from the hazards of popularity and of contact with audiences whose noisier members are pretty sure to be blind to the finest part of the actor's performance, and quite likely most to applaud his less worthy work, there is the continuous peril of handling poor dramatic material. Before this danger common players generally succumb; even good ones frequently. It is natural that the dyer's hand should be subdued to what it works in. When one thinks of the vast quantity of literary rubbish with and in which Mr. Warren was obliged to deal, one's respect for his artist-fibre becomes profound. The

actor who could, with great popular acclaim, impersonate Penetrate Partyside, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, two hundred and forty-eight times; Jefferson Scattering Batkins, in *The Silver Spoon*, two hundred and forty-six times; and Mr. Butterscotch, in *The Guv'nor*, one hundred and thirty-four times, and yet keep his æsthetic poise and his professional fineness and integrity, must be a comedian indeed. Even on the more legitimate lines the comedian's art was threatened, for conventionalisms bristled on the tradition of the old and standard comedies, and exaggeration, self-consistent and in the line of nature, but extreme, was of the essence of the old-fashioned farce. From all these and other perils Mr. Warren escaped with practically little harm. Always knowing and preferring the best, he yet found a way to grow both in dexterity and in sensibility even when his hand was set to ignoble tasks. From the beginning to the end of his career he embodied the spirit of the true histrionic artist, whose concern for himself and his audience is habitually subordinated to a reverent concern for his art.

There is little difficulty, I think, in determining Mr. Warren's rank as an actor among recent American comedians. That his place is very high in the first order will be generally conceded. Precisely to fix his position within that order is a rather invidious task; but "I persuade myself to speak the truth; shall nothing wrong" his illustrious rivals, living or dead. The names of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John Gilbert, the late Mr. E. A. Sothorn, and Mr. John S. Clarke at once suggest themselves as the only contestants with Mr. Warren for the first place. Mr. Clarke, who has almost lost his American reputation by his long absences from this country, ranks highest in the list in respect of the gift of pure drollery, in that sort of humorous power which is always *bizarre*, and which shows its keen perception of the truth



of nature by the perfection of its skill in caricaturing nature. But the eccentricity of Mr. Clarke's talents, besides being the source of their peculiar charm, is the exponent of their incompleteness. Almost the same judgment may be passed upon Mr. Sothorn, even while one recognizes his marvelous cleverness, and recalls, with inextinguishable delight, the uniqueness of that skill which made a single impersonation the delicious epitome of most of the fatuities and stupidities that attend the mind of man in its duller moments. Mr. Gilbert is the only one of the present race of players who vies with Mr. Warren as a general actor of comedy; and while I fully recognize his great merit, and confess the superiority of his singular ease and freshness of style, I must assert his inferiority to Mr. Warren in the higher essentials of delicacy, of insight, of breadth, and of imaginative power. Mr. Jefferson alone remains, and it is as nearly impossible to compare him with Mr. Warren as to weigh a sonnet of Shakespeare against a comedy of Goldsmith. The loftier genius of the creator of Rip Van Winkle must be conceded; it is comparatively narrow, but it is a tongue of flame which pierces to the sky. No other American comedian has a gift comparable to this in its kind. But in scope, in variety, in wealth of dramatic resource, in largeness and adaptability of method, even Mr. Jefferson must yield — indeed, he would be the first to yield — the palm to his cousin and elder. Mr. Jefferson I recognize, therefore, as the greatest genius among our modern comedians, while for Mr. Warren I claim the title of first artist. Of Burton, Blake, Finn, and other prominent actors of an earlier time I cannot speak with personal knowledge, and must leave the duty, if there be one, of ranking Mr. Warren among them to critics "older in practice" as well as "abler than" I for such comparisons.

Mr. Warren's physique was always an important factor in his playing, and even off the stage it was very remarkable. Many of my readers will remember him "in his habit as he lived," especially when he was in the fullness of his late manhood, and can testify how conspicuous, in spite of his careful modesty, was his tall, substantial figure, as he moved with easy deliberation through the streets of Boston, his refined and thoughtful face characterized by habitual gravity, but swift in response to a thought from within or a salutation from without, his manner the most unaffectedly elegant and distinguished which Boston had known since the day of Edward Everett. It was sometimes said, by way of adverse criticism upon him, that he was always himself, and that his personality was always recognizable in his assumptions. A like comment has been made upon Coquelin, to which Mr. Henry James, in his brilliant paper upon the French actor, replied with exquisite aptness that the "extreme definiteness and recognizableness, as it were, of the performer's execution, of his physical means, above all of his voice," did indeed so distinguish his personality that it was unmistakable, — fortunately, and to the advantage of the spectator. Nearly all of Mr. James's quoted sentence might well be used for a retort courteous in Mr. Warren's behalf, though it is to be admitted that the American comedian's tones were sometimes disagreeably stentorian, — probably because of his almost incessant performance of farcical characters during the greater part of his professional life, — and that the high finish of his style sometimes produced a brief effect of hardness. But his voice was very pleasant in quality and wonderfully varied and sympathetic in its intonations, and the brilliant mobile expressiveness of his countenance has seldom been surpassed upon the stage.

Mr. Warren's style as an actor was



so broad, and full as to be hard to describe. Devoid of eccentricities and extravagances, it lacked, like a perfectly proportioned building, the salient peculiarities which at once catch the eye. To his work he brought the true plastic temperament of the actor, a rich native vein of humor, the power of keen and sympathetic observation, a delicate sense of proportion, a strong intelligence, varied culture, and that devoted love for his art which made unresting industry mere delight. The flower of these gifts and virtues was a style which united exceptional vividness, force, and sensibility with a fine reserve and an unflinching observance of the modesty of nature. An exact adaptation of means to ends, inspired by precise knowledge of the need of every moment, steadily distinguished his performance. But his precision was almost never mechanical; there was seldom the briefest observable interval between his intent and the result; on the contrary, his playing showed that complete fusion of thought and deed which made analysis of his art impossible until the art had wrought its due effect upon the feeling of the spectator. Such an actor is born, rather than made; yet Mr. Warren afforded a striking proof of the high value to the performer of a clear, vigorous intellect and of superior cultivation. The mimetic gift, the plastic temperament, and *vis comica* are two thirds of an actor's equipment and *effectif*, but they are not the whole. If they were all, Mr. Dixey and Mr. N. C. Goodwin, Jr., would be the first of American comedians, and not — what they are. Critics of acting, it must be said, have suffered the words "intellect," "intelligence," and "intelligent" to become badly demoralized in their hands; they have even used those words when no other complimentary verbiage could be conjured up, to characterize the playing of actors who lack both inspiration and technical skill, but who so speak their lines that it seems possi-

ble they are not wholly devoid of an idea of the author's meaning. But the penetrating intelligence which marked Mr. Warren's work was nothing short of this: a just appreciation of every quality and trait, of every light and shade, in the character represented, in the first place; then, a clear understanding of every speech and situation connected with the part; with these, a constant yet mercurially sensitive recognition of the relation of every line of the dialogue, not only to every other line, to the situation of the moment, and to every other situation, but to the entire character and to the development which it was undergoing. The want of such intelligence — of any intelligence, indeed, remotely approximating this — in most of the uninformed actors and actresses, who now figure both as "stars" and "supporters" upon the American stage, is acutely felt by every good observer. The playing of these ladies and gentlemen is full of sheer mistakes, quite aside from its faults of style; they do not comprehend the demand which the character or the text makes upon them, so that even the expressive power — when they possess it — is of comparatively little value to them. The result is a series of false touches, inexactnesses, and inconsistencies, of which a hundred may be noted in an evening. Scores of performers, who lack, through native defect or imperfect education, this true informing intelligence, go blundering through a long career, gaining something in facility, but in little else, depending for all their meagre success upon their occasional spasmodic effectiveness in making "points." Sometimes they thrive in spite of their deficiencies, but, as a rule, the more critical portion of their audience suffers through their mistakes a continued irritation, which is not the less disagreeable because its sources are not always clearly seen. Two of the actors best known upon our stage, who best illustrated, on

different lines of performance, the artistic value of the higher form of intelligence, were Miss Adelaide Neilson and Mr. Warren. Each of them stood for histrionic knowledge and training as against histrionic charlatanism; and the signal success of each is a proof that the public is by no means devoid of the better power of discrimination.

Mr. Warren's generous culture, besides fulfilling the great functions of refining and elevating his style, made his performance delightful through its perfection in details. His enunciation of English was most clean and pure, his pronunciation elegantly correct. His Latin was faultless, even in the ticklish point of "quantity." His French was acceptable to keen Paris-trained ears. His dressing was practically above criticism, and its faultlessness was the product, as may well be supposed, of scrupulous care and study, as well as of natural taste and minute technical drill. I recall, through association with the thought of his costume, a remarkable bit of criticism, which will be apropos here. With Rachel, on her visit to America in 1855-6, came M. Leon Beauvallet, as *jeune premier* of her company and historiographer of the expedition. On his return to Paris he published a thick duodecimo, entitled *Rachel and the New World*, which is one of the liveliest books of travel ever written by a lively Frenchman. His strictures upon American life and manners were much after the style of John Bull et son Ile, and were a queer and piquant mixture of flippancy, ignorance, and shrewdness. But of acting he was a keen and lucid critic, educated in the high Parisian school, familiar with all the best performance of the Parisian stage. On the first Saturday afternoon of the company's first season in Boston, Rachel played Adrienne Lecouvreur at the Boston Theatre, and M. Beauvallet, being "out of the bill," repaired with much curiosity to the Museum to see

Adrienne, the Actress, cast with Miss Eliza Logan as the heroine and Mr. Keach as Maurice de Saxe. He found the performance, as a whole, anything but to his taste, and expressed his displeasure with unsparing frankness. But of Mr. Warren he said this: "Mr. W. Warren, who plays the rôle of Michonnet, has seemed to me *exceedingly remarkable*." (Italics in the original.) "He acted the part of the old stage manager with veritable talent, and I have applauded him with the whole house." And after a sweeping expression of disgust concerning the performers' anachronisms in dress, he was careful to add, "I do not allude to Mr. Warren, who was irreproachably costumed."

Next to the fine precision and justness which characterized Mr. Warren's style, his versatility denoted his distinction as an artist. His range as a comedian has certainly not been surpassed upon the English or American stage. For pathos his gift was scarcely less remarkable than for humor, his touch showing, perhaps, not his greatest facility, but the method being always delicate and the feeling pure and genuine. Yet it was not only upon the broad and deep lines that Mr. Warren excelled. In the art of swift and subtle insinuation, in the power to display mixed or conflicting emotions, he had no rival upon our stage. It seems almost absurd to cite instances of this skill, since many of my readers can remember a thousand such. But I recall two remarkable and well-contrasted illustrations of his gift in this kind, one of which was used by Mr. George B. Woods in a sketch of Mr. Warren, printed several years ago. In the English version of Sardou's *Fernande*, Mr. Warren played the part of De Pomerol, a middle-aged French *avocat*, good-natured, keen, faultlessly well bred. He is conversing in a Paris gaming-house with a lady of dubious reputation, who gossips about a friend. She

describes this friend's behavior as intolerably scandalous, and to point her criticism adds, with a direct appeal to De Pomerol, "Now, *I* don't set up for a prude." The intonation and coloring of his quiet reply, which came neither too quick nor too slow, "Certainly not!" were something to enjoy for a lifetime: frank assent, with perfect courtesy of tone and manner, yet beneath all — a parenthesis within a parenthesis, as Mr. Woods happily put it — the sharp sarcastic thrust of the man of the world, who understood his interlocutor, and meant she should fully recognize his knowledge. In contrast with this passage I note a phrase in one of the early scenes of *Masks and Faces*. Triplet, the unpopular actor and starving dramatist, comes with tremulous confidence to learn the news of a supposed triumph in authorship, and in a brief soliloquy comments on his success: "I knew it was sure to come, soon or late, and it *has* come, — late." It was worth a long journey to hear and see Mr. Warren speak these fifteen words, — to observe the brisk cheerfulness with which every syllable up to the last was said, the hopeful spirit of the volatile man inspiring his tongue on the first glimpse of good fortune; then the sudden pause, the fetching of a sigh, and the utterance — in a changed key, in a lower tone, with a deep cadence interrupted by a half sob — of the single word "late." A remembered year of disappointment, of famine, of heart-hunger, of bitter shame and pain because of suffering wife and children, all borne to the ear and heart of the listener upon a single breath!

Mr. Warren's wide range as an actor has already been referred to, and, in the almost hopeless attempt to indicate the varied quality of his talents, a selection from his impersonations must be made which shall give some hint of his extraordinary versatility. A hint it can be, and nothing more. The artist who could represent with almost equal skill

and professional sympathy Pillicoddy and Touchstone, Jacques Fauvel and Polonius, John Duck and M. Tourbillon, Mr. Ledger and Michonnet, Templeton Jilt and Jesse Rural, Sir Harcourt Courtly and Tony Lumpkin, Goldfinch and Sir Peter Teazle, can be about as well compassed in a meagre essay as the pictures of the Vatican in a newspaper column. But I propose to sketch in a few lines five of Mr. Warren's most marked assumptions, which illustrate respectively his skill in English farce, in comedietta, in modern French drama, in Shakespeare's comedy, and in standard English comedy.

The John Peter Pillicoddy of Mr. Warren was almost worthy to be called a great creation. The old-time farce, which has nearly been superseded by burlesque and extravaganza, had a real artistic reason for being. It had the same place in the drama that humorous caricature has in painting, and served a like purpose. Farce simply took a natural human feeling or habit, magnified and intensified it, and showed how amusing a man might be who was entirely under its control. Mr. Pillicoddy is a nursery gardener and seedsman, a beautifully perfect specimen of the small but prosperous English Philistine. He is devotedly fond of his wife, who was the widow of a sea-captain named O'Scuttle, and all his spirit is possessed by a dread that Mrs. Pillicoddy's "first," who was supposed to have been drowned at sea, may turn up and claim his spouse. His fear soon has something substantial to feed on, for a Captain O'Scuttle does turn up and demand a wife, and the action is occupied simply with the display of Mr. Pillicoddy's emotions until he discovers that he is dealing with his predecessor's brother, and not with the predecessor himself. Absurd as the character is, it fairly glowed with life as well as drollery in Mr. Warren's hands. The farcical force of the scare was irresistible, and Pillicoddy's subjection to it,

body and soul, was so complete as to lay vigorous hold upon the spectator's imagination. The part, as he played it, was a sort of Sir Giles Overreach, humorously inverted. And, aside from this, Mr. Warren's John Peter was a delicious representative of the British *bourgeois* tradesman, timid, good-natured, obstinate, bombastic, narrow, and at once shrewd and credulous. The relations of the humbler English middle class to its servants, the dress, manners, habits, extravagances, economies, and pettinesses of that class, all seemed to be epitomized in Mr. Warren's performance, and could be learned from it as well as from a volume of John Leach's sketches. His acting was even more than worthy of the play, which is a gem of its kind, and from its opening scene, where the shop-woman, Sarah, comments upon the sea-captain's remark that he "had been detained by the *currents*," "Oh! not quite ripe, I suppose," to Mr. Pillicoddy's attempt to commit suicide with poppy seeds, which "when taken incessantly for several weeks produce instant death," is as self-consistent as a tragedy of Shakespeare.

In sharp contrast with Mr. Pillicoddy was M. Tourbillon, the usher of the boarding-school which supplies the personages for the admirable *petite comédie*, To Parents and Guardians. Mr. Warren's impersonation of this character was uniquely and delicately picturesque, being informed with a subtle humor, which in its drollest moment was near to pathos, and in its saddest phases touched the very secret place of tears. A member of the French *noblesse*, impoverished, exiled, bereaved, M. Tourbillon earns his bitter bread in disciplining a bear-garden of English school-boys and teaching them his language. The squalor of the old man's lot was brought out by Mr. Warren with just and vivid realism. He talked a dialect of French-English, which was pitifully and comically quaint; his face was

worn, his figure thin and bent, his dress as shabby as it was neat; his temper, sadly soured by petty trials, was querulous and irascible. Yet with and through all the high-bred gentleman was evidenced by a thousand exquisite touches, stirring even the crass school-boy consciousness; and I believe that many of my readers will, upon the mere suggestion, feel an old-time choking in their throats, as they recall the old man's passion for his native land, his heart-sick yearning for his lost daughter, — the sad yet strong vibration of the words, "Ma belle France!" and the tender stress of voice which lingered like a caress on every syllable of "Ma fille! Ma chère fille!"

M. Jacques Fauvel, the chief personage in *Le Centenaire* of MM. D'Ennery and Plovier, played in English under the name of One Hundred Years Old, is not so subtle a character creation as M. Tourbillon, but is painted in a larger way and appeals to a wider sympathy. Mr. Warren's portraiture of the venerable man had almost every charm which a fine sense of humor, a close observation of life and men, and a broad dramatic style could give to a work of art. His reproduction of M. Fauvel's physique was in itself a masterpiece, the vigor of the centenarian's natural powers, which a life of purity and temperance had permitted to remain in a sort of shadow or reflection, being suggestively mixed with that feebleness which showed the hour of dissolution to be near. In the exhibition of M. Fauvel's mental processes Mr. Warren's art was even more distinct, and I recall with a delight as fresh as yesterday's the scenes in which the mind of the remarkable hero displayed both his age and its native quality; its first dullness in seeing a new idea, then its slow gathering up of its forces as it gradually but surely recovered its penetration and adjusted its intellectual object-glasses, and the final intuitive flash when it was fully

aroused by the electric excitement of a great emergency. The spirit, also, of the old man was indicated with equal fullness and fineness, and the modern stage has scarcely shown a more lovely figure, a soul more beneficently rich in its sweet maturity, than that of Mr. Warren's Jacques Fauvel.

The satisfying fullness and completeness of Mr. Warren's Dogberry made it a matter for regret that the public had so few opportunities to see him in Shakespearean parts. It is vain, and I may say insolent, for an ill-trained or unread actor to essay the character of the chief constable of Messina. To get a thorough mastery merely of the meaning of his text would be a parlous undertaking for many a comedian whom I could name. Mr. Warren was, of course, equal to this as to every other labor involved in the true performing of the part. His Dogberry reproduced the humorous wealth and life of the great original adequately, easily, with clear intelligence, with imaginative insight. The largeness of Dogberry's vanity, his ponderous good humor, his mental poverty simulating opulence, the slow crassness which has such a glorious faith in its own subtilty; his profound concern for the dignity of his person, his place, and his years; and with these the solid English honesty of purpose, which the critics have generally overlooked, but upon which the *dénoûment* of *Much Ado About Nothing* directly depends, were all shown with generous, delicious amplitude in Mr. Warren's assumption.

The part with which, on the whole, Mr. Warren was most closely associated during the last ten years of his professional life was Sir Peter Teazle. His assumption of that character was not more remarkable than many another of his efforts in displaying the reach, variety, and sympathy of his art, but it had such a roundness, such perfect proportions, such exquisite finish, that I am not disposed to question the general ver-

dict which proclaims it to have been his masterpiece. This impersonation stands out even more sharply than his vivid etching of Sir Harcourt Courtly, who, in Mr. Warren's portraiture, was vain as a peacock, selfish as Iago, shallow, unscrupulous, affected, a fop whose refinement was a polished veneer as hard as adamant and a thousandth of an inch deep, whose gallantry was a peculiar compound of Don Juan's and Sir Roger de Coverley's. Mr. Warren's figure, as, with deliberate step, he first entered upon the scene in *The School for Scandal*, clad in an incomparable suit of pale green and gold, the anxious cast of his strong, expressive face, the carebetokening droop of his head, made a picture which many of us have not the power, even if we had the desire, to efface from our memory. As that picture rises before me, I hear again the quietly intense delivery of the opening lines, whose mode of utterance struck the keynote of the whole performance: "When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect?" Some good critics, some of the best, indeed, of the largest American city, took exception to the lack in unctuousness in Mr. Warren's Sir Peter. A thousand thanks to the artist who practically eliminated that quality from the chief personage of the piece! The older comedies of this and the previous century are filled, to the point of nausea, with the men of beef and brawn; and one of these men, Sir Oliver Surface, is enough for Sheridan's best play. I have little reverence for the author of *The School for Scandal*, but his extreme cleverness seems to me to deserve at least the tribute of the actor's wisest and largest skill. Mr. Warren, by his interpretation of Sir Peter, builded better, perhaps, for Sheridan than Sheridan meant to build for himself. The player certainly made a distinct addition to the literature of the drama without defying the writer of the comedy. The text



may, without straining, be held to indicate a character whose cynical wit, careful scrupulousness, and extreme sensitiveness ally it to the modern type of gentleman. And upon this theory he was represented by Mr. Warren, who, while he obeyed the plain instruction of the dramatist, and made Sir Peter opinionated, testy, somewhat tyrannical, irritable, and not unerring in his judgments of men, saw also to the bottom of the author's thought, set out in strong and tender colors the manliness, probity, gentleness, and magnanimity of Sir Peter's nature, and made his wit and humor so significant of goodness and wisdom that, despite his weaknesses, he commanded entire sympathy and almost unstinted admiration. This was a worthy triumph for Mr. Warren's art, and justified greater enthusiasm than any mere faultlessness of detail. It was interesting to see how, as Mr. Warren grew older, his assumption of this part grew more and more sober and touching; and it may be admitted that toward the last of his career its sobriety took an almost excessive sombreness of tone.

From Mr. Warren's career it is easy to draw a long lesson of warning and encouragement for the American stage. There is not, it seems to me, a temperament so finely fitted for the actor's art as that which has been developed in this country through the influences of climate, race-mixture, and popular education. The typical American appears to combine Anglo-Saxon phlegm and weight with Celtic alertness and sensibility. He ought to be able — indeed, he has already in many instances shown the ability — to unite, as an actor, the seri-

ousness and profound passion of the one race with the delicacy and swift precision of the other. To make the model player he needs only to be instructed. What personal painstaking, supplemented by the best teaching of his time, could accomplish for an American actor, who was also to the manner born, Mr. Warren has shown. It seems possible that now a better day is about to dawn upon our stage, and that the worthy seeker for histrionic honors will look not much longer in vain for the school or the master that is to educate him in his great and difficult art. It is to be added that Mr. Warren's contentment with the comparatively inglorious and retired career of a stock actor undoubtedly contributed to his attainment as an artist. To one of his mould the conditions were favorable. In his quiet corner, under the sun of steady popular and critical favor, his powers developed freely, equally, naturally; suffering neither the violent chills nor the furious fervors of a wandering professional life, and uncramped by the money-catching spirit which stunts the growth of so many performers.

It will not be deemed impertinent, I hope, for me to close by saying that Mr. Warren lived as he played. Such as he was as an artist he was as a man. Modest, gracious, refined, scrupulous, earnest, sincere, gentle in his judgments of others, unsparing in his criticism of himself, he led a life which not only matched, but inspired and sustained, his work. His life, too short, as is ever the artist's life, has ended, but his art must reach far beyond his day in its influence for the true, the beautiful, and the good. "Vir nullâ non donandus lauro!"

*Henry A. Clapp.*



## A CONVENT SCHOOL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

DURING the greater part of the eighteenth century, two famous convents disputed the palm of popularity in Paris as places of education for the daughters of the highest nobility. These were the Abbaye de Penthemont, and the Abbaye aux Bois in the Rue de Séve, known since the Revolution as the Rue de Sévre. St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon to furnish gratuitous instruction to girls of poor but noble families, was already out of favor, and contained but a pitiful sprinkling of scholars, while the two fashionable convents were crowded to excess.

It was in the month of December, 1771, that a little pupil entered the Abbaye aux Bois, who, happily for us, had a turn for keeping a diary. Her copy-books are still extant, — a pile of small volumes bound in faded black leather and levant morocco, written in ink which has grown pale with time, and with saucy, childish caricatures adorning the margins of their pages. The earlier records are in a large, almost illegible round hand, which in the later ones changes to precision and elegance. The childish entries, almost infantile in their simplicity, relating to cats and punishments and goodies, and the scrapes into which temper and greediness led the little narrator, give place in their turn to description and analyses of a very mature sort for so young an observer. These droll little *cahiers* afford a glimpse of the educational ideas of the time and of the interior life of a great convent, such as no other record has given us or could give. It is an epoch in civilization depicted by a child. Only a child could be so audaciously frank, only a child of remarkable parts so discriminating and analytical.

This small journalist was the Princess Hélène Massalski, of a renowned

Lithuanian family. Her uncle and guardian, the Prince-Bishop of Wilna, having embroiled himself with the Russian authorities during the Polish outbreak in 1768–1770, found it convenient to leave hastily for Paris, taking his niece with him. She was just eight years old when she entered as a pupil of the Abbaye aux Bois.

The inmates of the convent at that time included sixty-three professed nuns, one hundred and four lay sisters, one hundred and seventy-eight *pensionnaires*, eight novices, and four spiritual directors. For the accommodation of this large family an immense establishment was kept up, with innumerable school-rooms, chapels, refectories, dormitories, an infirmary (often required), a pharmacy, a library occupying three enormous rooms, gardens, cloisters, guest-chambers, a theatre, — everything on a profuse scale. The abbess's *appartement* alone consisted of eleven rooms, besides quarters for her attendants. The professed sisters were all of high rank, and among their pupils the noblest families of France were represented.

“It was on a Thursday that I entered the *abbaye*,” writes the small eight-year-old Hélène. “Madame Geoffrin, the friend of my uncle, took me in, and led me to the parlor of Madame l’Abbesse, which was very pretty, all in white and gold. There Madame de Rochehouart met us, and La Mère Quatre Temps, who was head teacher of the younger class, in which I was to be placed. They were so good as to say that I was tall for my age and a pretty child, and that my hair was beautiful; but I uttered not a word in reply, because I had forgotten all my French during the long journey I had lately taken. I understood very well what was said to me, however. After Madame Geoffrin went

away they took me to another room, and the abbess, who was dressed in blue and white damask, put on my convent dress. When I saw that it was black, I began to weep so bitterly that they made haste to pacify me with blue ribbons and a quantity of sweetmeats, assuring me that in the abbaye they had nice things like that every day.

"Unfortunately, I heard them say, as they petted me, 'Poor little thing, she speaks no French. Make her talk Polish a little, that we may hear what sort of a language it is. Oh, how droll to be a Pole!' Then I knew that they were laughing at me, and I would not say a word. Mademoiselle de Montmorenci" (one of the older scholars) "took me on her knees, and asked if I wished her to be my 'little mamma.' I made a sign that I did, but I would not speak."

The blue ribbons with which H  l  ne was consoled were the badge of the Classe Bleu, or youngest scholars; its members were from seven to ten years of age. Next in order came the Classe Blanche, which included those girls who were preparing for confirmation and their first communion; and lastly the Classe Rouge, or big girls, between whom and the little Blues a perpetual warfare existed.

The education given at the Abbaye aux Bois was distinctly different from that provided for the daughters of *bourgeois* families. Its aim was to fit the recipients for the *r  le* of *grandes dames*, to shine in the fashionable world. With this view, great stress was laid upon accomplishments. Music, dancing, and acting were taught with especial care. The first dancers at the opera directed the *ballets* which from time to time were given in the theatre of the convent. The older pupils were allowed occasionally to appear in society, and even to take part in plays enacted in the great salons of Paris, before large audiences. In contrast to these accomplishments and to the more ornamental studies of the

younger classes, the Classe Rouge was subjected to a most practical training. Its members were taught cooking, sweeping, book-keeping, the care of linen and stores, the compounding of medicines. This was to fit them to rule properly over great establishments and direct large expenditures with a discreet economy; the music and dancing to qualify them to adorn society.

On her first arrival, the little Pole was placed in a dormitory occupied by larger girls. These "young ladies," as she considered them, were in the habit of supping on contraband dainties after they were locked in for the night. H  l  ne, who had suffered in health, — from the air of Paris, as she says, but, as we should suspect, from the defective drainage of the convent, — was ordered one night to take a powder; but the sister in charge forgot, and left the dormitory without having administered it. The big girls produced a *p  t  *, and fell to work to devour it. H  l  ne demanded a piece, threatening to tell of them unless they gave it her. She had just begun upon the portion thus extorted when a rattle was heard at the lock. Sister Sainte Bathilde had recollected the powder. Every girl was fast asleep in a minute, and H  l  ne was forced to swallow her dose, sandwiched between two mouthfuls of *p  t  *. The sister disappeared. Instantly the big girls with one voice began to upbraid H  l  ne as the cause of this untimely interruption. It was too much, they declared, quite too much, that a spoiled little brat like that should be put into their room. They then brought out a bottle of cider, and began to drink. The "spoiled little brat" insisted on having a share, and when they refused set herself to roar in such a loud and exasperating manner that they were forced to give her a glassful, which she drank at one gulp. This feat nearly cost her her life. Its result was an attack of fever, which kept her for two months in the infirmary.

After this she was pronounced too delicate for the ordinary life of the place, and was transferred to a separate appartement of her own, with a nurse and maid to herself. The Prince Massalski had given *carte blanche* for her expenses, and his banker had instructions to furnish thirty thousand livres a year, if need were, to secure the comfort of his niece.

Madame Marie Magdeleine de Chabrilan was abbess of the convent when our little princess entered it. Next to her in authority, and far more influential, was the *maîtresse générale*, Madame de Rochehouart, — sister of the former Duc de Mortemart, — who had control of the studies and largely of the discipline of the pensionnaires, and was regarded by them with an admiration and respect which were mixed with a sort of adoring fear. From the first she seems to have exercised a great influence over Hélène, and her name appears on nearly every page of the journal.

This beautiful and noble creature was but twenty-seven years old. She and her two equally beautiful sisters had taken the vows before they were fifteen years of age, in order that, according to the cruel custom of the time, the fortune of the Mortemarts might pass intact to the heir of the name.

"She was tall and finely made," is the portrait drawn of her by her favorite scholar. "She had a pretty foot, a white and delicate hand, superb teeth, large black eyes, an air at once serious and proud, and a smile full of enchantment. She filled with the duties of her position the days — which else might have seemed overlong — of a vocation which had never been her own choice.

"I was extremely afraid of her. When she passed through the school-room, if by chance she spoke to me, I was so abashed that I could scarcely muster strength to answer. All the class trembled before her. If she entered

when we were all tumbling over each other, pell-mell, in the recess before breakfast, it was only necessary for her to clap her hands once, and instantly every girl was in her seat, and you could have heard the buzzing of a fly.

"When we bent before her on entering the choir, I always tried to read her eyes, and if I detected a look of displeasure I was much cast down. She possessed the love and respect of every pupil in the convent. A little severe at times, she was always just. We adored her and we feared her. She seldom caressed us, but a single word from her lips had an extraordinary effect. Madame de Sainte Delphine, her sister, used to say that no monarch in Asia exerted a more despotic power than she, and it was true that the homage we rendered her was a sort of *culte*; but I must say to her glory that her influence was stronger over our minds than over our bodies, for she rarely scolded, and she punished with justice. We were absolutely convinced that it was impossible that she should do wrong in any respect, and the confidence with which she inspired us was boundless."

A room opening from that of the little Massalski was occupied by another favored pupil, Mademoiselle de Choiseul, daughter of the duke of that name. The two children became intimates and confederates in all manner of mischievous pranks. La Grise, a cat who figures largely in the earlier portion of the diary, was their first victim. They shod her with walnut shells, and watched delightedly her efforts to walk in this unpleasant *chaussure*. Then, finding a bottle of oil on the mantelpiece, they discovered that by rubbing it on the lock and hinges of their door it could be made to open without the least noise.

"My nurse slept in the chamber beyond," writes Hélène, "and it was her custom to turn the key at night and leave it in the lock. Mademoiselle de Choiseul would wait till all was quiet,

and then would get up, creep to my bedside, and rouse me, after which, slipping on our dressing-gowns, we would open the door softly and run all over the convent; amusing ourselves by playing all manner of tricks, such as blowing out the lamps, rapping on the doors of the cells, gossiping with the novices, and eating sweetmeats and bonbons which we had privately procured." His Grace of Wilna's liberality in the matter of the thirty thousand a year seems to have been duly appreciated by his niece.

"One night," she goes on, "we emptied a bottle of ink into the holy-water vessel at the door of the church. When the sisters came together for matins, at two in the morning, it was their custom, as they knew the place by heart, to dispense with lights, except one small lamp, which lit the *benétier* only feebly. Each crossed herself with the holy water, and went in without noticing the effect it produced. But as the day dawned toward the close of the service, each sister saw all the others striped in such a singular way that first one, and then another, began to laugh, and the service was interrupted. No one doubted for a moment that this piece of mischief was done by some pupil, but it was never discovered which it was.

"A few days later we tried something else. The smaller bell, which is called *Le Gondi*, because it was blessed by the archbishop of that name, was used for striking the hours of the early service, because the great bells and solemn chimes were in another clock-tower, which opened beyond the choir. These ropes hung just behind the abbess's chair. We contrived to climb up and to tie our handkerchiefs firmly round the clapper of the bell. When the novice came whose duty it was to sound the call for matins, she had fine work. The bell swung this way and that. She thought she was ringing, but not a sound proceeded from it; and the sisters, who were waiting their summons,

did not come down. At last, some one, perceiving that the hour was long passed, came to see what had happened; and there was the poor novice still vainly tugging away at the rope. They examined, and lo, our handkerchiefs! Unluckily they were marked 'H. M.' and 'J. C.'

"The handkerchiefs were carried to Madame de Rochehouart, who, in the school-room, next day, demanded to know to whom those initials belonged. Then, indeed, we wished that the earth might open and swallow us up! Madame de Rochehouart ordered us to come forward. We advanced, and fell on our knees, trembling. She asked severely if we supposed that the ladies of the convent were proper persons to play such foolish jokes upon, and said that she must beg that for the future we would exercise our imaginations in a different direction; and to cause us to remember this request, we were to kneel, in our night-caps, in the middle of the choir, during the grand mass on the following Sunday, to offer an humble apology to the ladies we had insulted. And as we must make up to God for the prayers that had not been said that day, we were to spend the hour of recreation in repeating the seven Penitential Psalms aloud in the hearing of the school."

Some of the more ill-tempered sisters attempted to stir up the abbess to punish the offenders more severely, and to treat the affair of the ink as a sacrilege. But Madame de Rochehouart, "who hated mummeries," told her that the act was, indeed, a black one, because it had to do with ink, but no one with sense could see anything worse in it than a bit of childish mischief, a little naughtier than usual. "She then left the abbess in rather a bad humor."

"All these scrapes," writes Hélène, "had the effect of delaying my first communion. Mademoiselle de Choiseul had been admitted to the White Class

some time previously, and by good rights I should have been there too, for I had at my fingers' ends all that the Classe Bleu had to teach."

She then gives this curriculum of her studies:—

"I knew ancient history, the history of France, and the mythology very well. I knew by heart the poem entitled *La Religion*, the *Fables of La Fontaine*, two chants out of *La Henriade*, and the whole of the tragedy of *Athalie*, in which I had once played the part of Joas. I had studied *Solfeggio*. I played a little on the *clavessin*" (protoplastic piano) "and a little on the harp. Drawing was the study in which I was most deficient. But the perpetual mischief into which I was led by *Mademoiselle de Choiseul* did me great harm. *Everything that went wrong in the convent was laid to our charge*. I loved *Mademoiselle de Choiseul* so much that I liked better to be in disgrace with her than to see her punished without me. She loved me reciprocally, so that if I were in disgrace for any fault she would plague the teachers till they ended by punishing her with me. The day was never long enough for what we had to say to each other. Everything was in common between us,—our books, our ornaments. We had a key to each other's drawers, even to each other's writing-cases."

Presently we hear of another adventure:—

"We were playing in the garden one day, when we heard a subterranean voice speaking. We began to search out the cause, and found that the voice came from the opening of a sort of drain which communicated with the kitchens of the Comte de Beaumanoir, whose house adjoined the grounds of the abbaye. At once half the class ran to distract the attention of the teacher in charge, while the other half began to call down the hole.

"It was the voice of a little boy that

we heard. We asked his name, and were informed that it was Jaccquot, and that he had the honor to serve in the kitchens of M. de Beaumanoir. We called back that the play hour was over, but that we would return next day at the same time.

"We were terribly afraid that some one would discover our precious hole during the interval, but no such misfortune happened. Next day Jaccquot was so good as to sing for us, and play an air on the flute. As often as one of us spoke he would demand to know who it was, and whether she were blonde or brunette. In the course of two or three interviews he had learned all our voices, and would call us by name: '*Hé! Daumont, Damas, Mortemart, hé!*' He wished to learn what we were going to do; and when we said that it was the lunch hour, he remarked that, except for the iron grating across the mouth of the drain, he could easily manage to smuggle in some good things for us. We all screamed in chorus that he absolutely *must* contrive some way to get rid of the grating, and were so absorbed in the conversation that Madame de Sainte Pierre, one of the mistresses, was in our midst without any one having seen her coming. We all fled in haste at the sight, but Jaccquot, quite unconscious of his change of audience, continued to shout, '*Hé! Choiseul, Damas,—do you hear? The grating shall be opened before to-morrow!*'

"Madame de Sainte Pierre hastened to Madame de Rochehouart with her tale. She in her turn wrote at once to M. de Beaumanoir to say that she must ask permission to wall up the mouth of a water-spout, through which some of his servants had been talking to the children under her charge. The Comte replied that he was in despair that such a thing should have occurred, and that he would at once dismiss every servant in his kitchen. Madame de Rochehouart begged him to do nothing of the sort,

but she sent for masons, and had the drain-pipe effectually sealed that very day.

"She did not consider the adventure worth a formal reprimand, neither did she think it wise to make it seem of too much importance; so she contented herself with indulging, that evening, at roll-call, in a few satirical allusions to the charming conquest which some of us had made, and the good taste and delicacy which we had exhibited in forming an intimacy with a little scullion; adding, for the benefit of those who had told their names to Jacequot, that she thought a day would come when we would be very glad to recall our confidences, especially as our families were not at all likely to be gratified with them. Thus she lowered our conceit without a word of individual reproof to any one."

Next we find the little princess wearing "asses' ears in paper" and two tongues, a red one and a black one, for having told a lie about writing copies. Then she incurs the enmity of the *Classe Rouge* by complaining to a teacher of one of its members, who had forcibly carried away a book which *Hélène* was reading. All the class set itself to punish the offense after a somewhat brutal fashion. The big girls would push her slyly and throw her down, apologizing hypocritically: "*Mademoiselle*, a thousand pardons. I did not see you." She was so hurt by one of these falls that she had to go to bed. *Madame de Rochehouart* came to her room, and *Hélène* poured into her ears all her troubles and grievances. The reply is an indication of the quality of the great influence exerted by this lady over her pupils. "Nothing of this sort could happen if your companions loved you," she said. "You must, indeed, have grave faults of character to have all the classes turn against you in this way." "From that time," says little *Hélène* artlessly, "I never repeated the least

thing to the teachers, and I became so good that everybody loved me."

*Madame de Rochehouart* took advantage of this interval of reformation to advance *Hélène* into the *Classe Blanche*.

"She was really very fond of me, and laughed much more than she scolded at my mischievousness. *Madame de Sainte Delphine* loved me, also. She used to say that it would be a real loss to the convent if *Choiseul* and I reformed and became well behaved, and insisted that my worst pranks had a *cachet* of spirit and humor about them. In fact, my frolics never did real harm to any one; they only made people laugh.

"When the time came for me to leave the *Classe Bleu*, I asked pardon of *La Mère Quatre Temps* for all the trouble I had given, and thanked her for her goodness. She replied that she grieved to have me pass from under her daily care; for though I had often made her angry, the good moments more than made up for the naughty ones. She then embraced me. Many of my companions had tears in their eyes when she untied my blue ribbon."

*Hélène* was now a member of the *White Class*, and made her first confession and "retreat." After this her character developed in a remarkable way. She seems to have left her childish mischief behind her in the *Classe Bleu*, and her observations on people and events evince a singular maturity of understanding.

Two deaths which took place in the community about this time made a deep impression on her mind. One was that of *Mademoiselle de Chaponay*, "nine years old, and with a beautiful face," who was borne to the grave by four of her school-fellows, her pall covered with white roses, and the church completely hung with white. The other death, that of *Mademoiselle de Montmorenci*, was far more terrible, and the account given by *Hélène* of her ailments, her suffer-



ings, and the tortures to which she was subjected by an ill-judging mother has extraordinary descriptive power for such a child.

This poor girl, the first match in France as to rank and fortune, seems to have fallen a victim to the ignorant medical practice of the day. She died at the Val d'Ajouc, in Lorraine, to which she had been dragged as a last resort for treatment at the hands of an empiric, who called himself "the Doctor of the Mountains." Some one told her at the end that she must have courage. "Yes," she replied, "I feel the necessity of it. It requires courage to die at fifteen." Mademoiselle de Montmorenci was H  l  ne Massalski's "little or school mamma." It was told of her that on her first arrival at the abbaye, at the age of eight, she had a violent dispute with the then abbess, Madame de Richelieu. "If you dare to do that again I will kill you!" said the angry abbess. "It would not be the first time that a Richelieu has been the executioner of a Montmorenci," replied, undauntedly, this fiery little scion of a long line of *preux chevaliers*.

H  l  ne was still a member of the Classe Blanche when a revolt, which almost amounted to a revolution, broke out against a teacher named Madame de Sainte Jerome. This lady possessed a violent temper and little personal dignity. When irritated, she would shake and cuff her pupils, or beat their heads against walls and doors. Madame de Rochehouart perceived her unsuitability, and remonstrated with the abbess for retaining her; but the abbess only said in reply that it was a matter about which she could not possibly trouble herself, and that she would better speak to the prioress. The prioress, in her turn, replied that Madame de Sainte Jerome could not be discharged without calling together a chapter of the order, which was not worth while, and that the affair must wait till the time of the regular

meeting. So, to Madame de Rochehouart's displeasure, nothing was done, and Madame de Sainte Jerome remained.

Secrets are ill kept in convents, and the sharp-witted little pensionnaires were not long in finding out that their beloved *grande maitresse* was in sympathy with their dislike of Madame de Sainte Jerome, and had been snubbed by the other convent authorities on the subject. This knowledge was like the addition of fuel to flame. An organization was at once formed, called Les Verts, because its members wore, as a badge, something green, a leaf or a ribbon. Its aim was to compel the retirement of the obnoxious teacher. Whenever two girls met, they uttered the cabalistic words, "Produce your green," which the initiated at once did. They only waited occasion for open rebellion. It came in this wise:—

On the feast of St. Madeleine, which was a general holiday, the teachers being scattered, and only Madame de Sainte Jerome left in charge, two girls fell into a dispute, and one of them struck the other. Madame de Sainte Jerome seized one, and forced her to her knees. The child said, "Madame, I assure you that it was not my fault," whereupon Madame de Sainte Jerome, losing all command of herself, gave her a blow which knocked her over, and made her nose bleed violently. Instantly the entire class precipitated themselves upon their mistress. She had killed one of their number, they protested, and they would throw her out of the window!

Terrified, and losing all presence of mind, Madame de Sainte Jerome committed the fatal indiscretion of leaving the class unwatched, while she fled to make complaint. Instantly the little De Mortemart, Madame de Rochehouart's niece, sprang upon the table. "All you who belong to the Greens produce your badges!" she cried. The leaves, and twigs, and scraps of ribbon were exhib-

ited, incendiary speeches were made, the enthusiasm spread, and finally the entire class decided to take possession of the kitchens and larders, and hold them till the convent authorities, starved out, should concede the dismissal of Madame de Sainte Jerome.

Like a flight of angry birds, the Classe Blanche flew across the courtyard, and precipitated itself into the kitchens, which were basement rooms of great size. Only two or three lay sisters were visible, and these were requested, "*fort poliment*," to withdraw, which they did. One little sister, Madame de Sainte Sulpice, sixteen years old, was detained, against her will, as a witness to the proceedings, and an older nun, Sister Clotilde, to serve as cook. The doors were made fast, and the heads of the conspiracy proceeded to draw up a formal recapitulation of grievances and of the terms on which the class would return to its duties. These were:—

- (1.) A general amnesty.
- (2.) The dismissal of Madame de Sainte Jerome.
- (3.) Eight days' holiday, in order that the class might have time to recover from its fatigues of mind and body.

This last item seems sufficiently amusing!

The little Choiseul was to be the bearer of this paper, and of course her faithful Hélène volunteered to accompany her. The reception they met with was decidedly chilling. Madame de Rochehouart regarded them with the utmost severity.

"I have nothing to say to you," she told them. "You have taken the best way to disgust me forever with being the conductress of girls like yourselves, who would seem much more at home in an army regiment than in a place like this, meant to teach the sweetness and modesty which are the charm of womanhood. Go and carry your complaints to whom you will. I am no longer your mistress."

In vain poor little Choiseul knelt at her feet, protesting that all of them loved her, that her word was law to them, but that "in an affair of honor one would better die at once than to appear like a traitor to one's comrades." Madame de Rochehouart did not relent, and the discomfited envoys had to withdraw. The abbess refused to see them or to read their paper, and they were forced to return to the garrison in the kitchens with the sorry news that nothing had been achieved by the embassy.

This, however, did not deter them from having a merry evening. The locks of the larder and bakery were forced. Sister Clotilde, with much laughter and little protestation, cooked them a good supper, and they drank the health of Madame de Rochehouart unanimously. After supper they played at all sorts of games; Madame de Sainte Sulpice, the little nun of sixteen, being by no means unwilling to join in the frolic. Then they dragged in some bales of hay from the courtyard, and made up beds for the younger children, pinning napkins and dish-towels over their heads lest they should take cold. Fancy the pretty group in the dark, roomy kitchens, and the quaint little mammas playing at care-taking with their live dolls! Thirty of the larger girls watched the doors all night for fear of a surprise; the rest disposed themselves on chairs and settles: and so between snatches of sleep and snatches of talk the hours wore away.

"It seemed as if we might be going to live like this always," says Hélène. But early in the morning an unexpected force was brought to bear upon the mutineers, in the shape of various mothers and aunts, who had been hastily summoned by the abbess to subdue the rebellion "without scandal." The Duchesse de Chatillon, the Duchesse de Mortemart, the Duchesse de Chalêt, and other great ladies appeared before the

doors of the kitchen, demanding their daughters and their nieces, who dared not disregard the summons. One by one the ringleaders were led away; and while this process of disintegration was going on, there appeared a lay sister to say that ten o'clock was at hand and the school-rooms were open, and that a general pardon would be extended to all those who presented themselves there before noon. The revolution was at an end. Every scholar was in her place when the clock struck. No one was punished, and as, a month later, the detested Sainte Jerome was quietly dismissed, the "wearers of the green" had reason to feel that their efforts had on the whole been tolerably successful; especially as Madame de Rochehouart made no allusion to the matter, and seemed to regard them all exactly as she had done before.

A little later, the journal is full of the details of a wedding. Mademoiselle de Bourbonne, twelve years of age, is solemnly contracted to the Comte d'Avaux. "She was so very melancholy," writes the unsparing H  l  ne, "that we asked her if she did not like her husband. She confessed frankly that he was very old and very ugly, and that he was to call on her next day. So we petitioned the abbess for leave to go into the Chambre d'Orl  ans, which had windows on the court, that we might have a peep at the future spouse of our friend."

The Chambre d'Orl  ans was the haunted room of the convent. It had been occupied for eighteen years by a cruel abbess, daughter of the regent Philippe d'Orl  ans, who had made the lives of the nuns miserable through her tyranny and exactions. Her sinful spirit was supposed to hover about the apartment, which no one cared to inhabit, and which was seldom entered, though it was the most beautiful in the abbaye. Curiosity, however, outbalanced superstition, and on the morrow, when the Comte

d'Avaux crossed the courtyard to call on his bride, a crowd of pretty and malicious faces gazed out at him from the windows of the room of ill omen. "We thought him abominable, as he truly was," remarks H  l  ne. "The moment that Mademoiselle de Bourbonne returned, we all cried in chorus, 'Oh, how ugly your husband is! I never would marry him if I were you. Oh, you poor thing!' To which she replied, 'I must marry him if papa desires it, but I shall never like him, — that is certain!'"

Mademoiselle de Bourbonne received her first communion eight days before her wedding, and returned to the convent immediately after the ceremony, covered with diamonds and jewels, and bringing with her a superb *corbeille*, furnished by Bolard. She was much diverted at being called "Madame," but her dislike to her husband grew with her growth. She would never see him if she could possibly help it, and on one occasion when he called to ask for her took off her shoes and stockings, that she might not be made to go down. One is not astonished to read in a later footnote that when this reluctant bride left the convent she almost instantly formed an attachment for the young and handsome Vicomte de Segur, which dominated and ruined the rest of her life.

Soon after this event came the important day when, dressed in a robe of white *moir  * embroidered with silver, H  l  ne received her first communion and was admitted to the senior class, that of the *rubans rouge*.

Her practical education now began. She was at first made one of the personal attendants of the abbess. Then she became a helper in the sacristy, then in the storeroom. After that she worked for two months in the refectory, setting tables, and putting in order the glass, china, and silver. Next we find her serving for a fortnight as assistant to the portress; no light duty, for the nuns of the

Abbaye aux Bois lived by no means in seclusion, and there was a continual coming and going of fine company through its portals. Still later she was transferred to the pharmacy, where she was taught to compound medicines; thence she went to the library. During all this period she had the advantage of continual intercourse with Madame de Rochehouart, in whose rooms she spent most of her evenings.

It was a gay and charming circle which she met there, with little of the convent atmosphere about it. Madame de Sainte Delphine, fair, indolent, charming, lay back in a reclining-chair, netting purses which were never finished, and saying droll things in a lazy way which made them infinitely droller. Madame de Rochehouart had a brilliant mind, wit, and wide interests. She read all manner of books, and they and the events of the day and of the society of Paris, with every detail of which she was acquainted, furnished endless subjects of conversation. She and all her circle of intimates had an absolute scorn for the petty gossip of the convent.

"They rarely spoke ill of their neighbors," says Hélène, "yet they were more dreaded than any one else, because everybody knew that they had more mind and were superior in all ways, and they were made a standard of taste and conduct. When I went back to the sacristy, after these evenings with Madame de Rochehouart, the nuns there would ask, 'Well, what have these marvelous beings been saying about us?' 'Nothing at all, madame,' I would reply in good faith. 'They have not said a word about you.' This caused undying astonishment, for they themselves ran about the convent gossiping all day long.

"Madame de Rochehouart and her sisters had a manner and style of their own, which all of us who were so happy as to be admitted into their circle caught in some measure. Intercourse with them, and the advice, full of tact and

*finesse*, which Madame de Rochehouart bestowed on her pupils, had an extraordinary effect in fitting them to play their parts with distinction in the great world."

It was at this period of her convent life that Hélène, sitting one day in the room of her admired friend, watched her writing for hours together, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Her agitation so affected the girl that she wept, too. Madame de Rochehouart took her into her arms, and in a broken voice tried to explain. She was born with too lively an imagination, she told her pupil; it was impossible for her not to create ideal scenes for herself, and sometimes they made her unhappy. The contemplative life which she led gave her fancies too much power over her. The words furnish a pathetic picture of the suffering of a proud and tender spirit, bound to an unlovely destiny, conscious of its chains, disdaining complaint.

Of those tendencies in the life of the convent which Madame de Rochehouart and her intimates so justly scorned we get a sufficiently clear notion in the pages of the journal, — the superstitions, the scandals, the perpetual petty misunderstandings, the occasional coarseness of manners and spirit of irreverence. As a specimen of the paltry quarrels which were constantly going on, take this tale of a sugar-grater.

The grater belonged to Madame de Sainte Romauld, an old nun of eighty, and was lent to Madame de Sainte Germaine, aged seventy-five. These ladies were the oldest sisters of the order. They passed their days, spectacles on nose, reading over old letters, written by dead-and-gone abbesses, and telling every one how things used to be in the former times.

The sugar-grater was not returned. Madame de Sainte Germaine had lost or forgotten it. So one day in chapel, in the midst of high mass, Madame de Sainte Romauld put her withered face

round the corner of her stall, and said, "By the way, you never sent back my grater."

"What do you mean by your grater?"

"*Comment!* Do you pretend that I did n't lend you my grater?"

Madame de Sainte Germaine, grown angry, "I have n't got your grater."

Madame de Sainte Romauld, in a rage, "Give back my grater! I will have my grater!"

Louder and louder grew the dispute. All the pensionnaires were in fits of laughter. The abbess sent to ask an explanation of this unseemly interruption of the service. In the end she was forced to pacify the aged belligerents with the gift of a grater apiece!

And now it was the turn of the little Choiseul to be married.

"One evening, as we were walking," says H  l  ne, "she whispered that she had a great secret to confide to me. She was to be wedded almost at once to M. le Choiseul de Baume, her cousin, who was only seventeen years of age and extremely good-looking. Her title would be the Duchesse de Choiseul-Stainville. Her family were coming on the morrow to announce the affair to the abbess, and she begged me to make the announcement visits to the pensionnaires with her."

The Classe Rouge again begged the privilege of entering the Chambre d'Orl  ans for a peep at the bridegroom, whose looks, this time, were much approved of. An immense corbeille — the bridegroom's gift, contained in a receptacle shaped like a basket — arrived from Madame Bertin, with a *parure* of diamonds set in blue enamel, and a purse containing two hundred *louis d'or*. Mademoiselle de Choiseul made presents to all her comrades: "forty fans and forty bags" to the Classe Rouge; to

H  l  ne "a souvenir in gold and hair, a fan, and a reticule." Then she departed in a blaze of glory, and a fortnight later came back to finish her education, and recount the fine *f  tes* which had been given in her honor during the time of her absence. "She had to confess that her mother-in-law, who was very disagreeable, had not let one single day pass without a scolding; but as for her bridegroom, she said that she already loved him distractedly, he was so gay and so droll, and that although they had not been left together alone for a moment, yet he had contrived to whisper all sorts of interesting things in her ear, only she did not feel at liberty to repeat them to me!"

H  l  ne had just reached her fourteenth year when the great sorrow of her convent life fell upon her. Madame de Rochehouart sickened of a putrid fever, and twelve days later died, amid the lamentations of the whole community, and the despairing grief of the pupil to whom she had been as a mother. She was buried in one of the chapels of the choir.

A few months later, H  l  ne Massalski became the wife of the Prince Charles de Ligne. As the Bishop of Wilna had no establishment in Paris, the marriage was celebrated at the abbaye, with much pomp and ceremony. On its conclusion the bride went to change her dress, and, escaping from the friends who were assisting her, ran rapidly by a private way to the chapel, where, drowned in tears, she flung herself upon the grave of her lost friend, and there uttered the last prayer she was to offer as a young girl. When she rejoined the party, her pallor and the tears which still welled from her eyes startled everybody. In that prayer she had bidden adieu not only to her beloved teacher and her convent home, but to her childhood.

Susan Coolidge.

## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

## XXV.

EUGENE RATHBURN could hardly be said to have awakened from his deep sleep, that stormy night in the Great Smoky Mountains, when Jake Baintree kept his strange vigil by the side of the dying fire. The alien scenes of his dream were suddenly possessed by a wild, unrealized tumult. His dormant consciousness became in some sort aware of a piercing sound, a fibrous, funnel-shaped glare, fierce but fleeting, and then he saw no more, knew no more, not even thus vaguely. How long he lay there on the floor of the mountain hut, in a pool of his own blood, he never sought to compute. One morning, while the rain yet beat on the roof, and the gullies ran full beneath the eaves; while the mists still further secluded the solitary spot, practically as inaccessible as if it had been lifted amidst the clouds that closed about it, his memory came back to him, his identity renewed with his body its coexistence, and he realized who it was lying wounded, fevered, exhausted from the loss of blood, on the fireless hearth, where he had fallen asleep when it was all a-sparkle and aglow, his own pistol, smoke-blackened, albeit but freshly cleaned and oiled, on the floor beside him.

"When the corpse is found," he said impersonally, "if it ever is found, it might suggest a suicide."

He experienced a feeble surprise to gauge the interest with which he noted the relative position of his weapon and his helpless body, and vaguely presaged the deductions of the coroner's jury.

The fallibility of the supposititious verdict recurring to his mind after the sense of a long and vacant interval made him aware that he had again been unconscious, and had but now revived

anew. Somehow, he wondered that he had ever dwelt upon it. He no longer thought of himself as the lifeless shell that might lie here impassive till some chance — nay, the predestined urgency of retribution — should lead hitherward a stranger's step to discover Jake Baintree's crime. He felt the throb of a turbulent resentment. He thirsted for revenge. A frail tenement, to be sure, his shattered body afforded for these robust and full-pulsed passions. Professionally speaking, he presently recognized the symptom with a new hope, — he was stronger, far stronger, than he had thought. He had slept, he was sure, — slept despite his burning thirst, his gnawing pain. He had a dual series of impressions, the keenness of the one hardly mitigated by the poignancy of the other. He took note of his own sensations, both as physician and patient, and when he had lifted himself upon his elbow to examine the wounds, — there were two, the pistol-shots fired at such close range as to scorch his garments, — his face blanched to a yet more pallid tint as he looked; but with a sort of mechanical professional reticence he said not a word — not even a groan escaped his lips — that might have roused the alarm of a patient in like case. As he replaced the folds and lay back upon the blood-soaked rug, he closed his eyes to wait, — to hope that it might not be long. His wounds were serious enough in any case, but here, without food, parched with thirst, without skilled care or the merest ignorant help, it was only a question of time. His mind canvassed the alternatives, — to die of his wounds and the exposure, or to starve. As he thought of the relative anguish of the two fates that impended, he felt that his wounds were not so hopeless; he had doubtless exaggerated their



menace; he would starve to death, here in these lofty altitudes, very slowly very painfully; for although he was of no great stature or stalwart physique, his constitution was tough and promised resistance. "I'll have an awful time before I get off," he said to himself in a panic. He writhed slightly as he spoke, although he had sedulously sought to lie still, that the gaping wounds might not bleed afresh, and as he stirred his hand touched something cold, from which he recoiled. It was only the barrel of his pistol, sleek and shining, and with a ready suggestion lurking in its muzzle. The time might be no longer than he willed it, the pain no greater than he chose to bear. He had a definite technical knowledge wherewith to plant the ball in lieu of Baintree's clumsy haphazard ignorance. He drew back his hand from the cold touch of the insensate metal that beguiled him with this sophistry from out its hollow jaws; he shrank from the idea as if he definitely appreciated the crime to which he was tempted. "No," he said aloud in a strong voice, — "no, my good friend Jake, this is *your* job, and you shall swing for it. I'll do nothing to hinder, if I lie here a year and a day in the pangs of hunger."

Once more he recognized, with a start, the lapse of a vacant interval. His professional consciousness, first of all his mental faculties, took note of it. "Sleep is the best thing, — quiet and sleep, — itself a curative agent," he muttered feebly, drowsing off once more. He waked now, however, at frequent intervals. Once he noted that the rain had ceased its melancholy drone on the roof, and once he heard the wind. The mists fell away from the window, where he had dully marked their presence, close to the rift in the batten shutter, and feeble shafts of sunlight flickered across the melancholy, fireless hearth, and anon faded out. Suddenly a galvanic thrill jarred every pulse, as he lay motionless,

his eyelids half closed. Delirium, surely. How hard it was, he thought, that he would have differentiated the symptoms so certainly were the hurt another man's, and that even his own professional skill could avail him naught, could not serve as the one friend in the world he had earned, as he lay here dying and alone in this innermost seclusion of solitude! Deny it however his reason might, call it fever, or fantasy, or fear, his eyes were fastened on Baintree's face peering in at the rifts of the shutter, — peering in, a pallid, drawn, distorted likeness of himself, such as might haunt the dying dreams of the man he had murdered. Fact or fiction, the sight petrified Rathburn. He did not stir a fibre; his half-closed eyes were fixed; his mind took eager cognizance of the probability that this should be the figure to loom in his fevered fancy: but he wondered that the delirium should so furnish forth the detail and circumstance of its delusion; that the face in the rift of the shutter should blanch, and shrink away, and come again, with a look of fascinated horror, to peer within; that the figment of fever should put up a hand, so long, so thin, so well remembered, to hold the flapping shutter still; that the mere idea of crafty, furtive, terrified eyes should scan the lines of his motionless figure with an expression he could never have imagined, never dimly conceived, as if hoping to detect a movement, yet fearing, and then despairing. Suddenly, with a spasm of remorse that naught but the actuality of anguish could depict upon a human countenance, the face disappeared. Was it fancy, too, or did he hear the dead leaves rustle beneath a shambling step? Other ears, hardly so keen, so expectant, as his own, took heed. There was the tramp of hoofs outside, trotting from the shanty of a stable and around the house, and his mare's shrill whinny of recognition sounded cheerfully, as if the creature welcomed the sight of any

familiar being, so long left lonely as she had been. Rathburn doubted no longer. An insidious chill crept along his nerves. He heard his feeble breath flutter, his faint heart beat, loud and obstructive in the silence; so did his ear yearn to follow the footsteps, hoping that they were bearing Jake Baintree away, satisfied that his work had been done thoroughly, and fearing lest he enter to reassure himself anew. It seemed long, long after he could detect no further intimation of Baintree's progress that the mare, whom he fancied standing still without, gazing after the slouching, retreating figure, turned, and slowly, with a suggestion of disappointment in the very thud of her hoofs, ambled back to her stall. Even in the tumult of his agitation Rathburn reflected with satisfaction that she was at liberty, with food and running water at hand. "Else I'd have to get out of this somehow," he said, for he would have sacrificed much in the sacred cause of physical suffering; even a brute's pain might not appeal to him in vain. Had he been a man of sentiment, the hope that came to him with the thought for the creature's welfare might have seemed in the nature of a requital. Could he but foster the strength to lift himself, to creep to the door, to make shift to mount the animal, he might still escape; he might reach some friendly hut, and, with food and nursing, save his life. With hope came a torturing fear,—a fear for that for which he had but now thanked his fate, — because the mare was at liberty. She would grow tired and lonely, and would wander away. She was used to being petted, to many strokings and words which she seemed to understand. She was fond of human companionship. She would wander away, vaguely seeking it, before he could lift his head from the floor. He heard already, again, the quick beat of her hoofs, as she came snorting forth once more, expectant of Baintree's return. He forgot her the

next moment, in the realization of what this possibility boded for him. Remorse, was it, on Baintree's face, as he peered in at the rigid form, so still on the fireless hearth? How long would it have lasted, Rathburn asked himself, with a sneer, had the rigid form moved, had the eyelids stirred, had Baintree possessed more expert knowledge of the signs of death? A chance might bring him back, as a chance had brought him first to gaze, with a fascinated horror, on the deed he had done, and then he would do it, in self-defense, more surely. No sound, no stir without, listen as he might, but the wind and the scudding leaf, till presently, with a long-drawn breath, the mare trotted back once more to munch her corn.

Rathburn was all on the alert, although he strove to lie still and calm his nerves. "All this excitement is bad," he rebuked himself, as if he were an unruly patient. And then relapsing into his other rôle, he strove to adjust his mind in obedience to the professional dictum. He could sleep no more, with the expectation, the fear, of Baintree's return vigilant in every nerve. He watched the sunlight strike across the floor, reddening now, with vague motes bespangling the broad bars, so still, so silent, that when a rat, swift and lean and whiskered, sped through it, he gave a start of repulsion that sent a pain as of dislocation throughout his frame, and roused a new terror in his helplessness. But the rat fled as he lifted his hand, and his attention was called to the lure that had brought it from its hole,— the broken bits of bread fallen from the table when overturned last night — last night? — he knew not how many nights ago, and never was the wiser. Some of the food was within his reach,— it had lain on the unswept floor, and the rats had perhaps fought over it; he had a strong loathing for it, but he felt better after eating a morsel of bread, and reflected that he was hardly likely

to relish daintier food if he had had it. So much of vigor did it impart that he dragged himself, after a time, by slow and agonized degrees, across the floor to the shelf whereon was the little medicine-chest whose gratuitous services he had proffered to Baintree. He lay still for some time, exhausted by his exertions, when he had crawled back to his pallet. At last, mindful of the dulling light, he opened the lid of the chest, and his hand poised hovering above the rows of bottles.

"This opportunity," he remarked satirically, "of trying one's remedies in *propria persona* is one which few young surgeons have the privilege of enjoying."

And then he was reminded to glance up warily at the window, trembling anew at the thought of Baintree and the conclusive significance of his attitude should the crafty mountaineer once more peer through the window, lured again by some morbid fascination to the scene of his crime.

He was glad to watch the red light fade on the brown walls, to note the purpling spaces of the twilight through the rift in the batten shutter; for as the shadows mustered about him he felt indistinguishable in their midst, — indistinguishable even to eyes so keen, so furtive, as those he fancied forever at the window.

He thought of the caution, the vigilance, the skill, that, were he the poorest charity patient in the wards of a hospital, his wounds would command; and the contrast of his plight here, to die so far from help, and the prospect of the suffering of the dreary interval before his release, forced a groan from his lips that was not all from merely physical pain. He distrusted the treatment he had administered; he had used perforce what he had, not what he would have chosen. His mind ran continually upon the remedies that he would have applied had the means been at hand. He kept thinking of himself as some impersonal

patient. A gnawing trouble beset his mind because of the deficiency of his resources.

"I ought to get somebody to look after that chap. He's a goner, I reckon, but somebody ought to go through the motions of trying to save him."

His fever was rising; more than once he caught himself lifted upon his elbow, and searching with dilated eyes amongst the rows of bottles, in the dim glimmer of the twilight, for he knew not what. "I ought n't to be trusted with these things!" he cried in a sudden lucid panic, as the realization of the rift between his discriminating mind and his groping, foolish hands, free to follow their own vague impulses amongst the powerful drugs, forced itself into his thoughts. He closed the lid with a snap, and gathering his strength and setting his teeth hard, he flung the chest from him, he knew not where, in the darkness. He heard it crash against the wall and fall to the floor, with a fine, high, crystalline shiver, as of the breaking of the vials within; then, as he lay still, with perverse ingenuity his uncontrollable thought began to canvass where it lay, deducing the locality from the sound. "Oh, I could get it again, get it mighty easy, if I am delirious, and could take enough poison to establish a suicide and set Jake Baintree free."

He dwelt upon the idea with irritable suspense, now and again starting violently, as if he truly harbored the fancied impulse that he sought to restrain. A stir without, the approach of a real danger, nullified this terror of the nerves. The dead leaves rustled. A step — the wind? He lay motionless, hardly daring to breathe. It came again, and presently a crunching sound and a snarl. He experienced momentary relief: some wild thing was gnawing the bones and bits of meat flung out into the yard, for the prospectors had not been careful housekeepers. He had often heard this as he chanced to wake at night, but now

he reflected that the door must be ajar, — a touch would open it; and with his wounds and fever and helplessness he was at the mercy of the wild beasts. He reached out his hand to make sure that the revolver was beside him. In touching it his confidence was restored in some sort, yet in this environment he could not sleep, despite the drowsy influences of weakness and fever. The repulsion of it even in a measure dominated delirium. Sometimes he would hear his voice break forth incoherently upon the air; then subdue himself to silence to listen to the jaws of the startled beast, once more at work upon the bones.

Toward midnight the moon rose. Through the rift in the batten shutter the melancholy golden bars struck across the floor. The scene within, so hateful to his eyes, revived from the encompassing gloom, — the few chairs, the overturned table, the great, wide, vacant hearth, his long figure stretched at length amongst the rigid, blood-stiffened folds of the rug, and the untouched pallet of the fugitive. And later, down the broad shaft of the stick-and-clay chimney the clear lustre burned amid the fireless gray ashes, all gleaming white. No sound from without now, and the wind was laid. Here all solitary, save for the moon. As the reminiscent, meditative mood that comes in her train drowsed down with quiescent influence upon his senses, he wondered vaguely that he should think of the great golden disk, waning and yellow, as it looked when it hung above the pines without, and silvered the frosted grasses of the great bare dome of the mountain, and made the vast spaces of the sky blue with that fine deep tint of the lunar nights; not as it had looked elsewhere, in foreign lands, or shimmering in deep sea waters, or in the grotesque incongruity of its melancholy and its poetry over the sordid streets of cities, — only here, where it seemed native. And it was not the faces

of those that he had known in that wider life of his, conventional, comfortable, eventless, that came to him; he seemed discarded by the past, an alien to the future. He could only think of the days just at hand, and of those who had walked through them, and his heart was bitter against them all, — all except Marcella. And somehow, with her face in his mind, and her name forming itself on his lips, he fell asleep in the silence of the dull gray dawn and the fading glammers of the yellow moon.

Her name was on his lips when he woke. "Marcella!" he cried aloud, with a vague idea that she was standing in the door. He lifted himself on his elbow, his heart throbbing with the thought that she had brought deliverance to him, and a fear that the image was but the distraught fantasy of his fevered brain. She seemed to change her identity before his very eyes. He had a vague sense that the walls were still resounding with a shrill cry; was it he who had uttered it, or she?

It was not repeated. Of all the possibilities to steady Mrs. Bowles's nerves in this unlooked-for emergency, naught could have been as efficacious as the error of mistaking her for another woman.

"'Tain't Marcella!" she observed stiffly, while he still lay motionless, half lifted on his elbow, staring at her as if every faculty were merged in that of sight.

She made a motion as if to withdraw, albeit curiosity burned in every fibre; then she bethought herself of her inexplicable intrusion, the breach of good manners on which she piqued herself, and thus of her errand.

"I knocked, but nobody answered," she observed primly and politely, although her bead-like eyes, glancing to and fro, were distended to a size which had no precedent of elasticity in their experience, as she noted the paucity of furniture, the dust, the fireless hearth.

"The door was on the jar, an' I 'lowed I'd push it open, an' mebbe would see one o' the wimmen-folks o' the fambly." She said this with a manner which implied that she did not preferably confer with the men-folks. She assumed a matronly air as she proceeded: "I be a-sarehin' fur my leetle boy ez strayed off from home. Mebbe some o' the wimmen-folks hev seen him — ef they air up an' doin'." Thus she conveyed a reproof upon his seeming sloth and late hours. Once more her bead-like eyes quickly took an inventory of the belongings. "Whar be the wimmen-folks? A-washin' of clothes at the spring — *of a Wednesday?*"

Perhaps it was a pity, for the sake of discipline in the abstract and the promulgation of correct housekeeping principles, that these were merely mythical women to whose methods Mrs. Bowles thus definitely made known her objections. A somewhat lively life she might have led them on the Great Smoky, despite the wide, unpopulous stretches of wilderness. She turned her head as she stood on the vantage-ground of the doorstep, which commanded the descent to the left of the cabin, where the path in sinuous vagaries led down among the boulders to the spring. The growth about it was leafless now, and she could see the steely gleam of the water under the dull gray sky. It did not seem to move; its margin was solitary; no whisking, spiral twirls of smoke climbed that unwilling gray sky; no flash of red and yellow flames made cheerful the dull, dun wintry day, merrily wreathing about the great wash-kettle, and singing a roundelay with the bubble of the boiling water, and the sharp crackling of the briery fuel, and the strokes of the paddles beating the clothes white as behooved them; no agents of all this domestic industry were visible, with skirts pinned back and sleeves rolled up from energetic arms. Some such picture Mrs. Bowles's expectation had projected upon the gray back-

ground of wood and mountain; her eyes turned with a bewildered stare from the blank nullity of the prospect. Her flexible lips were more firmly compressed, the bead-like gleam of her eyes more definitely antagonistic, as she looked again at the recumbent figure. The tears had sprung to Rathburn's eyes, — he was so weak, so full of pain, the deliverance she had brought near so sorely needed, so beyond all license of hope! He could hardly speak in answer to her query, and when he did a sob was in his throat.

"Don't you see what's the matter?"

Once more her unfriendly eyes dilated.

"Laziness," she declared unequivocally. "Though I reckon ye'd 'low ye air ailin' somehow." There was a flush on her face other than that cast by the pink sun-bonnet, — the flush of conscious pride. "Waal, I hev got no time ter waste. I'll jes' leave" — She hesitated; she was about to leave her respects for the "wimmen-folks," then concluded to deprive of the honor any housekeepers who maintained a hearth like that.

A low cry escaped Rathburn's lips; he held out his hand. "Don't you see I am dying — I am dying?" he exclaimed. "I have been murdered! I have been shot and left for dead!" Mrs. Bowles stared speechless at him. "Do you live near here? Can you get me away from this accursed place?" he continued, — "anywhere — anywhere to die but on this floor!"

"I live a good piece off," she replied. "Yander at the Notch. I be Mis' Bowles." Then with a sudden recollection of his ecstatic cry "Marcella!" she added, "Ef ye air 'quainted in the Cove, ye mus' hev hearn tell 'bout me. I war M'ria Price." The name woke no responsive recognition in his face; he seemed agitated, exhausted, almost spent. "I be kin ter Marcella Strobe — ye hev hearn her talk 'bout'n me?"



His tact was not prolonged beyond his other waning faculties. He forlornly shook his head, and Mrs. Bowles's face suddenly hardened. He had something better, perchance, to talk of with Marcella Strobe; and he evidently had never even heard her name. They had already forgotten her in those precincts of the Cove, — forgotten her as if she had been carried away to her lifeless grave in the little burying-ground instead of her living grave up on the mountain. A cynical sob rose into the throat of the exile. A forlorn yearning she experienced, very poignant, for all it was so pitiful a paradise from whose meagre joys she was excluded.

"I reckon yer folks will be back presently. I mus' be a-goin'," she said stiffly.

"I have no folks!" he exclaimed, his eyes once more wide with the terror of being deserted. "I have been shot — Baintree, Jake Baintree, shot me, and has gone. Nobody lives here, — nobody! He left me here to die."

He could not account for the terror in Mrs. Bowles's face. She turned very pale; she had backed toward the door. "I 'lowed ye talked sorter funny, — sorter like they say the valley folks do. I mought hev knowed ye warn't from this kentry. I'm sorry fur ye, but I be 'feard o' the moonshiners myself, an' "

"I'm not a revenue officer!" Rathburn almost screamed, divining her thoughts, so well had he come to know the country people and their state of mind toward the officials of the Revenue Department. "I'm just a plain fool."

She had hesitated. Somewhere in her limited spiritual capacity there was conscience enough to rebel against passing by on the other side. She wanted to believe him, and thus credulity was made easier. She looked at him more wistfully than might have seemed possible to those bright, soulless eyes.

"We have been trying to find silver," he gasped. "Baintree killed Samuel Keale in this same business, and now he has tried to kill me." The significant name, the mysterious tragedy, the bootless search for the precious metal, were all long familiar, and coerced belief in any subsequent development that might be predicated upon them. He noted the change in her face. "I wonder you have heard nothing about my being here; everybody in the Cove knows it now."

Mrs. Bowles winced to be ignorant of what everybody knows. Nevertheless she was equal to the occasion. "I be sech a stay-at-home," she said, her red lips parting over her fine teeth in a pleasant smile. "The mos' o' the news I know is what my chil'n air a-doin' of, an' how the pig-pen an' the poultry air a-thrivin'."

She is not the first woman of frustrated worldly ambitions who makes a boast of simple domesticity. But it was a sentiment eminently beguiling to the masculine mind.

She saw approval in his eyes; she saw, too, how handsome they were, albeit so hollow, — how intelligent. She relished an admiration calculated to be so discriminating. There was, however, nothing of the married coquette in Mrs. Bowles; she had far too much respect for herself. Her manner was all that a discreet matron's might be, but she thought it just as well that this stranger should appreciate that Marcella Strobe was not the only admirable woman in Broomsedge Cove. The utterly dead and cold aspect of the fireplace struck her anew as she came forward into the room. She was not a logical reasoner, but the dislocation of the domestic situation was sufficiently marked to smite even her ill-developed appreciation of cause and effect. "Who gin ye yer breakfus'?" she demanded, pausing to look down from under the roseate brim of her pink sun-bonnet.



He pointed at the broken fragments on the floor, beside the overturned table. "The rats," he said scornfully, but with tears in his eyes. "They have had a high old time dragging these scraps about the floor, and they were good enough to leave some in my reach."

Mrs. Bowles's shallow, round, shiny eyes looked from him to the bits he indicated, as if with difficulty she grasped the idea that a day could be begun, the light dawn, the sun go through the ceremony of rising, without the equally natural and essential phenomena of the getting of breakfast and the subsequent washing of dishes. "Waal, sir!" she exclaimed beneath her breath, coping at last with this revulsion of nature. "I'll make some coffee fust thing," she added aloud. "Leastwise," she continued, her eyes dwelling with disfavor on the array of cooking utensils, "ef thar's enny sech thing ez gittin' some o' the grime off'n that thar coffee-pot."

A starving man lay on the floor, but the coffee-pot in question was scoured outside with ashes, as well as inside, before the coffee was ground and set to boil; even the coffee-mill came in for energetic discipline of this sort. Mrs. Bowles merely replying to Rathburn's insistence that he did not care, and that she need not be so particular, by the tart inquiry, "Don't ye know dirt is pizen?" which choice axiom of toxicology he was at liberty to add to his store of scientific lore at his leisure. The reclaimed coffee-pot shone very cheerfully as it sat, somewhat battered as to shape, upright on a trivet over the live coals; and it began almost straightway to gurgle and to sing, and to give out a most refreshing fragrance. The fire seemed lean, somehow, after all its beds of ashes had been removed, for Mrs. Bowles sharply announced that she "warn't used to no such slack-twisted ways of keepin' a h'a'thstone," and wondered that he was not worse off than he was, being evidently of the opinion that the surplus of ashes

was as pernicious to the health as Jake Baintree's bullet. The spare brightness of the flames illumined all the room; its radiance cheered him; its warmth was a luxury; and as he drank the coffee she brought him in a cup, also chastened with severe applications of soap and water, he looked at her with great gratitude, and declared that he could never thank her.

"Waal, now, don't ye *do* it!" she said, flashing her bright dark eyes at him, and showing all her fine teeth. She sat in one of the rickety chairs beside the hearth, resting from her culinary exertions; the tint of her crisp pink dress here and there deepened and paled as the glow of the fire rose and fell; her face, still shaded by the pink sun-bonnet, was a trifle flushed, and its plump curves were illumined by the glancing light. A placid content rested upon her features. A cultured criticism could never have deemed her beautiful, but she seemed a well-favored creature, pleasing to look upon, and of the kindest expression. She had not at first impressed Rathburn thus, and he wondered at it as he lay comforted and tended, and enjoying the fire, and the cleanly aspect of things, and the good coffee, and the cheerful sight of her. In truth a change had been wrought in Mrs. Bowles's outlook at life within the last hour. It is a truism that all is for the best, but we accept it in exactly the proportion in which the dispensation adjusts itself to the requirements of our scheme of things. Mrs. Bowles found it easier to acknowledge the utility in Rathburn's misfortunes than the sufferer himself might have readily been brought to do. The fact that her benign ministrations to the wounded man, at the brink of starvation, in solitude, would be noised abroad throughout Broomsedge Cove, the excitement and sensation that so unusual an incident as her discovery of Baintree's victim in the nick of time would neces-

sarily rouse, must serve to mitigate any harsh criticism of her conduct to the fugitive Bob, if not altogether nullify it. Possibly her absence from home in the guise of good Samaritan would suffice to explain any commotion in the deserted domestic sphere, even Bob's flight itself. No one need know which had first left the roof. Her eyes, full of forecast, were on the floor. Her lips were adjusted primly as the words were dumbly fashioned upon them. "I reckon Bob mus' hev strayed off through sarchin' fur me," — she fancied herself thus accounting for the incident. What more natural to say and to credit? Rathburn's self-esteem had been grievously cut down of late, but even in its reduced estate he could never have dreamed that the chief significance of Baintree's crime and his own deep wounds could be to any one merely the means of innocuously accounting for the small Bob Bowles's flight from his home. He had not yet finished his coffee. He was too feeble to drink more than a few swallows at long intervals. Mrs. Bowles fixed her eyes upon him from time to time, evidently expecting that he would hand back the cup, and waiting to wash it. In the mean while she renewed her canvass of the place. "I 'lowed Jake Baintree mought hev been sati'fied 'thout turnin' the furniture topsy-turvy," she commented upon the overturned table. She rose as she spoke and righted the article in question, gathering up the fragments of bread and the broken crockery, and going to the door to throw them out. "I'd like ter sweep this hyar floor. I reckon the dust would n't choke ye much." She spoke in a tone that curiously partook of a demand as of a right, and yet of a request as for a favor. She gazed searchingly into the corners. "Laws-a-massy!" she cried, her voice striking the high key of mingled surprise and ridicule. "I don't believe the man hev so much ez got a broom!"

Albeit this praiseworthy intention

was thus frustrated, she still dwelt upon the incidents of the floor. "Air that Baintree's shootin'-iron?" she asked, with knitted brows, as she noted the revolver.

"No, mine," said Rathburn.

"Did you-uns shoot back?" demanded Mrs. Bowles judiciously, evidently not to be prejudiced against the absent Braintree.

"I?" exclaimed Rathburn. "I was asleep."

Mrs. Bowles turned suddenly pale. "Ye warn't a-fightin'?" she asked, amazed.

"I tell you I was asleep," said Rathburn angrily, the blood rising to his face. "We had had a quarrel" —

"What about?" interrupted Mrs. Bowles, eagerly relishing gossip so highly flavored, so fraught with danger, as this.

Rathburn was nothing loath. His attack upon Baintree seemed so small a matter in comparison with the dastardly crime which his enemy had committed that he had lost all the sense of humiliation, of repentance, that had so oppressed him. "Why, I made him tell me where that man Samuel Keale lost his life. That's where I believe silver is to be found."

Mrs. Bowles glanced over her shoulder with a gleam of scornful laughter. All unmindful, Rathburn went on: —

"I choked him till he told me. He would n't tell me till I had half choked the life out of him."

"They say they can't try him no mo' fur that nohow," she said, becoming suddenly the partisan of her interlocutor. "I dunno what ails him ter be so tongue-tied 'bout'n it now. Whar war the place?" she queried, in sheer curiosity. She evidently attached little importance to his answer. She cared naught for justice in the abstract, and she had no special enmity toward Baintree. She leaned forward after she had spoken, and mended the fire, which was beginning to show a tendency to smoke.

"That's the queerest turn of all," said Rathburn. A gleam of excitement shone in his eyes. "He tracked this man Keale to a cave; he never saw him again. There were the prints of feet about the place, and the cave was on Teck Jepson's land."

The half-burned fagot fell from Mrs. Bowles's hand with a sharp crash upon the hearth; the smoke curled out into the room unheeded. Still bending over the fire, she turned her head and fixed upon him excited eyes, in which suspicion smouldered. "Teck Jepson!" she cried. "His bones hid in a cave on Jepson's land! No wonder the jury floundered an' the law failed! Jepson! ah—h!" Her eyes narrowed and her lip curled. "I'll be bound Teck Jepson hed a hand in Keale's takin'-off; ennybody mought hev suspicioned it—ah—h!"

"I never said that," stipulated Rathburn warily, animated by that reluctance felt by all civilized men to unnecessarily assume responsibility. "I only know that I forced Baintree to tell where the place was, — fairly choked the words out of him; and because I declared that I would search that cave of Jepson's he shot me while I was asleep, and left me for dead — with my own revolver. Why, this old thing," he said, clasping its handle, "I could n't tell when it has been discharged. He had to clean it — rusty old" —

"Put it down, — put it down!" cried Mrs. Bowles, with an unwonted show of timidity, and shrinking back against the jamb of the chimney. "I can't abide them bob-tailed shootin'-irons, — I can't place no dependence in 'em, like rifles; they look ter me ez ef they'd ez soon go off ez not, an' a leetle ruther."

Rathburn had ceased to meddle with the "bob-tailed shootin'-iron," and went on: "He not only shot me twice, so determined was he to have me silenced and dead and out of the way, but long afterward — the next day, or the next — he

came there to that slit in the window, to look in and make sure that he had done his work thoroughly."

Mrs. Bowles turned half-way round in her chair, and fixed her dilated, startled eyes upon the crevice, as if she expected to see the long, keen, narrow face, with its furtive, crafty glance, peering through. "I lay as stiff and as rigid as a corpse could," Rathburn went on. "I'll bet you there was a glaze on my eyes, half shut I held 'em — What's the matter? Where are you going?" he broke off suddenly.

For Mrs. Bowles had risen so precipitately, with so wild an aspect, that despite the stiff neatness of her starched pink skirts and sun-bonnet she seemed suddenly disheveled. Her face was blanched, her eyes moved restlessly about. "Oh, my Lord!" she exclaimed, "I mus' be a goin' — I mus' be a-gittin' away from hyar — I — I — I'm 'feard o' Jake Baintree."

"One minute, — wait one minute!" cried Rathburn, lifting himself upon his elbow, dismayed by the result of his graphic description of Baintree's visit. "He only came once, — that is, so far as I know; he is n't likely to come again; he has probably left the country."

"Shucks!" Mrs. Bowles summarily and contemptuously disposed of his logic, her suave graces and benign ministering disposition dispersing in thin air before the approach of personal danger. "Ef what he hev told 'bout that thar cave on Teck Jepson's land be wuth killin' you-uns 'bout, it air wuth killin' me too, an his comin' back shows he air powerful partie'lar 'bout'n his job. Leastwise I ain't goin' ter resk his comin' back agin an' murderin' me hyar." As her roving eye fell upon him, seeing his pain, his terrible straits, all expressed in his face, she recoiled a trifle before their dumb, unconscious, pallid reproach. "I have got a fambly dependin' on me," she said, justifying her care for personal safety. She spoke with flabby white

lips, and her eyes still maintained their hasty, restless movements.

"Oh, you're all right," Rathburn made haste to stipulate; the touch of satire in his voice was so light as to be almost unappreciable. "Altogether a matter of choice. Each for one's self, and devil take the hindmost."

"I'll put this bread an' water whar ye kin git it, an' pile up some wood hyar so ez ye kin make a fire."

"When I'm able," he seemed to assent.

"An'" — she turned upon him her disingenuous eyes — "I'll tell the folks in the Cove whar ye be, an' send some of 'em after ye."

He could not have explained how he knew it so definitely, he pretended to no gift of forecast, but he was sure that her lips would be sealed so far as the tragedy in the deserted mountain hut was concerned; that she would not dare to overtly frustrate Baintree's vengeance, since he was at large and bent upon it, or to aid to fix his crime upon him. She would send no help. She would ostensibly hope that he might recover, but feel that it was the solution of a dangerous perplexity if he should die, realize how much she had done for his comfort, and reflect that in no event was it any affair of hers.

"If it would take no more time, I'd thank you instead to buckle the girth of the saddle about that gray mare of mine, and hitch her bridle to the ring at the door. I may take a little ride to-day. Oh, I'm a great deal stronger than you think." He smiled affably to meet her dismayed glance.

She stood motionless, pondering and deliberating. He looked like death; but he was a physician, — he had told her this, — and he was a better judge of his strength than she. She could not retrieve the fact that she had been here and become cognizant of Baintree's crime, thereby incurring danger from him, and this Rathburn might detail

whenever liberated. If perchance he should ride boldly down into the Cove, — it seemed impossible, — the story of her desertion of him in such a time of need would furnish a terrible supplement as well as convincing proof of any deductions of cruelty to the fugitive Bob. Without this incident, indeed, Bob's flight could hardly be innocuously passed over.

He could not understand the change in her face; it brightened with sudden resolution.

"Why, to be sure I kin," she said cordially. "An' mebbe ye kin kem right along down the mounting arter me inter the Cove. I'd wait fur ye, 'ceptin' I be 'bleeged ter look arter that leetle boy o' mine; it pesters me mightily ter hev ter leave ye, an' ef 't warn't ez I be bound ter go down inter the Cove I'd ax ye ter kem an' bide at my house."

It assuaged her discontent in some sort to be able to go through this form of invitation and hospitality, meaningless as it was, for nothing could have induced her to harbor a man with a dangerous secret like this, and whose death Jake Baintree, already red-handed, sought.

"Thank you very much," Rathburn said civilly, but glad to show his independence. "I reckon I had better go to the Cove, to some friends I have there, — the Strobe family. I know they will take me in."

She once more remembered his ecstatic cry of "Marcella!" when she first stood in the door. She grudged a guest of this quality to the Strobes, albeit she had no wish to open her own house. She supposed that they had made his acquaintance through Eli's machinations with the strings of government. She had always believed that there was much social advantage in politics. Being so debarred, she was keener of perception in this regard, and quicker to appraise such opportunities, than most of the mountaineers.

She carried these thoughts with her while she buckled the saddle-girth about the mare, glancing fearfully ever and anon over her shoulder at the gray solitudes glooming round. If he were strong enough to reach the Cove, he would compass this without her aid, and would have much of her dereliction to report. If he were not strong enough, he would die by the way, and thus would tell no secrets, either of the crime that Jake Baintree had committed, or of the knowledge of it that she reluctantly possessed. The mare was a tall beast, frisky and fat, and unused to being handled by women. She lowered her head and flung up her heels as the pink skirts swayed about her hoofs, but bridled and saddled she was at last, and the hitching-rein was slipped through the ring on the door.

Mrs. Bowles was a little hasty in her leave-taking. "I'll tell the Strobes they mought ez well look out ter see ye, eh?" she called through the half-open door.

"If you will oblige me," he responded in turn.

There was naught of offense in the tone and the words, but her face was lowering beneath her jaunty pink head-gear as she once more slipped her foot in the stirrup, glad enough to feel it there again, and mounted into her worn old side-saddle. "Perliteness is on his lips, but not in his heart," she said bitterly, for there are none who so resent insincerity as the insincere.

As she jogged off down the bridle-path, she noted the threatening aspect of the day. All above the circling sombre purple mountains, on every side, dark gray clouds hung in sinister abeyance. Below in the Cove, the stretches of the broomsedge flared, in its tawny ruddy tint the only suggestion of light in the landscape; for where the forests intervened, the thickly massed myriads of bare boughs, even the heavily draped boughs of the pines, were null as to color, and lurked darkling in the valleys, in-

tensifying the great gloom of the scene. Only far away could she see lighter tints, albeit of a gray diffusiveness, and this was along the summit of a distant range, where the nebulousity of the cloud had been resolved into vague slanting lines betokening rainfall. The weather could hardly be more unpropitious for her journey to the Cove, but with the recent events in the forlorn little shanty in mind, with the terror of the possible propinquity of the murderous Baintree lurking in the wintry woods somewhere, she did not hesitate, she had no wish to linger. Only once she looked back: when she had progressed so far down the descent, at a thumping, lunging walk, — for her horse had a gait unique in its way, especially adapted to these precipitous descents and slippery verges of the Great Smoky, — that another turn amongst the leafless wands of the undergrowth would conceal the house from view, she halted for a moment, and glanced over her shoulder. The ragged, bare slope of the mountain stretched high above; amongst the leafless boughs of the gnarled old trees, imposed in definite lines against the slate-tinted sky, she saw the wreathing blue smoke of the fire she had made, and beneath the branches at the end of the vista, the little hut, its door still closed, the oblique line of the gray roof cut sharply against the sombre purple masses of a neighboring mountain, visible across the valley. The door was shut, and there rode down the path, mounted upon the gray mare, an emaciated figure, with a face all pallid and ghostly in the dim light of the day; and Mrs. Bowles, albeit unimaginative, received a terrible suggestion, as she looked upon it, of the Biblical Death upon the white horse, as the rider came swaying in the saddle between the slate-colored clouds and the purple black mountains in those forlorn altitudes, where solitude possessed the wilderness and the storm impended.

"He can't keep the saddle fur haffen

the way," she said speculatively to herself.

Then she turned, and urged her horse down and down the descent, losing as she went, being considerably in advance, the sound of the hoofs that followed.

## XXVI.

The gilded squares of light that the windows of Eli Strobe's cabin projected upon the outer darkness were hardly obstructed by the growth about them, so leafless had it all become. To be sure, here was the outline of the sweet-brier, sketched in a clear bronze in many-branched grace upon the yellow space, and at the other window a series of straight wands rose up above the sill, and betokened the withered estate of the "sweet Betty" bushes. Nevertheless, from afar off Mrs. Bowles could see the clear, illuminated chrome-tints, very distinct on the purplish blackness of the night, and they served beacon-wise to guide her along the dark reaches of the road, still reeking with the heavy rainfall, not long overpast, and intimated very definitely where she must turn aside to take the marshy turn-row in lieu of the red clay highway. She was glad enough to find herself at the familiar junction of the paths. She had shrunk away from the open doors of the forge, seeing in the red flare from within the figures of the blacksmith's cronies and hearing their loud hilarious voices, for the consciousness of Rathburn following hard upon her steps induced an unwonted caution. If he had quarreled with Baintree, it was possible that he had other enemies as well; and remembering how wild of aim were the bullets in a free fight, and how a stray shot might be endowed with pernicious possibilities, she forbore, as far as she might, attracting the attention of those within. She passed as silently as a shadow in the multitudinous shadows of the night, the

hoof-beats of her horse hardly audible in the deep mire on one side of the road. She was sure that a horseman whom she suddenly encountered, galloping down the road, was altogether unaware of her proximity, as he shot by in the gloom. He had come from the turn-row that led through the fields to Eli Strobe's house, and she wondered a little wistfully at this. "Some o' thar everlastin' visitors, through cousin Eli bein' sech a busybody in politics," she thought, remembering the social advantages of candidacy.

But they were not the cheerful faces which behoove an open house that came trooping out to the door when her incongruous feminine "Halloo!" weakly quavering from its soprano shrillness to an abashed silence, roused all the surprised inmates.

"Laws-a-massy, M'ria Bowles!" exclaimed Mrs. Strobe, with her hand over her eyes, peering intently into the long shafts of light fluctuating out into the darkness from the lantern that Eli Strobe carried in his hand. "Mighty glad ter see ye, M'ria, enny time ye kem, though ye mighty nigh skeered me out'n seven years' growth, an' I never hed much growth ter be skeered out'n," remarked the little dame at long range, as Mrs. Bowles dismounted upon the horse-block and started up the path to the house, leaving the hitching-rein in the hands of her host. Even in the dim radiance of the shifting lantern and the gleam from the open door, her pink skirts rustled with much of their pristine stiffness, despite the dank atmosphere, the legacy of the storm.

"Ef she war dead, she'd 'pear at the gates o' heaven all fraish from the ironin'-board," Mrs. Strobe commented in a low tone to Marcella. "Her affection fur the sad-iron an' the washboard air all that M'ria Bowles ever showed ter prove she hed a heart. Some wimmen, though, ain't got so much ez that."

"Did ye kem down hyar ter git shet



o' the storm, M'ria?" she called aloud, for she could not allay her curiosity concerning so untimely a visit. "I see ye hain't been in the rain."

"Naw, cousin J'rushy," Mrs. Bowles replied, with an exceeding gravity, coming, out of breath, up the steps, her plump olive cheeks, her bead-like eyes, her flexible lips, all adjusted to an appreciation of importance. "I warn't out in the storm," she continued, mingling her account of herself with her greetings, which gave them a cavalier air, as of a preoccupied mind, which Marcella and Isabel visibly resented, their added pride of bearing perceptible even in their silence. "I rid my beastis inter a sorter niche in the rocks whilst the rain war fallin', kase I did n't want ter git wet myself, an' I hed a man along o' me ez war powerful ailin' through bein' shot."

Eli Strobe paused, hearing the last statement as he came up the steps, and flashed the light of the lantern into her face. It revealed the pompous dignity of his own. He frowned down this affront to the law, caring far less for the victim than for its majesty. He cast his lowering side-glance upon her. "Who done it?" he demanded gruffly.

"Jake Baintree," she said.

She did not note how Eli Strobe winced. He had sought to lend his personal strength and dignity to the feeble law which he was commissioned to administer, had upheld the justice of the verdict that had liberated Baintree, and had subsequently given him countenance. It seemed ill enough deserved, and for a man who piqued himself upon discrimination and consistency this was a blow.

"Yes, sir; shot him an' lef' him for dead in the old Pinnett cabin. An' bein' ez I passed by, I fund him starved an' 'thout no fire, an' the floor lookin' like it hed *never* been swep'." Mrs. Bowles set her lips primly. "So I jes' holped him on his mare an' fetched

him down the mounting with me." The sound of a hoof smote her ear, and she turned suddenly. "Thar he be now at the gate."

Rathburn, his every faculty jaded, his bones sore from the jolting of the journey, his wound poignantly aching, as he drew rein at last, had only an indistinct impression of glowing stationary lights a-bloom in the utter blackness, seeming to shed presently, as a petal, a fluctuating golden flake, dandering down the currents of the wind blowing toward him. His dazed senses took heed of it at last as Eli Strobe's prosaic lantern. He felt the mountaineer's strong arms encircle him as he lay, bending forward on the mare's neck,—for he could no longer sit upright,—and draw him out of the saddle, and carry him to the house almost as helpless as a child. He smelled, as he went, the dank mould of the autumnal borders, where all the flowers had gone to seed. He heard a detached pattering, a mere appoggiatura of musical drops falling from one of the stiff, sere, brown things, not recognizable in its wizened, wisp-like estate. The skeleton vines flapped about the porch; he saw the lights through them as they swayed, and then his consciousness failed for a time.

When he knew himself again he was stretched upon a lounge, drawn up at one side of a hearth upon which even Mrs. Bowles's broom could find no field of action. He tasted the strong flavor of the unadulterated mountain whiskey; it brought the tears to his eyes, and feeling the glow kindling in every chilled member, he was moved to marvel how much of the potent liquid Mrs. Strobe had assumed the responsibility of administering. For they were all sitting in a circle about the hearth, except Marcella, who knelt, holding one hand before her face to shield her flushed cheek from the flames, while she turned, with a long fork, the broiling venison upon the coals, from which an appetiz-

ing odor rose. She did not look up, although a general exclamation of satisfaction greeted his opening eyes.

"I think the reverend stuff would fetch ye," observed Mrs. Strobe triumphantly, as if she had invented the remedy. "I'm goin' ter gin ye some yerb-tea," she added benignly.

And then it dawned upon Rathburn that he had fallen into the practice of this ambitious amateur.

"Oh, I don't want any herb-tea," he declared with decision.

"Jes' like Dr. Bryce, — pore old man, ez bald-headed ez a aig." This ridicule seemed irrelevant, but the tone was of great power of depreciation. "*He* don't want no yerb-tea, nuther."

Rathburn had lifted himself on his arm. "Does he — this physician — live near here? Could we send him word to-morrow to come and see me?"

"Listen at him!" cried Mrs. Strobe, with an ebullition of laughter. "That jes' shows how much ye know, — how much of a doctor-man ye be, sure enough. Mighty willin' ter try yer ignorance a-dosin' other folks, an' chuck-a-luck — git well or die. But ef ye air a-ailin' yerse'f, nare doctor-man 'mongst ye air willin' ter take his own med'cine, — rank pizen, — what he administers so free ter other folks." She cocked her head on one side and surveyed him speculatively. "I s'pose, now, ef Dr. Bryce war ailin', he'd want some other doctor ter physic him ez knowed more 'n hisself. That man oughter be powerful easy fund! I'll bet ye a cow an' calf he could n't be got ter swaller the ill-smellin' lotiums he gins other folks 'thout ye war ter hold his nose an' tie his hands ahint his back."

At this graphic account of the fraternal interdependence of the profession Rathburn could but smile.

"Now," exclaimed Mrs. Strobe cheerily, "ye look sorter like yerse'f, — some sorter like ye did that las' night ye war down hyar. I reckon ye hev hed yer

fill o' consortin' with sech ez Jake Baintree."

"I have indeed."

"Ef I hed n't happened ter kem along he'd hev been dead," said Mrs. Bowles plaintively, as she sat and sipped a cup of coffee; for the regular supper being some time ago concluded, the refreshments were served to the travelers thus informally about the hearth.

"I have no doubt of it. I have a great deal to thank Mrs. Bowles for."

Mrs. Strobe's little cynical squawk interrupted these amenities. "Laws-a-massy! Air Mis' Bowles the nangel ez ye said delivered ye afore, whenst ye got inter a pickle with the mounting folks? A nangel! I would never hev tuk ye fur sech, M'ria! I 'low ye weigh more 'n a nangel ginerally do, though mebbe ye air a nangel ez hev been fattened up by high livin'."

A certain smirking bewilderment was on Mrs. Bowles's round face. She was at first not disposed to repudiate the compliment, losing sight, in her confusion, of the fact that Rathburn surely knew to whom he had paid it. Then her cheek mantled with a glow of resentment at Mrs. Strobe's allusion to her avoirdupois, which was no more than might conveniently grace a plump angel; and it was Mrs. Bowles's firm conviction that heaven was not populated by slim divinities, — "scraggy," she called them, — like Marcella Strobe, who looked as if she might break in two.

"I 'lowed, too," said Mrs. Strobe, settling her feet on the rung of her chair, where she perched with an air as if she would flit away presently, and delighting in the confusion wrought by her sarcasm, — "I 'lowed, Eugene Rathburn, ez ye'd be too perlite ter call a married lady a nangel, even ef she *did* warn ye from the lynchers an' save yer life."

Mrs. Bowles changed color quickly. The word "lynchers" smote terror to her heart. Not for any consideration

would she incur the suspicion of having interfered between the wild, lawless mountain vigilantes and their intended victim; no suave delights of hyperbolical praises could avail for an instant.

"'T warn't *me*, cousin J'rushy. *Naw 'm!*" with emphasis. "I never seen that thar man till this very mornin', — never set eyes on him. I war glad ter help him ter kem away from whar he war bound ter starve, but I don' want ter be called no nangel," she added primly.

"How would cherubim do, then, or seraphim?" demanded Mrs. Strobe seriously, despite the whimsical corrugations about the small drawn mouth. The quality of her wit was disconcerting, and as Mrs. Bowles turned her reddening face aside her eye fell on Marcella. The girl had risen, and was standing partly in the shadow of the mantel-shelf; the breath of the fire still fanned the soft masses of her curling hair, tossed backward on her shoulders; her oval face was delicately flushed; her eyes, from under their long poetic lashes, shone like stars. The effect of this luminous head from out the soft nullity of the brown shadows about it, that canceled its more prosaic environment, might have impressed far less alert perceptions than Mrs. Bowles possessed. It never would have occurred to her to discriminate it as ethereal or unearthly, but the jealousy of her temperament was vigilant enough to recognize a possible applicability of the phrase and to grudge it. For Mrs. Bowles was jealous on principle; not that she coveted Rathburn's devotion for herself, but it irked her that Marcella should receive this homage, or that indeed anything that was generally esteemed of worth, whether she herself truly accounted it of value or not, should be at her option. The girl represented in some sort to her the estate which she had renounced for her life in Ben Bowles's household, of which she had tired. She had looked

upon herself so long as a sacrifice in some inexplicable sort to duty that she was prone to account each grace of person, each opportunity of position, as an advantage wrested from her and her inalienable right. To be sure, Mrs. Bowles could not have logically defended this position of holding a patent upon beauty and charm, and she had no desire to do so. It was enough that she chose to maintain it. Her bead-like eyes suddenly glowed, as she looked askance at the girl. Marcella would find it an expensive "beau-catchin'," had she indeed risked the wrath of the mountain lynch-ers and betrayed their secrets to commend herself to this dapper, yellow-headed young fool, who seemed only fit for the target for the pistol practice of the mountain desperado. Her eyes still followed the girl, growing hardly less attractively human in leaving the angelic mistiness of the shadows, and coming out into the full light, bearing the little blue bowl full of broth.

Rathburn looked up at her with his own eyes alight, as he lifted himself to a half-sitting posture amongst the pillows. His glance met with slight response; the expression seemed suddenly expunged from her eyes as they encountered his. They were bright as ever, it is true, but blankly indifferent, and presently averted. Mrs. Bowles, watching, deduced a new theme for poignant regret: it seemed hard that Marcella Strobe could so afford indifference to a handsome young swain like this, while she was yoked for life to an elderly, forlorn entity which met her ideal in no wise, like Ben Bowles. The only comfort in the desolating spectacle of the girl's independence was the reflection that such pride was apt to go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last; perhaps none, — not even such a broken reed as Ben Bowles.

The light faded out of Rathburn's eyes; he gazed questioningly, pleadingly, at Marcella, but she did not look at

him again, and after he had drunk the broth he sank back amongst the pillows, more definitely aware than before of his pain, the jeopardy of his wound, and his reduced estate.

"An' how do you-uns kem on, cousin Eli?" asked Mrs. Bowles, shifting her chair slightly, and turning to her host, who sat, with his hat on his head, his hands on either knee, his eyes on the glowing coals.

Mrs. Strobe looked keenly watchful. Marcella paused as she was going out of the door with the emptied bowl in her hand, and turned back. Quick as they were, they could not forestall a deep groan that suddenly burst from his lips as from a surcharged heart.

"Oh, powerful bad off, cousin M'ria. I be mightily troubled, — mightily troubled."

Mrs. Strobe broke into a laugh, seemingly the essence of light-hearted gayety, albeit her small, keen eyes burned like coals of fire. Marcella came back to the hearth, showing her face in the radiance with a gallant smile upon her trembling lips.

"Law, dad," she exclaimed in a tone of rallying mirth, "ye would n't think nuthin' o' the tricks an' wiles o' yer p'litical enemies ef ye hed yer health right good. They know they can't beat ye at the polls, — ye jes' stan' solid with the people, — so they hev ter try ter yank ye out'n yer office some other way."

"Laws-a-massy, what air they a-tryin' ter do?" demanded Mrs. Bowles, with a lively curiosity. Trouble was evidently a-stalk in the Cove, and gave its denizens many a twinge of anguish, although she had latterly felt as if the wellnigh inaccessible slopes of the mountain were exclusively its bailiwick. She experienced a certain reconciliation with her own lot in the knowledge that others were unhappy too.

"That's jes' like Eli, — he always war slow, sence he war knee-high ter a duck," said his small mother, with an

affectation of contempt. "Time he hev hed a day or so ter study 'bout it, an' turn it this-a-way an' that-a-way, he'll git ter the p'int o' view whar Marcella an' me jumped in one second. Men air pitiful critters, — so slow-minded!"

Eli Strobe looked wistfully from one to the other of his feminine supporters, eager to adopt their sanguine views, and yet unable to repudiate his own conviction and to shake off the palsy of his fears.

"Now, M'ria, ye mark my words, — an' ye too, Eugene," the little dame proceeded with unwonted jocularity, as if the whole matter were a subject for mirth, — "ef by ter-morrer Eli won't be a-struttin' 'bout hyar, a-laffin' an' a-chucklin' at Joshua Nevins's friends ez could n't keep him from bein' elected constable o' Brumsaidge Cove, but think they kin make out ez Eli ain't fit ter hold office, bein' insane! Ha! ha! ha!"

Even Mrs. Bowles, after a moment of stupefied surprise, burst into a laugh of derision. Strobe turned and eagerly gazed at her, as if to assure himself of her opinion of his sanity, taking testimony, as it were, in his own trial of himself.

"Yes, sir!" said Mrs. Strobe, wiping from her eyes the tears of this laughter on the corner of her apron. "The off-icer o' the law hev jes' been hyar, a-gallopin' ter sarve a notice ez in five days they hev a 'inquisition o' lunaey,' the fool called it. *He* looked like a maniac, so foolish, an' cast down, an' bashful; hed n't the face ter take a drink with Eli, though I fetched out the jimmy-john expressly."

"Air it Nevins hisself a-suin', or what he air a-aimin' ter do, — a brazen-faced buzzard?" demanded Mrs. Bowles in eager accents.

"Naw, — naw!" The old woman shook her head warily to intimate Nevins's crafty mode of procedure. "The man ez applied for the inquisition air some sorter kin ter Eli. Ye 'member

hearin' o' Pete Minton, ez old Squair Denly lef' some county bonds ter? Waal, 'cordin' ter the will, Eli, bein' named arter him, war ter hev the interus' through life; then arterward the bonds war ter go ter Pete, the Squair's nevy, an Eli war Pete's gardeen. Now Minton, ez air twenty year old, purtends ter be mighty oneasy 'bout them bonds, an' wants the court ter 'quire inter Eli's bein' able ter manage this prawperty. Course he hev been put up ter sech by Nevins, kase ef the inquisition war ter 'low ez Eli be insane they mought git up a new 'lection, an' ef Eli war out'n the way Nevins would hev a walk-over an' strut around, an' be constable of Brumsaidge!"

"That he never shell!" cried the incumbent, springing to his feet. "I hev been man enough ter git the office, — I reckon I be man enough ter hold it. M'ria," — his voice suddenly dropped from its rotund resonance to an appealing quaver, — "did you-uns ever hear ez Teck Jepson war dead, — ez I hed killed him?"

"Laws-a-massy, naw!" cried Mrs. Bowles, her face flabby and white. "When?"

Rathburn's heart ached as he looked at Marcella. He saw the pain in her eyes; the suffusing flush mounted to her white brow, but she tossed back her bright hair, and her red lips parted in a cheery half smile over her white teeth as she explained: —

"Dad say somebody tole him — he disremembers now who 't war — ez Teck Jepson war killed in that scuffle at the horse-race, ez dad killed Teck. An' I fooled dad some, too." Her eyes danced, her laughter rang out. "I tole him whar Teck war buried. An' ef ye 'll b'lieve me, dad *b'lieved* it, an' I hearn him 'quirin' roun' one day ez ter who hed preached the fun'el sermon. Granny say that's what the folks purtend he air crazy 'bout."

Once more her laughter rang out clear

and metallic. It had a natural enough sound to Mrs. Bowles, who joined in, while Mrs. Strobe, with her birdlike head askew, remarked, "Eli air so sober-sided he 'll b'lieve mos' ennything ennybody tells him with a straight face. He mus' be a leetle teched in the head fur that, kase long ez I hev been livin' I hain't hearn the truth tole in Brumsaidge Cove but wunst or twict, an' *then* 't war 'bout the weather."

Strobe listened with an eagerness to be convinced pathetic in its intensity. Rathburn watched the symptoms of his mania vacillating with his ambition, his sense of the jeopardy of his precious office, with an appreciation of the pathological significance of the scene which even sympathy with the actors could not altogether dull. Perhaps something of this showed in his face, turned fixedly upon Eli Strobe, as the burly constable, moody and meditative, evidently puzzling out the distraught contradictions of his convictions, relapsed into silently gazing into the fire.

Marcella was sitting in a low chair beside the lounge, stringing red peppers, her evening task, when Mrs. Bowles began to explain to Mrs. Strobe how Bob had chanced to disappear from his home, — the exposition somewhat complicated and lengthened by the perception that her craft availed little, and that behind Mrs. Strobe's specious politeness lurked an accurate divination of the true state of the case. Twice while it was in progress Rathburn fell under the impression that Marcella was about to speak to him; but when he turned his head suddenly toward her, her eyes were downcast upon the work in her hands, her long lashes seemed to touch her flushed cheek, the firelight dancing over the masses of her waving hair, and giving an added gloss and an intenser glow to the vivid scarlet of the string of red-pepper pods trailing over her dark, brownish-green dress. And again his attention reverted to Eli Strobe, sitting ponderously thoughtful

before the fire. When he next started with the idea that she was about to speak, he encountered her lustrous brown eyes fixed upon him; the delicate red lips were a-quiver; her straight brows were knitted sternly. "Ain't ye sati'fied *yit*," she demanded in a low voice, that, albeit tense with satire, was inaudible to the gabbling Mrs. Bowles, still explaining Bob's flight, "but ye mus' stare-gaze him ter find out suthin' else ter tell?"

He was feeble, and had had much to endure. His courage failed on the instant before the idea of her antagonism.

"Why, Marcella!" he cried, amazed.

She reached down for another pepper-pod, not lowering her gleaming eyes. "Wouldn't ye like ter feel his pulse? Mebbe ye could gin the inquisition folks another p'int or two!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, forced to assume the defensive. "I never gave any points for the inquisition."

"Who tole on him, then? Who but ye hed larnin' enough ter sense how his mind air catawampus jes' on that idee, an' no other?"

"I? Never — never!" he exclaimed, so visibly shocked that his face constrained credence as well as his words.

She sat looking at him, the angry fire dying out of her face and eyes, holding the vivid coils of the peppers in her idle hands.

"Then," she said, darkly frowning, "'t war Andy Longwood. I always knowed he war silly ez a sheep, but I thunk ez harmless ez a sheep."

After a little she raised her eyes and smiled brilliantly at him, as if to make amends. She said no more, but as she strung the peppers silently listened to Mrs. Bowles, who now and then called on Rathburn to confirm her statements as to the plight in which she had found him. She met with a spirited response. Comfort and security did not annul in any degree his appreciation of his injuries or his suffering. The detail of

all that he had recounted to Mrs. Bowles elicited from time to time exclamations of surprise and horror, often but half articulate, from Mrs. Strobe and Eli. Marcella once or twice commented more at length. "Did ye choke Baintree — *hard*, sure enough — jes' kase he would n't tell ye whar the silver war?" she asked, her brilliant, dilated eyes dreamily fastened on space, evidently witnessing the scene reenacted before her in imagination. Her hands had fallen idly in her lap; the scarlet coil of the red peppers hung from her listless grasp, and trailed upon the floor.

"Indeed I did," asseverated Rathburn. "He had no right to fool me as he did all the summer."

"'T war *his* secret," Marcella suggested in a vague, preoccupied tone, still doubtfully staring into scenes that her own fancy painted. "He had a right ter keep it."

"And such a secret!" cried Rathburn, with a curling lip. "He never found the float. Samuel Keale found the float."

"An'," said Mrs. Bowles, lowering her voice mysteriously, "whar d' ye reckon he fund it, an' whar d' ye reckon his bones he hid now? In a cave on Teck Jepson's land, an' — ye mark my words — Teck Jepson hed some hand in puttin' him thar."

A galvanic shock seemed to pervade the circle. Then Marcella's laughter rang upon the air. "Never in this worl'," she cried gayly, composedly gathering up the long red cables of the peppers. "Teck Jepson never hid nuthin' he done. He'd hev been struttin' 'roun' hyar, callin' on folks ter admire how much his actions war like David, or Sol'mon, or G'liath, or somebody ez the law ain't 'quainted with, an' he'd hev been powerful s'prised when the sher'ff did n't 'gree with him." Once more the incongruity of the idea elicited a peal of laughter. "Naw, Teck Jepson air too sodden in pride ter hide what *he* do."



Mrs. Bowles began to eagerly set forth further reasons, reminding them of Jepson's antagonism to Keale, and under cover of the sound of her voice Rathburn spoke in a low tone to Marcella.

"You were quick enough to believe something mean of me," he said reproachfully, "but you scout the idea of Jepson's doing anything underhand."

He expected her to protest. She only stared at him for a moment, startled, with wide, questioning eyes and a convicted mien. Then she fell to dreamily studying the vermilion coals and the gathering gray ash, and said little more, while the group of gossips drew nearer and nearer the dying fire.

She was silent during the days that followed, meditative and absent, save in the intervals when she intently marked her father's manner and took heedful note of his words. For Mrs. Strobe's prophecy was in some sort verified. With greater familiarity with the idea that his cherished office was threatened came the resolution of resistance. Strobe had rallied his courage. He bore himself once more with his former burly dignity.

"'Tain't nuthin' ter me whether Teck Jepson air dead or no. I ain't grave-digger, nor doctor, nor chief mourner. I'm constable o' Brumsaidge. I hearn fur news ez he war dead. Ef 't ain't true, I ain't keenin'."

Thus, imagining that he spoke of his independent convictions, he coned again and again the lesson his mother and daughter had set him to learn. Rathburn, still on the lounge drawn up to the side of the fire, in the midst of the domestic life, and thus suffering none of the dreary isolation of an invalid, felt his heart go out to the two women in troubled forebodings concerning the inquisition. They said little, but he noted an urgent anxiety as to the weather, and when the day broke chill and lowering their spirits visibly rose; in the afternoon, as the first snow of the season began to sift

down on the wintry mountain wildernesses, they became absolutely cheerful.

"Thar, now! fallin' weather!" exclaimed Mrs. Strobe, with the accents of vexation and a triumphant eye. "Eli, I ain't goin' ter let ye go over yander ter the store whar the sher'ff's app'inted ter hold the inquisition; a man ailin' in health hev ter be housed in fallin' weather. Let him bring his able-bodied jury over hyar an' examine ye, an' hear mine an' Marcella's testimony, 'cordin' ter the subpeeny. I'm goin' ter send him that identical word, an' see ef he won't."

And thus it chanced that it was under no new conditions, surrounded by no scenes to which he was long unaccustomed, that Eli Strobe made his fight anew for the office he had already won, and the ambition dearer to him than his life.

## XXVII.

The snow was deep upon the ground, drifts filled many a red clay gully, the dark boughs of the trees all bore a thick white line, the mountains were ghostly under a gray sky, and still the myriad flakes were falling, when the noiseless horsemen rode up to the door, and the jury of the inquisition came filing in. They met upon the threshold the subject of their deliberations, bluff, burly, with that genial political jocularity that discounts all other bids for popularity, his heavy bass laughter mingling with his gay greetings.

"Howdy, boys! Kem in, kem in! That's right,—stomp the snow off! Ye know mam's mighty partic'lar 'bout that thar new rag kyarpet o' hern. Kem ter see ef I hev got a bee in my bonnet, hev ye? Waal, waal; we'll listen ter hear that same bee buzz!"

More than one of the heavy mountaineers looked in blank surprise at each other at this address. The discourse seemed to them lucid as reason itself.

They had expected mere incoherent babbling, from the reports set a-flying about Broomsedge Cove. Marcella's face, smiling yet with a certain proud defiance, and Mrs. Strobe's jaunty, debonair salutation betokened scant anxiety, and did much to annul the effect of what they had heard. There were others besides the impaneled twelve, — witnesses, one or two lawyers, and a number of mountaineers who were merely spectators of the proceeding; some of them wore a sheepish, hang-dog air, notably Andy Longwood and Pete Minton, at whose instance the investigation was had. Clem Sanders was one of the jury, as reluctant a freeholder as could be found in Broomsedge Cove, or, for the matter of that, in the Great Smoky Mountains. He carried his shoulders slouched forward, in the heavy, aged manner which he sometimes affected, and he shambléd along as if shackled by chains of his own forging; he looked with humble, beseeching eyes at Marcella, as if conjuring her to observe that he was not there in any sense of his own motion.

"Kem up close by the fire, gentlemen," said Eli. "Airish out'n doors, ain't it?"

As they ranged themselves about the broad hearth, they were all staring hard at Rathburn, who lay quite silent, since his host did not explain his presence, wondering a trifle within himself to feel so agitated, so partisan, so eager as to the result of the investigations.

Sundry questions were put to Strobe, to which he listened with his head a trifle askew, his legs crossed, one hand on his knee, the other arm akimbo, his eyes quizzically glancing from under his hat-brim. His whole air was that of gay good-humor, falling in naturally with the current of events, and in no wise resentful of the course they had taken. The queries, chiefly relating to matters of business usage and of certain processes of the law, the functions of his office, were promptly and decisively an-

swered. Once, Marcella, feigning to misunderstand their drift, handed him an open book, and the company enjoyed an exhibition of "dad's" rare accomplishment of reading, which he did in a full, rotund drone and with much vigor of emphasis. The girl's smile of triumph as she closed the volume and laid it on the high mantel-shelf roused a certain antagonism in the breasts of several of the diligent inquirers. There was a momentary pause; the batten shutter was open, the great glowing fire sufficiently warming the room although thus generously ventilated, and from where Marcella stood, her hand still on the high mantel-piece, she could see the silent flakes falling, falling, limiting the world, for hardly the nearest mountain was visible, — a mere dull, dun suggestion of wood and range and river, like the first faint washings of a scene in sepia. No sound came from without, albeit near a score of horses stamped the snow in the shed behind the house. The dog of the "frequent visitor," a hospitable animal, stood in the doorway suavely wagging his tail, pleased to see so many guests at once. They were all looking with expectant interest at Marcella's face as the next question was asked; so fixedly that perhaps it was not unnatural that Eli Strobe should turn and follow the general glance. A smile dawned in her eyes as they met his, so replete with an exquisite light, and hope, and love, that had a sudden sun-burst illumined that white, dead day it could hardly have seemed brighter. It was a fine display of nerve, of will-power, Rathburn thought, knowing her as he did.

"How did ye git hurt, Mr. Strobe?" was the significant demand.

"Teck Jepson rid me down," said the constable, his eyes fixed on his daughter.

The circle of mountaineers slowly shifted their chairs, and one or two spit profusely into the fire, aiming carefully at long range.

"Did you-uns hurt him?"

Strobe fixed his gaze on the talismanic brightness of his daughter's eyes.

"Bein' ez I war knocked senseless, sir, I could n't undertake ter say."

Another pause, so silent that naught could be heard save the roar of the flames in the wide chimney, and the footfalls of the dog turning away and trotting along to the end of the porch, where he presently found entertainment, peculiarly pleasing to his kind, in barking in a frenzy of affectation at the horses of the visitors.

"Did n't ye tell Andy Longwood one day ez ye hed killed Teck Jepson in that scuffle?"

"Sartainly I said so! Somebody tole me that fur news, an' bein' ez I war knocked senseless I disremembered what happened. An' this hyar mischievous gal o' mine, fur a joke on her ole dad, tole me whar they hed buried him. I 'lowed they would n't hev buried him 'thout he war dead. Ha! ha! ha!" his burly bass laugh rang out.

Clem Sanders had plucked up his spirits. He looked about amongst his confrères with a curling lip of scorn. Andy Longwood hung his abashed head. The political antagonists of Eli Strobe were visibly disconcerted.

"Only one more question now: Hev ye seen Teck lately?"

Eli Strobe nodded.

"How did he look, an' what did he talk 'bout?"

"Toler'ble nat'ral, cornsiderin'." The long strain was beginning to tell on the constable's nerves. His glance had wandered from Marcella's face, out of which the light died suddenly, leaving it livid, with wild, dilated eyes. "Ye never would hev tuk him fur a harnt! He talked same ez ever, 'bout G'liath an' Sol'mon an' them, ez he used ter set sech store by."

There was a moment of terrible suspense to his mother and his daughter. Then the querist, evidently accepting the

reply as partly jocose, and taken in connection with his previous denials and declarations as satisfactory, said, "That will do for you!"

Mrs. Strobe's admirable elasticity was amply demonstrated by her rebound from this ordeal. She furnished the jury with a test for sanity which they all declined to apply. When asked if she considered her son sane, she declared he was as sane as any man could be, but in her opinion no men were sane.

"I never seen one ez could thread a needle," she declared, with her specious gravity. "An' yit enny female woman kin do that, an' kin do men's work too, — plough, an' drive, an' ride, an' shoot a gun. Nare one o' ye kin thread a needle. I'll try *ye*, sher'ff; I'll favor ye with a big-eyed needle an' a small, thin thread. I'll wax it," she conceded alluringly, reaching out for the big brown gourd that served as work-basket.

But the officer precipitately declined, and the examination broke up in a general laugh. After the jury had consulted apart and agreed upon their verdict, there was a more genial closing up of the circle about the fire. Mrs. Strobe and Marcella sat among the guests, indifferent to the conversation for a time and mentally exhausted. They perceived how signal a victory they had won against the facts and in defiance of the law, — hardly so potent a force as the crafty affection of a mother and a daughter, — and they experienced a glow of deep gratulation. But it was necessary to keep a guard upon Eli Strobe's words, and Marcella roused herself to listen as he made known to the coterie how Rathburn had fared at the hands of Jake Baintree, and the fact that the criminal had fled the country.

"Yestiddy I rid up ter his folkses' house, countin' on arrestin' him, bein' constable o' Brumsaidge," — he rolled the fine phrase under his tongue, — "an' his folks declared out they hed n't seen nor hearn o' him fur weeks an' weeks.

He done this crime jes' 'count o' Eugene Rathburn's makin' him tell whar Sam'l Keale los' his life, kase Eugene air mighty sharp set fur riches, an' he b'lieves the silver air thar in that cave on Jepson's land."

"I'll tell ye who hain't lef' the kentry," said Bassett, with a grim nod and a fiery eye, — "Teck Jepson. Air one o' you off'cers o' the law hev got my cornstent ter arrest Teck Jepson!"

Eli Strobe's eyebrows were lifted in surprise; his lips had parted, but the quick little mother struck in first: —

"Arrest Teck Jepson for what?"

"Let the sher'ff say." Bassett evaded a direct reply. "I seen him 'bout five days ago a-standin' in his porch, — 't war arter a heavy rain, — a-shakin' hands with this same man what he purtended wunst ter b'lieve so guilty, an' then purtected agin the lynchers, — *they say so*," he interpolated, becoming suddenly mindful of the significance of the presence of the sheriff, — "this man ez war tried fur killin' Sam'l Keale ez be dead, an' his body hid all these years in a cave on Jepson's land. Shakin' hands with him, sir, ez ef they war partners, — an' I say they *war* partners!"

The officer turned a serious face. "This must be investigated. I'll go thar ter-night."

"Jepson oughter be 'rested, or he'll foller Baintree, an' git away too. An' he mought be warned. Ye know" — Bassett turned to Rathburn's couch — "ye war warned yerse'f."

Rathburn shifted his position a trifle. He was flushed and conscious. He hardly dared to glance at Marcella; and when the firelight leaped up presently he saw that she had silently left the room. He was glad of that. In her presence he felt that he was not sure of keeping the secret under the lynx-eyed vigilance of these savage men, more than one of whom he suspected of belonging to the band of lynchers.

The night had come, — hardly to be

called darkness, for the white earth seemed possessed of a pallid persistence that asserted itself against the gloom of the sky. And the sky was not all gloom. Behind the clouds a moon lurked; now and then in thin folds of vapor showing a spectral, half-veiled face, and anon shifting along the highways of the skies, its presence barely suggested behind the denser mediums. A dreary night it seemed to Marcella. Never had she so revolted from the world. The great chestnut-oak tree at the gate was laden with snow; every gnarled, twisted bough how gaunt against the gray sky! The zigzag rail fence was all made definite, too, by its alternations of white and black lines. Why should her hands be cold — so cold? Had she not just come from the fire? She felt its warmth still in the folds of her dress. And why should she shiver so? She was choking, — a cord was stretched across her throat; her heart was beating fast and loud. She presently recognized her intention in astonishment, as if it were projected by another entity than herself. She was out among the horses. A score, at least, stood in her father's shed. One, a clean-built black mare, turned a shapely head, and gazed at her in surprise with luminous, moonlit eyes, for the moon was suddenly shining, and many a shadow was on the snow. She slipped under the neck of a raw-boned bay, who snorted and tossed up his head in fright. The fleetest, — the fleetest she must have, and her eyes dilated as she stood next a powerful iron-gray, full of spirit, that shied away as she caught his mane with one hand and pulled herself upon his unsaddled back. His bridle had not been removed; she slipped the hitching-rein, and the next moment the creature was speeding away upon the hardening snow with a snort of delight in the keen frosty air. The sound roused the men brooding over the fire within.

"Who's that gone?" said the sheriff, suddenly lifting his head.

Not a man had left the room. In vague agitation the group arose uncertainly.

"Somebody's after them horses," suggested one.

There was a pell-mell rush to the door. A wild excitement of horses kicking and pawing at close quarters ensued in the shed. Then a sharp cry, "My horse! My horse is gone!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Some man has got my good gray horse!"

The moon was out again, — a chill glitter, and the earth very white; and on the brow of the hill, speeding toward Jepson's cabin, was visible a swift equestrian figure. A score of men, save one, were in the saddle. A wild halloo rang through the air, and then, with all the fervor of the chase kindling in their blood, they were in pursuit. When the moon was out it showed rank after rank of the wild mountain men of the region; when the moon was in, a mystic company of mounted shadows slipping noiselessly over the snow. Swift as they were, their speed would not avail. They did not gain on the fugitive. The long lengths of glittering, moonlit snow or shadowy whiteness still remained the same between them and the sheriff's horse. It behooves an officer of the law in that country to be well mounted, and the iron-gray had no equal for speed or spirit. Only a bullet could be swifter, and presently one whizzed past. The gray horse had heard the like before, and plunged and snorted in fright. Another, — so close that it seemed to Marcella that it must have grazed her flying hair, all streaming backward in the wind of her flight, for she was bare-headed as she clung to the reins with one hand, with the other beating the horse with her sun-bonnet. The bullets served to accelerate his pace. The distance from the pursuers was widening. She came over the hill at a tremendous rush, and saw, to her joy, a light in Jepson's cabin.

It seemed to him at the time as if he were dreaming. He heard the thud of hoofs; he saw, as he opened the door, the equestrian figure reining up on the snow; he heard Marcella's voice beseeching him to fly, fly at once, for his enemies were upon his track; and then, straggling over the hill, came, one by one, the distanced pursuers. They had lost the fugitive long ago, but they noted, as she had done, the light in the cabin. As they approached, they saw Jepson advancing to meet them, — advancing boldly. His figure was very distinct in the light of the moon, which had shaken off its besetting clouds, and was crystal-clear in the sky, while the snowy earth responded with an opaque white lustre. His pose suggested all his arrogance. His arms were folded on his breast; his head was held very erect.

It was a frenzied impulse which animated them, for they did not connect him in any sense with the fugitive on the sheriff's horse. Perhaps it arose from the lack of a recognized head of the expedition, for the dismounted officer was still far behind, at Strobe's house. They were wild, fevered, riotous, their minds still full of the suspicions bruited about the hearth this evening. Most of all, it may be, they felt that fierce, chafing wish to break away from control which they shared with many a mob turning against its erstwhile leader. Jepson did not realize that he was reëncacting the history of many a despot, when a sharp, whizzing sound split the night air, and he felt, in amazement, a keen tingle in his folded right arm, — another, striking above the elbow. Their aim was good for men who rode at full gallop.

He did not flee. He walked on, silent, proud, erect, toward them. They were upon him now, the smoking horses snorting and curveting as they closed about him, the earth seeming to shake beneath their hoofs; and suddenly this

Cæsar of the Great Smoky Mountains sank down in the reddening snow.

No one knew afterward quite accurately who fired the shots. There were many mutual criminations and recriminations amongst the little mob, but the pistols were not available in evidence because of the frequent discharges at the fugitive on the sheriff's horse. These were considered justifiable, and thus the responsibility was never placed. Marcella was much reprovèd for her unwomanly interference in matters with which she had no concern. "Ef I hed known 't war you-uns, Marcellly, I'd hev loant ye my horse an' welcome," the sheriff declared gallantly. And more than one of the mountain desperadoes averred that it was frightful to think of having had to fire off pistols at "leetle Marcellly Strobe by mistake, whilst she war a-skitterin' along on that wild-goose chase through the snow on the sher'ff's horse."

Jepson felt that it was a forlorn and maimed existence that stretched out before him after Dr. Bryce came and took off his arm. Physical prowess was a sort of religion with him, and he could not call to mind any Biblical worthy thus afflicted. It was well that he had so much pride and so much courage, or he might have been more white-faced and cast down than he was, one afternoon, when Mrs. Strobe and Marcella went to his cabin to inquire concerning his well-being. The girl persisted in sitting on the doorstep, for the door stood open, the snow having melted and the air being fine and dry, and from his chair within, by the fireside, he could not see her face, — only the lustrous waves of her long curling hair tossing on her shoulders.

When Mrs. Strobe, interested in a matter of horticulture, stepped out into the back porch to cull sundry seed-pods from a vine sheltered by the eaves, he boldly offered his advice on a point on which he considered it sorely needed.

"Ye mus' quit these hyar dangerous ways, Marcellly," he said, in his domineering tone. "Leave the men's affairs alone. Ye'll git kilt some time. Ye mought hev been kilt kemin' ter warn me, an' 't war powerful dangerous warnin' Rathburn."

"I reckon 't warn't none too much ter do fur a man I'm goin' ter marry," she retorted tartly, her back toward him, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand.

He had grown used to the idea that she would marry Rathburn. "I wish he war a better man!" he said bitterly.

"He ain't got no religion, sca'cely, I know," she resumed presently, "but *he* don't feel no lack."

"He ain't a hypercrite, then, — like ye called me wunst?" he said desolately.

"Oh, yes," she declared lightly, "jes' about yer size of a hypercrite."

"Waal — I hope he'll be good ter ye," he sighed.

"Dunno 'bout that, — he gits mad mighty easy," she responded cavalierly. "Tole me wunst ez he would never forgive me ez long ez he lived."

"Fur what?" Jepson demanded angrily.

She had risen from the doorstep. She was looking casually around, as if she were about to go. Her voice had sunk unaccountably. "Jes' kase I 'lowed it mought hev been him ez treated leetle Bob Bowles mean."

There was a pause. "Marcellly," he cried at last, "who be ye a-talkin' 'bout?"

"You-uns!" She turned away her scarlet cheek, then flashed a bright glance over her shoulder. "But I'm mos' wore out tryin' ter git it inter yer head, — ye 'pear so sodden in folly."

And then she was off.

Rathburn had bitter reproaches for her. "I thought you would marry me — not Jepson. I thought you cared for me."



"I never knowed my mind," she admitted, "till that night whenst I hearn 'em plottin' agin him, an' seen he war in danger. *Then* I fund out mighty quick who I keered fur."

"I believe it will kill me," he declared.

"Oh, no, 't won't!" she reassured him. "I hev hearn fower or five young men say that very thing, an' they air walkin' round in Brumsaidge now, well an' hearty, an' likely ter last a good while yit."

Mrs. Strobe was not surprised. "Whenst young gals gits ter talkin' 'bout 'despisin' handsome sinners with eyes blue an' deep ez a well,' thar's apt ter be a heap o' foolishness in the wind." She earnestly counseled her granddaughter to wait until after an investigation of the cave was had, lest Jepson should be in some sort inculcated by the testimony which the dark and gruesome caverns might yield at last. "Ye could turn him off then," she argued, "ef ye ain't married ter him."

Her remonstrances had the unexpected effect of hastening the wedding. "I don't b'lieve he hev done nuthin' underhand an' mean. An' I'm willin' ter share ennythin' they kin prove agin him," Marcella declared.

The first superficial investigation of those unexplored underground recesses resulted in naught. There was some delay while the sheriff secured and had brought from Colbury the requisite means for an extensive, safe, and efficient search, — lamps, ropes, etc.; and by the time they were in readiness Rathburn was sufficiently recovered to be with the party. He was in high hopes of realizing his dreams of rich deposits of ore, and eagerly examined the rock about the opening of the cave and within its passages. The only "find" was a ghastly spectacle. Not so far down the gloomy aisles of the cave, half hidden by a great fragment of rock, and by it supported in an upright posture,

was the skeleton of a young man, clad in tatters and shreds of brown jeans, his grasp still upon the handle of a hunting-knife held out straight before him, kept in position since its strong blade had pierced the heart of a great panther, now but a skeleton too, rampant, its claws and fangs fixed in the ribs where its savagery had dealt death. It was the simplest explanation of the mystery: the interlocked antagonists in this primitive duel — the hunter and the beast — had each perished because of the other. Keale had doubtless tracked the creature to the cave, and rashly venturing within her den, she had fought with the courage of desperation. There were the skeletons of the panther kittens, having died, perhaps, of starvation, scattered about on the floor, but no indications of precious metal, no sign that this gaunt thing that once was the adventurous mountaineer had ever sought it, save that in his pocket was a bit of float identical with the specimen which had so long proved a lure to Rathburn. The secret where he had found it perished with him.

Its influences were hardly so fleeting. Many a long and thoughtful hour Rathburn pondered on Baintree's fate: innocent of the crime of which he was accused; tempted by his cowardly terror of it to commit its counterpart, which though failing had left him its legacy of remorse, its brand of Cain to bear as long as he should live. For never again came news of him to Broomsedge Cove, although Rathburn, with a condoning compassion, a certain sense of responsibility, remembering his own sordid motives and their pitiless pursuit, which provoked Baintree's crime, a wish to lift the weight which must oppress him, sought him far and wide.

Rathburn lost his desire for wealth; somehow that bit of float, with all its unfulfilled promises, with all its inchoate curses, was a talisman to reconcile him to poverty. No one might know in

after years, when he was notably one of the "poor collectors" of his profession, how strong a proclivity for gains at all hazards he had conquered. He never became altogether unworldly, however, and when he had returned to his appropriate place in the heart of a city he was easily consoled for Marcella's choice, and esteemed it in the nature of an escape; for none could realize so well as he how the charming mountain flower would have lost grace and beauty, all its fascinations wilting, in the transplantation to an incongruous sphere. Nevertheless he suffers a pang occasionally — the finer æsthetic function of the heart — when he hears from Broomsedge Cove. Latterly it has been reported that Eli Strobe, whose mental malady has quite

disappeared, has been elected justice of the peace, and that the "dad" formerly so frequent a word on Marcella's lips has become a stranger to her vocabulary; for ever since she has solemnly spoken of him by the ambitious title of his office, as "the squair." Even while Rathburn laughed at this, he saw, with a sinking of the heart like homesickness, the stretches of the tawny broomsedge waving over all the abandoned land; the high encircling purple mountains touching the lofty sky; the trees bowing in homage to the passing of the royal wind; the river's silver gleam; the smoke curling up from the stick, and, clay chimneys of the little hamlet, so still, so still, while above the white clouds set sail.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

### AT ALFRED DE MUSSET'S GRAVE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1882. LE JOUR DES MORTS.

POET of youth! when first I hither came  
To this cold, silent garden of the dead,  
Above an ebbing sea of blood and flame  
Thy humbled country scarce could raise her head.

Pale-visaged, sable forms, in order long,  
Among thy leafless paths moved to and fro,  
As wan and voiceless as the phantoms throng  
That haunt the hopeless nether shores of woe.

Their footsteps sounded far and still,  
They hushed their sobs above the frozen clay  
Where, healed of every mortal wound and ill,  
Their best beloved in endless slough lay.

Yet freshest wreaths thy mausoleum crowned,  
The marble gleaming pallid through the bloom,  
So thickly strewn the stranger hardly found  
To add his offering a span of room.

Supreme fidelity! With tears undried  
From new-made graves of sons in battle slain,

Thy sorrow-stricken country turned aside  
 To scatter flowers where thou so long hadst lain.

Ten years have gone. Again thy resting-place  
 I seek from distant shores with pilgrim tread,  
 And bring the buds of vanished spring to grace  
 The sweet commemoration of the dead.

Alas! thy sepulchre is almost bare;  
 Naught but a bunch of crimson roses, wet  
 With tear-drops of the sad November air, —  
 The gift, perhaps, of some poor Bernerette.

Can all be dead to-day who loved thee then,  
 Are none to cherish thee hereafter born?  
 Has sorrow fled the barren homes of men,  
 Has even grief forgotten how to mourn?

Has France the voice forgotten that so long  
 Rang vibrant through her moods with changeful tone?  
 Dear chosen child of passion, wit, and song,  
 Say, does the Muse herself forget her own?

Should yet another decade see me pass,  
 Were mine the only worship to return,  
 The only footprints on the rimy grass,  
 The only token laid upon thine urn?

Not so! While fire shall slumber in the flint,  
 While living wells from earth unbidden spring,  
 While nights of May shall blossom without stint,  
 And nightingales untaught their cadence sing;

Till human bosoms shall have ceased to thrill,  
 Till human pulses shall no longer throb,  
 The hand of Spring will crown thy marble still,  
 The heart of youth must still repeat thy sob.

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## TWO BOOKS OF ESSAYS.

AN abstract discussion of the æsthetic and ethical elements in the mind is a rare contribution to current literature; and one in which the logical treatment is so rigorous, the illustration so ample and apt, and the scope so broad as is the

case with this volume<sup>1</sup> is a treasure-trove. The claims of philosophy to be the science of all knowledge are dis-

<sup>1</sup> *Poetry, Comedy, and Duty.* By C. C. EV-  
 ERETT, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin &  
 Co. 1888.

credited more often by the defects of its disciples in comprehensive thinking than by its own failure in the grand generalizations which it aims to make and is sometimes in haste to proclaim as ultimate truths. It is not to be disputed that such a treatise as this from the pen of a thoughtful scholar, well trained in the schools of rigid thinking, deals with the truths that underlie criticism; and the author has presented his views upon these matters of tragedy and comedy, in the earlier part of his volume, in a way to remind us forcibly that the weakness of literary criticism, the confusions of the controversial romanticists and realists, are due in large part to an imperfect apprehension of general principles. Philosophical criticism leaves but small play for those who would make personal impressions the sum and substance of critical opinion. It hardly stops to regard those who flout any principle of authority in literary judgment, and treat the decisions of the past as a matter of mere tradition, the baseless fabric of antiquated prejudice and discredited taste. The range of fashion in literature is wide, but it is not coextensive with the province; the immortality of the great masters is not a literary fiction, such as obtain in law; there are grounds on which enduring fame is built securely, and these are the object of real philosophical inquiry. The criticism which consists of personal impressions is quite adequate to pronounce upon the literature of fashion, but it fails to account for the works which survive that literature, and are seldom to be included in it. The philosophical critic feels the need of bringing his own perceptions and feelings into some relation with established general principles, which are the objective element in his art; he would not be abandoned to his own egoism, the prey of personal errors which may be so easily corrected. The lack of ably written volumes dealing with first principles has been one of the causes of an inefficient

and wandering criticism from which the public often suffers, and the evil is the greater because such hard matter as that of which these essays entertain is very slow in permeating common thought.

The old antithesis of the real and the ideal, for example, is a simple matter to Professor Everett, who is able to dispatch it in a very few lines. This is because the question does not contain, as some persons think, any element of mere preference; it is no more than one incident in a general logical analysis, and no more to be quarreled with than a chemical reaction. The true opposite to the ideal, as needs to be said more often than should be the case, is the actual; and when this is borne in mind there is little excuse for any one to lose his way in the discussion. The ideal is dealt with by the imagination, as the actual by the understanding; but both are real. To carry the point further, the ideal is the substance of beauty, and from this initial truth a whole system may be evolved, in which the respective claims of realism and romanticism, so far from being a leading question, will enter only as a corollary drawn from higher premises. It is the imagination which builds up the world which the mind knows, in a philosophical sense; it is this faculty which, by the aid of many perceptions of the actual, at last discerns the type of which the actual embodiments are imperfect and approximate instances; and this type, which is ideal, may be regarded as a perfected thing, which is the object of mere contemplation. This is the beautiful, in beholding which the mind is in the pure mood of contemplation, or, in other language, passes most completely out of itself. It is not to be expected that a bare and disjointed statement of Professor Everett's compacted thesis should do more than indicate his views and their general harmony. He goes on to show that poetry is one of the arts by which the beautiful, the ideal, the object of æsthetic con-

templation, is represented to the mind in such a way, if we may coin a paradox of our own, that unreality is a necessary part of the illusion. In sculpture this unreality is so plain as hardly to require mention; in the theatre it is obvious, when scenic arrangement and mimicry have done their utmost, that if the audience were in fact deluded into believing the tragedy real they would rush upon the stage to interfere as they would do in the public square; and it is an acute suggestion of Professor Everett's that in poetry the metrical movement, the talking of blank verse, has a value in giving just that shade of unreality which is necessary to remind us that we are in the presence of the ideal. He aptly cites, in support of the remark, Goethe's letter to Schiller, in which he speaks of transforming the closing scene of the first part of *Faust* from prose to poetry, in order to soften the terror of it and let it be seen as through a veil.

These general matters, however, with which the author opens the subject, are of more special interest to the metaphysician. The particular topics with which he continues the discussion are nearer to the ordinary reader. One of the more important of these is the explanation of the poetical value of nature. He contrasts at the outset the two remarkably divergent essays of Mill and Emerson upon Nature. He grants the worst that the pessimist can say, and yet holds that in the intelligent comprehension of nature there remains material which affords delight to the mind. The very completeness of the antithesis between nature and mind is alleged as one source of our enjoyment. The sense of relief which is experienced in contemplating a realm not subject to those limitations which oppress the mind in its own life counts for much. As an example of such freedom in nature he turns to its unmoral character as the most striking trait of difference from human life, and he also gives full value to the sense we

have of being included in the large general movement of natural forces as a part in the whole, from which springs a portion of the repose of the mind. He is unwilling, however, to accept the scientific analysis which would refer our vague emotions in the presence of nature to the impressions of the race inherited from savage life. It is doubtful to our minds whether he assigns a sufficient place to the merely physical effects of light and sound and kindred sources of sensation in building up his theory of nature-poetry.

A second topic, which is the complement of this, is broached in examining the poetical element in human life itself. He naturally selects tragedy as the immediate subject of this portion of the treatise, inasmuch as it represents the concentration of life. Here his powers of clear logical distinction and of philosophical comprehensiveness are most manifest. He states a formula which fairly covers the subject in all literatures. The source of tragedy is found in the collision of two wills, but not merely two individual wills. The old distinction made between the ancient and modern dramas will be remembered. It has been said that the genius of Greek tragedy is fate, the power superior to men and gods alike, and that the genius of modern tragedy is character. This is a true difference, but it is only partially stated; for many Shakespearean commentators have remarked that in the great characters of the plays the presence of a controlling fate is felt in them as irresistible as the forces of nature. There is a necessity in the structure of mind akin to that in nature, and the freedom of the individual under it is limited; there is a secondary necessity in the circumstances which surround the individual, from which he cannot disinvolve himself. The collision of which Professor Everett speaks is therefore more than the strife of two wills; it is the impact on each other of two wills which

are themselves instruments of greater moral forces and subjected to unalterable conditions. Thus it is the same, whether one speaks of fate or character. In combination with this conflict there are also two other elements: one is the blindness of the individual in respect to the actual condition of affairs, his failure to comprehend the entire moral order to which he is sacrificed; the other is the retribution which comes upon the individual for his violation, perhaps unknown, of the law which ruins him. These three elements, necessity, blindness, and retribution, are essential to complete tragedy. We have not the space to follow out the admirable reasoning and full illustration by which this analysis of tragedy is supported. It is intimately bound up with truths of both art and life, and harmonizes with the practice of the great masters of the drama. It is of interest, also, for the ethical questions it starts, and the view of the moral progress of the individual which it involves. It may be extended beyond morals and art into history; and indeed, Professor Everett finds a place under his formula for the greatest of real tragedies, — the death of Christ. But these matters of detail can only be glanced at in passing.

Upon coming to the discussion of comedy, the author finds that the attitude of the mind is radically changed. In poetry, the mind goes out from itself into the world, and in a certain sense is absorbed in the larger life of which it is a part. In comedy, on the contrary, the mind recovers its independence and stands detached. It is like a visitor from another planet, and is amused, as if what it beholds were alien to it. This is partly because the comic, in Professor Everett's view, is a matter of form, and not of contents; it exists in the mind and is entirely subjective; as soon as reality enters into it, it changes its character, and is no longer comic. He discusses the view that the comic arises from the sense of incongruities, and also

Hobbes's theory that it implies a feeling of superiority in the one who laughs; and he observes that these theories are not exclusive. He goes on to direct very destructive criticism upon Bain's views on this question, and thus exhibits quite unconsciously the difference there is between the logician plus the philosopher and the logician solely. The subject of wit and humor, however, with the subordinate inquiry as to the physical explanation of laughter, is a very obscure one. The proverbial nearness of smiles and tears, the fine line that divides the comic from the tragic, and the readiness with which one changes into the other in consequence of slight modifications of the conditions embarrass the analysis. It may fairly be said, nevertheless, that the present essay is not only an interesting review of the best philosophical thought upon the matter, but by its fundamental position of the subjectivity of comedy, and its limitation to the form, and not the reality, of actions, is also valuable for itself.

In the last chapters of the volume, the ethical element is dealt with upon lines that harmonize with those already laid down. Under the impulse of duty, of which the springs are said to be love and honor, the mind attempts to realize the ideal. Its attitude is similar to that it holds toward beauty in art and poetry, except that the practical is substituted for the contemplative mood. The obligation felt in conscience is ascribed to the mind's consciousness of its relations to the larger wholes outside of itself, or in which it may be considered as included, such as the family, the state, humanity, and at its furthest reach in the moral order of the universe. Ethics, however, are not fairly treated in so brief a space as the author has allowed, and he seems rather to have had in mind the task of exhibiting the general analogies of the mind in ethical and æsthetic manifestations than that of unfolding a comprehensive and exact ethical theory.



In these chapters, as indeed throughout the volume, the constant presence of modern thought, the speculations of this century, is a very noticeable feature. The liberality of mind, the hospitality of the thinker, and the range of his acquaintance are enviable traits in a scholar. The influence of Hegel and Schopenhauer is acknowledged, and the schools of nineteenth-century science are felt to be contemporary. It is proper to observe, too, that the general conceptions of the book with respect to religious thought are distinctly those of Unitarianism. The attempt to correlate religion with poetry and art, the dignity ascribed to the imagination as an aid in apprehending the spiritual, the doctrine that there is no evil in nature, the idea of the moral law and the modes of its declaration, are all fundamentally in harmony with liberal theology, and the temper in which the new ethics, as they are termed, are met is similarly characterized. It would not be pretended that the contents of the volume are in any considerable degree original. The author, nevertheless, is by no means a retailer of other men's wares. He has published the fruits of his thoughts upon matters in which learning is a prerequisite to any thought. His style is remarkably clear and cogent, often acute, and not infrequently has the charm of a refined eloquence; but it would be more just to say that the thoughts are eloquent rather than the style. The value of such a work, the finished results of a rich and reflective mind, is inestimable to cultivated persons who have sufficient intellectual force to appreciate its fineness.

Miss Repplier's neat little volume of essays<sup>1</sup> appeals, like Dr. Everett's, to persons conversant with literature, but it makes no attempt at examining foundations. Rather it is occupied with a few simple themes which permit abun-

dant illustration from what used to be called "polite literature." Whether children are the same now as they once were, whether sentiment has decayed, how the world looks to the modern poet and thinker, — these and similar subjects are discussed upon the evidence furnished by a wide range of modern writers. Miss Repplier rarely draws upon any direct testimony from observation, even when discoursing upon *Children, Past and Present*, yet when she does it is with an acuteness which tempts one to wish that she would give freer rein to her power in this direction. How admirable, for example, is the rapid sketch of the modern school-girl, as she is followed "along the track of her self-chosen reading"! We quote the passage, though it appears in an essay originally printed in *The Atlantic*, for it is worth reading twice: —

"She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories, bright and well written, probably, but following each other in such quick succession that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once are of scant service to them; those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown-up, to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge; and with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love-making, so graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the 'Duchess,' at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea, even, of what she has missed in the world of books. She tells you that 'she don't care for Dickens,' and 'can't get interested in Scott,' with a placidity that plainly shows she lays the blame for this state of af-

<sup>1</sup> *Books and Men.* By AGNES REPPLIER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

fairs on the two great masters who have amused and charmed the world. As for Northanger Abbey or Emma, she would as soon think of finding entertainment in Henry Esmond. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in the circulating library, and is seldom visible on the street without a book or two under her arm."

Miss Replier, if she rarely uses life apart from books, uses the life in books themselves with singular freshness and discrimination. Evidently books are real to her, and she manages, by her citations and comparisons, to let a wonderful supply of fresh air into the library. Her vivacious, merry, and often very witty characterizations of the men,

women, and children of books has the effect upon the reader of making him know his old friends better. Her reading has been generous among the books which cultivated persons without hobbies are likely to know, and her illustrations drawn from them are so natural and her observations so piquant that to follow her lead is to renew acquaintance with familiar persons and to know them more familiarly.

This realization of literature makes Miss Replier a most entertaining interpreter, and it is worth while to find a companion in a critic, rather than a critic in a companion; for her bent of mind is clearly critical, only she has not felt it necessary to abandon her pleasure in books for the sake of creating a new pleasure in pecking at them. We suspect that the companionableness of this volume will disclose itself to many persons in the unwillingness which they will feel to read it alone. It is by all means a book to be enjoyed aloud.

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## LETTERS FROM DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

WHEN Macaulay made the fragments of this correspondence<sup>1</sup> which were accessible to him the text for his philippic against the dignity of history, and expressed so earnest a desire for more such letters, in preference even to state documents, as a means of obtaining that information for the sake of which alone it is useful to examine the past, he little thought what a treasure he had missed. In this volume we obtain a sight of the way social life went on in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, quite the equal of that afforded in any other book, and much more interesting. It is the life of a young Englishwoman

in a dull old country-house, but by no means secluded from the world. One sees how she thought and acted, what her principles were and how she applied them, the things she observed about her in human nature; in fact, she lives before our eyes, and, to crown all, she was in love. Sir William Temple is a grave figure in our literature. It is a singular freak of fortune that he should now be known to us in the ways he followed when he was young, and be more entertaining for his mistress's sake than for his own. The letters he wrote have perished; but something of their character may be inferred from the letters which

<sup>1</sup> *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, 1652-54. Edited by EDWARD

ABBOTT PARRY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1888.

he received in answer, and of these there is a good supply. He was only a youth of twenty when he first met Dorothy, herself but twenty-one. He fell in with her party while traveling, and a slight incident made them better acquainted. No one, however, would have been likely to prophesy a love-match from the encounter. It was the time of the civil wars, and their houses were hotly engaged on opposite sides of the great struggle. The balance had already declared for the fortunes of the Parliament. It was not long before Dorothy was living with her father at the family estate at Chick-sands, taking care of him in his evil days, when the cause he fought for was lost, the master he had served ungrateful, and his peace made with the new order, which allowed him this quiet and lonely seat of his ancestors in Bedfordshire to end his broken life in undisturbed. Meanwhile, William had been traveling and studying, perfecting his French and his Spanish, leading the life of a young man of expectations yet to be provided for out of the exchequer of state-offices. It is four years since the first meeting in the island of Guernsey when this correspondence begins, but in what way the two young people came to so sure a footing with each other is matter of conjecture. Dorothy ascribes Temple's attraction to his good-nature, which is not the first quality one thinks of in connection with him. She mentions the matter in one of her ingenuous passages upon human nature: "No, in earnest, nor I could not love any person that I thought had it not to a good degree. 'T was the first thing I liked in you, and without it I should never have liked anything. I know 't is counted simple, but I cannot imagine why. 'T is true some people have it that have not wit, but there are at least as many foolish people I have ever observed to be fullest of tricks, little ugly plots and designs, unnecessary disguises, and mean cunning, which are the basest qualities in the world, and

makes one the most contemptible, I think; when I once discover them, they lose their credit with me forever." It had been urged upon her that her own good-nature made her apt to be deceived, and from a worldly point of view was a questionable quality; but with all its faults, she avers, she "would not be without it." There was something more, however, than this mutual amiability to unite the lovers, and it would seem that the beginning of the courtship was not different from the usual course of true-love. "Can I remember," she writes, in a time of despondency, "how ignorantly and innocently I suffered it to steal upon me by degrees; how under a mask of friendship I cozened myself into that which, had it appeared to me at first in its true shape, I had feared and shunned?" So the coil of their long lovers' troubles began; and in 1652 we come upon their history *in medias res*.

The difficulty arose from the worldly theory natural to the aristocracy, which insisted on the young of both sexes being "well married." Temple's father wished an heiress for his son, and Dorothy's kindred, and particularly the brother, who figures as the mischief-maker of the piece, desired that she should be mated with a fortune. It is the old story: the two lovers were poor. Their contests to prevent the alliance of their hands with wealth instead of with each other, and Dorothy's constant feminine survey of the matrimonial world about her, throw the strongest light on the marriage contract of the period in the great world, and illustrate one of the most unchanging characteristics of high society. Dorothy's task was incomparably harder than Temple's. He set aside at most one or two "good motions" of his father in his behalf. But Dorothy was a magnet; her very first letter confides to her unacknowledged "servant" the character and advances of five suitors, and before the end the list of the refused counts an incredible number. She writes very

freely of them, and gives them a short shrift in her letters. A certain skill she had in striking off individual peculiarities, and especially foibles and ridiculous incidents, makes the portraits in this gallery of rejected lovers very lifelike; and the exhibition of her own feelings is delightfully natural. Perhaps more than one would have been discouraged, had he been able to read her description of what she did not wish for in a husband. It is an inventory of contemporary character.

"There are a great many ingredients must go to the making me happy in a husband. First, as my cousin Franklin says, our humors must agree; and to do that, he must have that kind of breeding that I have had, and used that kind of company. Then he must not be so much a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than his wife; nor of the next sort of them, whose aim reaches no further than to be justice of the peace, and once in his life high sheriff, who reads no books but statutes, and studies nothing but how to make a speech interlarded with Latin, that may amaze his disagreeing poor neighbors, and fright them rather than persuade them into quietness. He must not be a thing that began the world in a free school, was sent from thence to the university, and is at his furthest when he reaches the Inns of Court; has no acquaintance but those of his form in these places, speaks the French he has picked out of old laws, and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the revels that were kept there before his time. He must not be a town gallant, neither, that lives in a tavern and an ordinary, that cannot imagine how an hour should be spent without company unless it be in sleeping, that makes court to all the women he sees, thinks they believe him, and laughs and is laughed at equally; nor a traveled monsieur, whose head is all feather inside and outside, that can

talk of nothing but dances and duets, and has courage enough to wear sashes when every one else dies with cold to see him. He must not be a fool of no sort, nor peevish, nor ill-natured, nor proud, nor covetous; and to all this must be added that he must love me and I him as much as we are capable of loving. Without all this, his fortune, though never so great, would not satisfy me; and with it, a very moderate one would keep me from ever repenting my disposal."

When Temple replied to this that she seemed to know better what she did not want than what she did, she answered, readily enough, that she supposed he knew that by his own exact pattern.

The suitors who presented themselves, in ignorance alike of her tastes and of the fact that so far as her own will and heart went she had already disposed of herself privately, were of all sorts, from the country squire and the rich Londoner's son up almost to the highest in the land. It was the time of Cromwell's height of power, and no less a person than the Protector's son, Henry, "the debauched, ungodly cavalier" of Mrs. Hutchinson, would have wedded her. She did not repress the reflection, later, when Parliament was dissolved, how great she might have been had she accepted him; but she also says that she prizes a letter of Temple's more than all Henry Cromwell. Another aspirant was her cousin, that Earl of Danby who afterward figured in politics as a great minister of the realm. The Londoner was the son of an alderman who had bought a great estate. "Well, the best on 't is I have a squire now that is as good as a knight. He was coming as fast as a coach and six horses could carry him, but I desired him to stay till my ague was gone, and give me a little time to recover my good looks; for I protest, if he saw me now, he would never deign to see me again. Oh, me! I can but think how I shall sit like the

lady of the lobster and give audience at Babram. You have been there, I am sure. Nobody that is at Cambridge 'scapes it." But the parvenu was not for her, either. There was a learned widower, Sir Justinian, who wrote Latin letters about her to his Oxford friends, and condescended to her own intellects. Thrice he made the attempt and was worsted, with a more laughing comment upon him each time in these private confidences; he is the butt among the lovers. There were numerous others, including one who had to have his letter thrown into the fire before his eyes, unread; and as they come and go they are successfully got rid of, though not without leaving tribulation behind them. The brother, who was by and observing all, and taking a more or less active part, remembered them, and would bring them up in the quarrels with his sister, — all the lovers she had ever had, "like Richard the III.'s ghosts," — to reproach her with. He was Temple's enemy in the fortress, and did not scruple to tell her once, in a heat, that her lover was without honor or religion, and would serve anywhere for advantage. But he had gone too far, and the brother and sister, who were esteemed as affectionate as any in England, did more than part with the "usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy," which seems to have marked the worst of their disagreements; on this occasion he "renounced" her and she "defied" him. The reconciliation scene after this incident is a characteristic passage: "The next day, I, not being at dinner, saw him not till night; then he came into my chamber, where I supped, but he did not. Afterwards Mr. Gibson and he and I talked of indifferent things till all but we two went to bed. Then he sat half an hour and said not one word, nor I to him. At last, in a pitiful tone, 'Sister,' says he, 'I have heard you say that when anything troubles you, of all things you apprehend going to bed, because then it increases upon you, and you lie at

the merey of all your sad thought, which the silence and darkness of the night adds a horror to. I am at that pass now. I vow to God I would not endure another night like the last to gain a crown.' I, who resolved to take no notice what ailed him, said 't was a knowledge I had raised from my spleen only, and so fell into a discourse of melancholy and the causes, and from that (I know not how) into religion; and we talked so long of it and so devoutly that it laid all our anger; we grew to a calm and peace with all the world. Two hermits conversing in a cell they equally inhabit ne'er expressed more humble, charitable kindness one toward another than we. He asked my pardon and I his, and he has promised me never to speak of it to me while he lives, but leave the event to God Almighty." It seems, however, that he still found room for his opposition to the match, notwithstanding this edifying scene.

Dorothy, in the midst of all this seeking in marriage, was still living quietly in the old house, so far out of the world that one would think of her as forgotten by it. She gives in one letter the history of her day, — and every day at Chicksands was the same: early rising; the house and the garden; the "making me ready" about ten; attending upon her father till dinner; the meal with "cousin Molle" (a bachelor who spent his life in visiting his relations) in a great room; reading or working in the heat of the day; at six or seven the walk out on to the "common that lies hard by the house, where a great many wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads;" some talk with them; then supper, — this is the course of each day's events; and at the end, in the evening, comes this touch of sentiment, which is too pretty and natural to be missed: "When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you with me



(you had best say this is not kind, neither). In earnest, 't is a pleasant place, and would be more so to me if I had your company. I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of our fortunes that will not let me sleep there, I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed." It must have been a rather lonely life; but there were neighbors, who called, and occasionally Dorothy herself went to some near country house for a dinner, at which she made shrewd observations upon human nature and the whims of fortune. There were visitors at Chicksands occasionally, but these were few. With such society and her books — the French romances, Lady Newcastle's poems, "ten times more extravagant than her dress," Pinto's travels, and the like — she passed her time; but writing and receiving letters were evidently the most vital matters. If we may give one more trifling scene, here is a lively account of the coming of the mail in the days before novels. The expected letter had not come, and with this the extract begins: "The loss put me hugely out of order, and you would have both pitied and laughed at me if you could have seen how woodenly I entertained the widow, who came hither the day before, and surprised me very much. Not being able to say anything, I got her to cards, and then, with a great deal of patience, lost my money to her, — or rather, I gave it as my ransom. In the midst of our play, in comes my blessed boy with your letter; and in earnest, I was not able to disguise the joy it gave me, though one was by who is not much your friend, and took notice of a blush that for my life I could not keep back. I put up the letter in my pocket, and made what haste I could to lose the money I had left that I might take occasion to go fetch some more," — in which purpose she succeeded, of course, and made, she

says, no such haste back. These letters were her life, and they show boldly and frankly her heart, with the love that thinks not of concealment. Yet Temple seems to have been an exacting lover; or was it the fashion of the day to complain of "unkindness," and turn every trifle and torture phrases into lover's doubts? This may pass with the remark that he was either very jealous or very ardent. There came a period of real trouble, however, when "in earnest," to use her pet phrase, Dorothy was melancholy. Their trials had been many, no doubt, and their union seemed as far distant as ever. She was not one to let romance run away with her, but would have their match seem prudent and made with the consent of the families; and one Christmastide, something, we know not what, occurred which brought out all the difficulty of their situation, and made the hopelessness of it bear more heavily upon her. Temple seems to have been in some way to blame. At all events, her courage breaks down, and she urges on him the worldly view of their position with all its force, and advises that they submit to circumstances; but in all this she seems to be pleading rather for his good than for herself. She makes the most devoted professions of her love and fidelity, but would not indulge a hope to the ruin of their lives. "Ah, if you love yourself or me, you must confess that I have reason to condemn this senseless passion, that wheresoe'er it comes destroys all that entertain it. Nothing of judgment or discretion can live with it, and it puts everything else out of order before it can find a place for itself. What has it brought my poor Lady Anne Blunt to? She is the talk of all the footmen and boys in the street, and will be company for them shortly, and yet is so blinded by her passion as not at all to perceive the misery she has brought herself to; and this fond love of hers has so rooted all sense of nature out of her heart that they



say she is no more moved than a statue with the affliction of a father and mother that doted upon her, and had placed the comfort of their lives in her preferment." She reminds her lover that a thousand accidents might have taken her from him, and that then he would have done well, perhaps, to have placed his affections elsewhere. "There is a gentlewoman in this country that loved so passionately for six or seven years that her friends, who kept her from marrying, fearing her death, consented to it; and within half a year her husband died, which afflicted her so strongly nobody thought she would have lived. She saw no light but candles in three years, nor came abroad in five; and now that 't is some nine years past, she is passionately taken again with another." But these are old arguments of lovers' quarrels, and they had their usual effect. The month passed away, and left the two more securely bound.

This private matter, however, though it is the plot of the story, does not monopolize it. These are by no means conventional love-letters. Dorothy had a strong mind, and took a lively interest in the affairs of society. She complains, indeed, that since she came out of France she had lost her gay spirits; she had the spleen, and occasionally drank the waters for it, and at home that infusion of steel which was a bitter draught of the old medicine. She refers many times to the criticism made upon her by her friends that she was grave in demeanor, with a certain stateliness of manner which was thought unamiable, but of the fault she says she is unconscious. It plainly belonged to her strong nature, and the blending of this strength with her frankness and good sense, together with the sprightliness of her pen, constitutes the charm of the correspondence. She was well born, and the gossip of society is frequently to be met with on the page, but so presented as not to be tedious or frivolous. There is

a great deal of the comedy of manners and of the pettiness of mankind in both sexes, of the humors of country life and the folly of the fashionable world, throughout the volume; this gives it great interest as a picture of the life of the times. London, even, sometimes appears, with its Presbyterian dinners, its masks at the gardens, the great duels, old Lilly the astrologist, whom she interviewed and found a fool, and many little incidents which show how daily life went on. Stephen Marshall, for example, was a great preacher; and this is how she saw him: "God forgive me, I was so near laughing yesterday when I should not. Would you believe I had the grace to go hear a sermon upon a week-day? In earnest, 't is true. A Mr. Marshall is the man that preached, but never anybody was so defeated. He is so famed that I expected rare things of him, and, seriously, I listened to him as if he had been St. Paul; and what do you think he told us? Why, that if there were no queens, no lords, no ladies, nor gentlemen, nor gentlewomen, in the world, 't would be no loss to God Almighty at all. This we had over some forty times, which made me remember it, whether I would or not. The rest was much at this rate, interlarded with the prettiest odd phrases that I had the most ado to look soberly enough for the place I was in that ever I had in my life. . . . Yet I'll say that for him, he stood stoutly for tithes." An observation that ranges from the Presbyterian meeting-house to Spring Gardens, from the maidens "singing of ballads" to Lady Isabella Rich, from the foolish squires, and booby husbands, and ridiculous widows of the country to the Sidneys and Cromwells, affords wide glimpses of seventeenth-century life; and to have all this mirrored in the letters of a young lady of a strong and vivacious mind, remarkable for womanly sense, and herself one of the acknowledged ornaments of her society, is great

literary good-fortune. The charm, however, is nine tenths personal. Dorothy Osborne will be the favorite of later times than her own. The soundness of the English nature was in her, and her letters remind us how much of this survived through all the eccentricities of the sects and the corruption of the courtiers, which together have monopolized the formal history of the time, and given a warped impression of the nation. It is a pleasure to find the story of her maiden life ending, after all, in a marriage of the long-waiting lovers, even the jealous brother joining in the busi-

ness of the contract. With the short notes preliminary to the wedding the correspondence ends. The life of the pair was happily and honorably lived, and in the single last letter, written late in life on a sad occasion, one finds the same qualities of mind and heart that have become familiar in the body of the volume. Extracts which, removed from their context and deprived of the full sense of Dorothy's personality, may seem trivial give an inadequate impression; but those who know and enjoy a human book will seek it out for themselves.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

More Remarks on Realism.

I WONDER if we shall ever arrive at fixed principles of art, or if the question between the realists and the idealists or romanticists is to be, like the Eastern Question in European politics, an "eternal" one. The war of opposed opinions is carried on with special liveliness in the field of literature, neither side admitting defeat or check. In the mean time artists continue to create, and each work of true art is safe to certify itself in the long run. I wonder what some of our earlier writers of fiction would have called themselves, if these conflicting theories had been brought face to face in their day as in ours. Did they work on any conscious theory, or simply follow the native bent of their minds? Miss Austen said of herself that she worked on a bit of ivory two inches wide, with so fine a brush as to produce little effect with much labor. The works of some of the realistic novelists of to-day have produced effects so strong, striking, even startling, that there seems little in common between them and Miss Austen's quiet tales, whose characters

are nowise remarkable either for exalted virtue or deep depravity, are placed in no unusual situations, and come to no tragic ends. Yet if these nicknames mean anything, we should class Jane Austen among the realists. Of course there are degrees of power among the disciples of any school of art. Miss Austen was not great, though Mr. Lewes pronounced her such. Charlotte Brontë, in a letter to Lewes, modestly but firmly expressed her disagreement with this judgment upon an author who, however "shrewd and observant, is totally devoid of poetry and elevation." While in her own work Charlotte Brontë drew largely on her narrow experience of life, she maintained the rights of the imagination. "We suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate," she remarks in the same letter. Her novels are surely no models of literary execution, though Jane Eyre, the best story and told in the most condensed style, has few defects. It may be called melodramatic; it lends itself, no doubt, to burlesque like that of Bret's Harte's Condensed Novels; yet after all there is present in it a

good sense and a good taste, embodied in the heroine, that saves it from pure sensationalism. And the work of her original, powerful imagination, evident in every page, — an imagination that was never inactive, burning with a clear flame, lighting up and peopling with its own visions the obscure solitude of Charlotte Brontë's existence, — what a contrast it presents to that of Miss Austen's well-ordered mind, practical and keen rather than fine or subtle, alert to seize on salient marks of character and the humorous aspects of common life, and hitting them off with such light and easy touches that a careless reader fails to do justice to a cleverness that gives itself no airs. Her limitations are very apparent; the author's mental and moral quality is much the same as that of the better sort of people she depicts, — persons of discreet judgment and kindly disposition rather than large intelligence and generous soul. In the eighteenth century "good sense" was highly prized; in Miss Edgeworth's stories it ranks almost as the highest of virtues. Unless good sense predominate, the most generous traits count for little. What model young women Caroline and Rosamond Percy and Belinda Portman are! The strength of mind they display in forming a matrimonial engagement is nothing less than heroic. Yet somehow Miss Edgeworth contrives to impress us with a belief in the real existence even of such paragons as Caroline and Count Altenberg. Miss Edgeworth was a more ambitious artist than Miss Austen; she used a larger canvas, and crowded it with figures, sometimes much too full for good management of their action. The excess of the didactic element in her novels injures them, and in this respect they are inferior to Miss Austen's; yet it was through their moral quality that they exercised so strong an influence on her contemporaries, who measured them by a lower ideal of literary art than ours, and who, having seen the unsettling ef-

fect of the French Revolution, recognized the value of Miss Edgeworth's sound views on matters of sentiment and conduct. In the work of both of these novelists there is a noticeable absence of the slightest reference to religion.

The literary artist may not contradict the facts of observation, but surely he should transcend them if he is to give us the truth of human nature and life; for truth is a universal, and the actual fact of observation is always a particular, a part which exists only as related to other particulars or portions of the whole. A keen eye and a good memory alone do not arrive at truth. The imagination lifts to a plane whence facts are seen to group and arrange themselves in rational relations, and on the discoverer's mind there flashes the light of a great induction, such as that in which Newton saw the law or truth of gravitation. How shall we name the greatest artists the world has known? Was Shakespeare a realist or an idealist? Was he not both? Does not the question seem a futile one with regard to any of the highest masters in art? The theory a writer holds of his art may have a certain effect upon his production, to make or mar it, but I am disposed to think that his theory is rather the outcome of his faculty, and that he works more independently of theory than he himself is aware, and according to his native gift, — in short, not as he will, but as he must, work. The homely proverb about the proof of the pudding comes to my mind very often: if the productions of some of our most convinced realists, those who proclaim and maintain their faith most loudly, are the result of their theory, then so much the worse for the theory, for the novels of these gentlemen are the most insipid pudding ever offered us. George Sand avowed herself an idealist, and so does Mr. Stevenson; George Eliot never gave out any theory of her art, and neither does Thomas Hardy. Let us have

such work as theirs, different in style, but alike unmistakable in quality and worth, and it may be labeled with any adjective the critics choose to give.

German Opera and the Voice. — I echo most emphatically the Warning Voice lifted up by a member of the Club at our last meeting. When the German opera was first introduced into America, there was no limit to the enthusiasm of the music-loving population of the great cities. But after a time discreet criticisms began to appear in the most advanced journals. The orchestra was sometimes complained of as too loud, and the principal singers were found to be not quite perfect in their art.

It is significant to note that the fault found with the voices was on account of the unevenness of the tones, the marked break between the registers, the disagreeable prominence of guttural sounds in the lower range; and these ruinous errors are entirely due to the method. Nowadays voices are pushed back and pressed down instead of being brought forward and held high.

The best singers of Wagner's music to-day are the singers who were trained in the old Italian school and developed through the practice of Italian opera. But, unfortunately, these singers are dying out, and their successors have neither their training nor their practice to fortify them against the demands of "the music of the future."

It is the fashion to assert that "Italian opera is dead," and this in face of the fact that the greatest living singer sings only in Italian opera. It is an absurd assertion, for there will always be voices for which florid music is better suited than any other, and there will always be listeners who prefer brilliant execution to heavy recitative. Patti will never want for an audience, nor will any other singer who is perfect in her art. The trouble is that the increasing popularity of German opera has caused a proportionate carelessness in the render-

ing of the works of the rival school, and therefore it is no wonder that the public prefer Lohengrin in full glory to Lucia indifferently performed. Des Teufels Anthel was recently given in the Royal Opera at Munich, and as Fräulein Dressler cannot sing florid music, Carlo Broschi's trills and runs, which make that rôle so attractive, were omitted! One of the daily papers acknowledged that the omission was a rather daring innovation, but excused it on the ground that "*we Germans do not care much for colorature.*" What made the incident still more surprising was the fact that only a short time previous to this maimed performance Lucca had sung the rôle in her most brilliant manner to a crowded and enthusiastic house. In the same theatre, Robert der Teufel was given not long ago with the part of Isabella omitted! Think of it, — Robert without the Gnaden aria!

The following anecdote will illustrate the indifference of the extreme Wagnerites to thorough vocal culture. One of the most prominent devotees of the Wagner cult in Germany was recently extolling the capacities of Marianne Brandt as an interpreter of Wagner, when a bystander ventured to interpose an adverse criticism respecting that artist's voice; whereupon the music director hastened to exclaim, "*Oh, she can't sing at all! She does n't know how to sing!*" and then proceeded in his eulogy of her great dramatic power, her immense capacity for expression. Now when a thorough musician claims preëminence for a singer who "does n't know how to sing," it is high time to stop and see whither this infatuation is tending. The man was more nearly right than most admirers of the new school of music would be willing to allow. Very few of the younger singers know how to sing; and at all the great musical centres there is an immense number of disappointed aspirants, pupils who have broken down before finishing their studies, *débutantes*

who have been forced to retire after a short and unsuccessful probation, artists who possess all the acquirements belonging to their profession excepting the voice, which has either been spoiled by wrong training or worn out by excessive demands upon its power.

The Wagnerites are accustomed to assert that Wagner's music does not injure the voice. But this pleasing delusion will not bear the test of experience. Let any one listen to Heinrich Vogl when he comes, fresh from his summer vacation, to such rôles as *Severus* or *Don Ottavio*, and then hear him again after he has been through the *Nibelungen Cyclus*, and there will no longer be the slightest question as to the effect of Wagner's music upon the voice. Vogl has the advantage of a perfect method added to the gift of an organ exceptionally strong. Yet the tired sound does not leave his voice for weeks afterwards, and there is no doubt that his power will fail prematurely in consequence of the tremendous strain so frequently applied.

The injury from which a powerful male voice cannot protect itself falls with still greater force upon the more delicate female organ. It is not only the great volume of sound required which does harm, but the abrupt transitions, the long leaps, the extended compass, are also cruel in their unnatural demands upon vocal endurance. Of all the artists who have attempted the rôle of *Ortrud* upon the Munich stage during the last decade, Frau Vogl and Frau Reicher-Kindermann are the only ones who have sung it in the right way; that is, without any change of register, any descent into guttural tones in the lower range. Frau Vogl (Frau Reicher-Kindermann died young, after a brief career) deserves universal recognition for her excellent method, her smooth, true tones, her entire avoidance of the faults of the new school. She and Frau Joachim are almost the only prominent

German singers who render alto parts with the mellow tones which were formerly considered indispensable to the lower range. The Vogl pair, with Frau Wekerlin (whose voice is like an organ, capable of sounding through and above even the orchestra and chorus of a Wagner opera) and Gura, whose thorough culture and depth of expression are rarely equaled, constitute the glory of the Munich stage at the present date. The younger members of the company are all crude, all more or less spoiled by bad training, especially by persistent use of the guttural chest tones in their lower notes, which involves thinness in the middle range and sharpness in the high tones. The débutantes who appear from time to time as graduates of the music school, or pupils of one or another of the famous teachers of the day, have the same faults and the same deficiencies, and altogether the musical outlook is discouraging.

It may be asked, Who and where are the good teachers, the adherents to the true method, the saviours of the perishing human voice? Alas, that is a question more easily asked than answered. The good teachers, like the good singers, are dying out, and we may be thankful if there are enough left to hand down the old traditions against the time when these shall be appreciated and followed. Certain it is that the teachers who are at present the most celebrated are not true to those traditions; otherwise their "stars" would be more brilliant and more enduring.

Strakosch, who trained Adelina Patti, and partially trained Nikita, was master of the old Italian method, and there was a teacher in Stockholm who knew the secret; but both these are dead, as is also Teschner, of Berlin.

Frau Sophie Förster, now living in Prague, has no superior in the art. Stockhausen, in Frankfort, an Italian professor in Paris (Sbolcia?), Madame Lanier, of Geneva, belong to the good



old school. There was at least one such teacher in London a few years ago, and one in Boston, and one in New York, whose names deserved to be carved in gold upon imperishable stone, but which are unknown to the writer.

One of the most prominent professors of vocal culture in Paris recently said, "*There is one thing I do know: I know how to train a voice. I have spoiled enough voices in my time to know how to avoid spoiling them now.*" Such a teacher is more to be trusted than one who is still engaged in the spoiling process. But best of all is to find one who knows from the beginning what is to be done and what to be refrained from in the delicate task of developing the human voice. Happy the would-be singer who meets with one of these safe guides; unhappy he who yields to the pressure of his day and generation, and wastes his time and his money to the destruction of his glorious gift.

As preventive of disaster, it may be suggested, as a general rule, to avoid any teacher who begins instruction by explaining the mechanism of the throat and the division of the registers, or who requires loud, strong tones before the voice is developed, or who allows the voice to descend into guttural tones upon the lower notes. To discover a teacher in our day who does not commit all these blunders is a hard task, in which it only remains to wish the seeker good-speed.

—My tea-gown was made of gray cashmere, and it was trimmed with yards and yards of "old rose" ribbon; my cousin Pamela had been a serious, literal person, with pale brown hair combed smoothly back of her ears. The tea-gown was pronounced in effect; my cousin Pamela was neutral, and yet the gown forever reminded me of her. Whatever it is, said I to myself, it is not the colors. They are not suggestive of a character

neutral and unaggressive! It was not the cut of the gown, because cousin Pamela's waists were rigid, the skirts voluminous. I puzzled over the matter, and then I discovered that, after all, the suggestion was in the colors, — in the psychological effect of one on the other, the pink on the gray. As contraries carry suggestions, what the pink was to the gray, that had life not been to cousin Pamela.

She was a pink gray, and was trimmed with blue. That made all the difference in the world to her. There are colors that stand up for themselves, as, for instance, yellow; and there are colors which depend on others, as there is a shade that is olive-green if brown is used with it, or brown if you put it against green. Then there are other colors which depend on the kind of lighting they get, so that stores must have dark, windowless rooms in which evening goods can be shown by gaslight. There are also the daylight colors: blue or pink in the sunshine; green, yellow at night; and as the twilight grows, what becomes more black than does red? It is easy to see how colors vary, and how they depend on conditions. There is a philosophy which discourses upon all this, but with that we just now have nothing to do. Here it is that colors differ from tones. A tone is an honest, uncompromising creation. Given so many vibrations, and you will get the tone you want, be it day or night, light or dark, noisy or still. If the medium be but true, and "untempered" by the hand of the tuner, A is A, and not G, and A sharp is not B flat. Colors are evasive, and have to be held to their promises, but tones travel in paths of truth.

My cousin Pamela was not consciously evasive, but I see now how subject she was to conditions, and she did evade herself and the world. Never was there a more simple-minded, sincere woman, but she was not well placed. She

The Color  
that was not  
Akin.



was not the shade of gray she appeared to be, and so did not harmonize. I think that in spite of her quiet character every one felt there was a discordant element around her, and I remember the family used to explain and account for her. Yet I am sure there was nothing to explain or account for in her character, certainly not in her life. It was the blue with which her life was surrounded that brought out false effects. It made her character barren and cold where it should have been gently joyous. When she died, people thought of her as they might of a nun, and the clergyman said at her funeral that she had led a life of self-abnegation. I do not think so. She missed much, but she surrendered very little. She was one of the women who cannot make lives for themselves, but who take the bread offered to them. If I do not thrive on bran bread, it becomes me to get wheat; but if, like a young bird, I sit still and open my mouth for whatever comes, I must thrive as I can. There was no question of cousin Pamela's industry or devotion, and she took a great interest in people and in details. Thus she lived in the life of others. She was like the traveler who stays at home and reads stories of foreign lands. After a time he knows more of Africa than the African does, but no ship ever sets sail with him as passenger for the African shores. So cousin Pamela had opinions upon all she heard about, but there was little that her own experience ever touched. She was always interested in our affairs, living with us as she did. And it was easy to be interested in us, we were so merry, so much alive. My father and mother were exactly the same age, and had married young; and when I came to be old enough to share their busy social life, I took my place, and nothing was different between us, except that they had their friends and I had lovers. The play went on around cousin Pamela, but she never dreamed of going on the

stage, nor indeed of sitting in the audience. She busied herself about the wings, and saw the wrong side of the scenery. She fancied she knew how everything looked; but how could she, when the actors turned their backs on her, and the property-man was ever in her mind? Yet by her orderly supervision of affairs she helped keep the centre of gravity in its place; and I know of no greater cause of disturbance than the allowing of the centre of gravity to shift about. Everything pulls wrong, and readjustments are difficult.

Cousin Pamela knew that our view of life differed from her own; of course she made her own the standard of comparison, and was often sorry for us, but we took her for granted. We thought her old in years, and she was also an invalid; and these two facts accounted for a great deal, and stood for themselves. You had to surrender a good many things, but you did not care, because you did not want to do them. Being sick governed the whole case. As for age, she really was not much older than my parents, but she counted her years, and not her strength. In the circle to which she belonged, people "settled" early. From fifteen to twenty they went up-hill, from fifty to death they went down; and so there was a long level of thirty years, when unmarried women or women without children were middle-aged. And I am not sure that this is not a most comfortable division of life. You leave the fever and fret of youth, and have not come to the indifference of age. On such a plateau we should be serene, and there should be little force lost in friction. Perhaps cousin Pamela settled herself early because she had no thought of marrying. She had had her little dream, having, as might have been expected, fallen in love with her minister. She viewed him as a saint in the pulpit, and a suffering widower at home. What the odor is to the rose, so, to her, were his sermons to his character, and she spent

long hours, when she was busy with her needle, dreaming of all she could do to make him happy. After a while she came to know him personally, and love died from starvation. The seed was sown on a rock, and there was no nourishment for it. He was commonplace, selfish, and uninteresting, and the glamour faded before such facts. After this, she had no thought of love; she was too busy thinking of all she had to do.

People take it for granted that old maids must have histories, that every human being must go through a given experience; but hearts often sleep from birth to death. It is as foolish a mistake as to suppose that all married people who are content are so because they love. Real love is a key-tone struck in heaven, and very few of us can sing in the pitch it gives. Cousin Pamela sighed sometimes, remembering, but she had lost nothing; she had had nothing.

One of the shaping tenets of her life was her resolution in holding on to the position of a lady. She drew the line between the lady and the working-woman on the question of payment. A lady could do anything that was necessary, because work degraded no one, but a lady was never paid. It was payment that degraded. What my mother gave her in clothing cousin Pamela accepted as her due, but not as wages. She gave her services for protection, and because it became her, as a member of the family, to be useful.

This was cousin Pamela as we knew her, but she was in truth something different, because she was forever being explained. Why should so simple a character need explanation? I believe that if her soul was in death sown by us as wheat, in its new birth it came up a rose-bush, or a portulaca, or perhaps even a palm-tree, and so in the other life we shall never recognize her! That is why she was so curious in many ways, and what we thought eccentricities in her were the hints given by an un-

developed, suppressed creature. If she had had a fond mother, who would have placed her in a hot-house atmosphere, and then expected things of her, who can tell what she might have been!

I come back to it, — her life should have been trimmed with old rose, and not with blue. My parents and I found blue most satisfactory and becoming, but it made our poor cousin lead-colored. It killed the sensitive gray of her character, and I am sure we never saw her as she was. I fear she never knew herself, — not in this life.

A Day on the — Mr. Bradford Torrey, dis-  
Mountain. coursing in his happiest vein of the charms of *An Old Road* (*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1887), allowed himself a gentle fling at the Byronic affectations or professional mountaineer's conceit of those persons who cannot be content to hold familiar intercourse with Nature along the beaten paths, but must be ever scrambling through trackless woods or keeping tally of the miles they traverse. I have my own favorite wood paths, and Mr. Torrey's delightful essay brought them all to mind, with their border of

"mosses, ferns, and flowers shy  
That hide like gentle nuns from human eye  
To lift adoring perfumes to the sky."

But the forest has also its spell; at the risk of treachery to my cherished Wordsworthian traditions, and of classification in the Byronic category, I must confess to "a pleasure in the pathless woods," and a passionate delight in the exercise of tramping. To start off on a clear August morning, with all the hours till sunset lying before one like a shining river, that dances and ripples, and curves away round the hill to a fairy-land of the unknown; and to return at night with the hours rolled up and stored back in one's heart, with a delicious fatigue through all one's bones, and a physical content which is almost equal to the mental gain of having made one's peace with the universe, — that is

a day's pleasure as rounded and complete as the Alpha of dawn and the Omega of slumber can make it.

I passed one such day in wandering over a shaggy New Hampshire mountain, which lay stretched at length like some uncouth animal, with its lower ridges, for the most part densely wooded, extended like broad, rough paws. I went on and on, with that restlessness which comes to one with the breath of the mountains, when motion seems a prime condition of enjoyment, and there is a synthetic pleasure in passing beautiful scenes with a mere glance, and obliterating details in the stark impression of loneliness and freedom. I came upon a little woodland dell between two ridges, wide and shallow, with sharply defined walls; on one side a steep wooded ascent, and on the other a perpendicular ledge of rock, covered with mosses and waving ferns. It was a spot where shade and silence were held as in a vessel. The trees were old and apart; there was no underbrush; the ground showed mossy dimples in which one would naturally look for a spring, but no spring gathered in its bosom the moisture of the dell, or interrupted with its tinkle the perfect silence. The ravine itself, in its transparent freshness and coolness, was like a hidden forest pool. The only living thing I saw there was a shy, olive-backed thrush, who appeared for an instant, and flew noiselessly away, accentuating, as it were, by his vanishing the absence of life.

From the greenness and cloistered loveliness of the little dell it was a transition almost as abrupt as scene-shifting which brought me, after a short climb, to an open summit of granite, with a bright vein of quartz running across it, and a large white bowlder perched like a cairn upon the highest point. The sun shone brilliantly on the bare rock; the wind blew with a gusto, as it blows on high peaks, and two hawks, circling in the air at the

bend of the little mountain, strengthened the impression which it gave of heights and austerity. On one side the outlook was over undulations of forest; on the other was a view which was not unlike the ideal landscape in the first section of a school geography: a river starting from a background of mountains, and advancing through a valley sprinkled with trees and farmhouses, past a town, under a bridge, and round a little island. At one point, where it widened to a circle, the river had suddenly caught the sun's glance, and flashed back its rays like a mirror. Near by to the northward, across a wooded ravine, rose the massive forehead of old Shaggy-Top, a rounded granite cliff, with a mane of fuzzy pine-trees; not a path anywhere, — only tangles of scrub pine and larger forest.

I planned an attack, and struck into the woods. Half-way up the cliff I found the fragrant fern, said to be always a denizen of the damp recesses under waterfalls, growing high and dry in the blaze of a hot sun and in the lee of a projecting rock, its odor, faintly suggestive of mignonette, as sweet as in the moist haunts where it is usually found. And farther up, in the scant soil of a narrow ledge, was a little colony of delicate blue harebells, a flower which I had not seen in the valley below, and did not see again during the entire summer. From whence had its seeds been tossed to that high window-garden?

In the woods at the top of the mountain the ground was carpeted with deep, soft moss, of a light green hue, on which the leaves of the wood sorrel made everywhere a delicate starry pattern. The moss covered many a pitfall, where the roots of the trees had decayed and left deep hollows; but the feet move to a new measure in the woods, and take account of such dangers as quickly as the eyes. There is a curious, almost invented aspect about that high mountain vegetation: we hardly feel that we

have a right to it in New England. And away in the heart of the woods, in a slight depression of the mountain-top, I found a little lake, lying tranquilly amid its marsh, with red-tinged pitcher plants in profusion, and thick, low bushes of a grayish-green tint, which gave a sort of minor tone to the landscape. That was Dream Lake, and very soft and dreamy it looked in the afternoon light. A hare started from the marsh grass and ran; there were tracks in the soft black earth which I tried to identify as deer tracks. The marsh had a look of secrecy deeper than the mystery of the woods.

I chose as my homeward guide the brook which flowed from the lake, knowing that it was sure to go down, and pretty certain to seek the direction of the river. And down it went, merrily, in little falls and rapids; then, slackening its pace, it loitered and dallied in a sombre ravine. The sun had gone behind the western ridge, along which I trudged for some distance, walking of necessity on one side of my heels, and trying, by hugging the slope, to cut off some of the windings of the brook, which was always within hearing. I rejoined it at last, and suddenly my companion took a short leap, then a longer one. Scrambling and sliding down the steep bank, I gained a ledge of rock which projected across the stream, and found myself midway down a cascade, where a slender stream of water poured over a precipice which slanted abruptly above and below me. Close by, a feathery birch stood out from the rock, and, looking under its plumes, I could see the familiar mountains and the familiar road, perhaps a mile off by an air-line. A mile more of level road, restful and pleasant after the roughnesses of forest and brookside, was to end my long, happy tramp.

A Dakota  
Blizzard.

— As the time for blizzards comes round again, I propose to invite the Club to meet at our camp

in Rosebud Agency, southern Dakota. To prepare the minds of the members, let me recall our experience of last January. We knew before we got out of bed, in this little government school-house, that the most awful storm we had ever witnessed was imminent. Lilia drew the curtain back from the window by the bed to see if it were time to get up, and her exclamation brought me to the window at once. The sky was inky. In a few minutes the storm began, and in half an hour from this time it was at its height. Lilia ventured a few yards out of the front door at its beginning, and was near not getting back. The wind struck her with such violence as to bring her head down to a level with her knees, and take away her breath. She said she was near falling on her face, and she knew that if she fell she would not get up again. She got to the house, bent at the angle into which the wind had forced her. The storm raged, without one moment's abatement or lull, during the whole day and far into the night, when we fell asleep. At first the little frame building creaked and shivered like a ship at sea, and we wondered how anything constructed by the hand of man could stand against that wind. After the first half hour, it was impossible to distinguish the sound of groaning timbers, for the ears were filled with the rush of the elements. It was like the roar and surging of a mighty ocean.

We were glad that we were not the first inhabitants, for we should have thought the earth had slipped her orbit and was rushing through space, or that the Last Judgment was about to be ushered in.

Being in the house, we could see out a few yards on one side, — the side from which the storm did not come. On the other three sides, the snow beat and came in (though the house is close and tight), and went half-way across the school-room. It hung in a beautiful

fringe, several inches long, from the drying-rope stretched across the room, and festooned the maps on the walls, and finally blocked up the windows till they were as impenetrable as snow-banks.

It was a comfort to us to believe, as we then did, that this greatest of all the blizzards had set in as early in other camps as in ours, and that no human being was exposed to its fury. No sun had risen over our heads on that day, and we had rung no school-bell; we could not know that bells were ringing from many a prairie school-house, and that the fair promise of the day was lurking men, women, and children to their doom. We were gazing, awestruck but calm, from our window, and saying that we wished for a photographer to picture forth the arctic interior of a government school-house in a Dakota blizzard, and for an artist, great in portraying Nature's moods, to immortalize on canvas the tempest-tossed prairie without.

On the afternoon preceding this destructive day, no snow fell, but the force of the wind was so great that it lifted up from the boundless prairie the accumulated drifts of weeks, and carried them along in great waves, so that the whole earth seemed in motion and rising heavenward. The outline of these vast billows and the intervening troughs, as seen against the horizon, was the most impressive sight that had ever met our eyes.

On the morning of the 13th, the mercury registered twenty-five degrees below zero, and the wind was blowing cruelly. The drifts between us and the village were so deep that we thought it unsafe to ring for the children. But they came over the half mile, through drifts waist-deep to large children, and the two faithful policemen, Stiff Arm and Cut Foot, came to see how we had got through the blizzard. (Cut Foot's name was a sore trouble to us when first we came to these Indians. When I called him or spoke of him, *Cut Throat*

seemed invariably to slip off my tongue. Lilia objected seriously, but it was not till after some very plain words and several private rehearsals that I finally got the right name fixed in my head.)

The school-room was not to be thought of on that bitter day, and we brought the children and the policemen into our bedroom to thaw out. We run the mercury up to one hundred and ten degrees within two feet of the stove; at a distance of eight feet, it was ninety-five degrees lower. Not one of the children uttered a sound of complaint, but the big tears rolled silently down the swollen cheeks of one of the little girls when the genial warmth of the room began to make her comfortable.

Presently the third policeman, One Feather, rode up from the Agency, fifteen miles distant. His nose was badly frosted, and his usually thin face was swollen past recognition. As he had assured us, on our first coming, that he wished to be a "sister" to us, we put him in the warmest corner.

Our fifteen-mile-off neighbor, the young teacher at the next camp, stepped in one evening to ask if we could give him a bed for the night. He had been trying all day to get to his camp, and had consumed four hours in traveling one mile and a half. His plucky little Indian pony dragged the wagon through the heavy drifts by main force, the wheels not turning, and the horse *waddling* where he could not walk. The faithful creature was quite exhausted. A sheet of ice inclosed his nose, and an icicle more than a foot long hung from it. This gentle animal, during the blizzard of the 12th, not only broke his halter, but pawed down a thick stable door, with hinges a foot long. His master went out into the storm to see how he was faring. He spent two hours in looking for him, though he was only a few yards from him. When found, he was a mass of ice, his eyes nearly closed by it, and a giant icicle hanging from his



nose. Mr. Warner's own eye lashes froze every time he winked, and he had to hold his hand to his face and send the hot breath up to them before he

could open them again. We hear this is common enough in Dakota, but Lilia and I don't stay out long enough to wink.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Björnson's drama of Sigurd Slembe has been translated by William Morton Payne, who also supplies an admirable introduction. (Houghton.) The figures in this dramatic trilogy are tremendously real, but the realism is the powerful image of a poetic brain; and though the scenes lie back in the twelfth century, they have an immediateness of force which is the result of high poetic art. It should be said that there is no concession to the modern reader. Björnson has not tried to turn his drama into nineteenth-century idiom; and while there is no pedantic archaism, there is the broad, rude archaism which results from a strong imaginative handling, unafraid of the old facts and the old manners. — The Song of Miriam and other Verses, translated and original, by M. Woolsey Stryker. (Biglow & Main, Chicago). Chiefly religious in spirit, and not marked by any special form. — Madeleine, a Poem in Fragments, by Daniel Chauncey Brewer. (Putnams.) — Poems, by Richard Edwin Day. (Cassell.) There are commonplaces in this volume, but more than once the reader is struck by lines, passages, poems, which are very far from commonplace. Such is the line in *Katydid*, —

"Frail gossip by the couch of dying day."

Such are the closing lines in *Daisies*, —

"Ye live a wakeful dream 'twixt sky and sod,  
And, when ye perish, die as would a god  
Last looking at the sun from maidens' laps."

And such is the poem *Spain*, which is full of force and flame. The poems on flowers have imagination as well as fancy, as witness *Lines on the Emperor Moth*; and altogether Mr. Day has a right to be called a poet. But he appears not to know when he has written an inferior poem. — It seems odd to see from *Buenos Ayres* a poem of Rupert's, translated from the German into Spanish by G. Puelma Tupper. — *Monadnoc* and other Sketches in Verse, by J. E. Nesmith. (Riverside Press, Cambridge.) There is a self-poise about this poetry which gives the reader an agreeable surprise. We know nothing of the writer, but his poetry

suggests a vigorous nature, a serenity of mind, and a fine disregard of the restlessness which affects most poets. Some of his sonnets have real virility, and his pictures of nature, if not charged with richness of imagination, have the quiet, translucent charm which springs from the reflection of nature in a trained and contented eye. — The Poetical Works of Gay Waters, including the *Wicota*. (Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati.) What is the *Wicota* which is thus included? Some notion of it may be obtained from the dedication "to Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Sitting Bull, chiefs of the 20,000 Sioux." If the dedication would only set those gentlemen to reading Gay Waters's poems, it is possible that some of the lines in *Wicota* would make them question if it were worth while to whiten the red man. What sort of a civilization is it which can produce this young married woman? —

"Her husband's income? Fifty a week,  
Outside of what the servants eat.  
This is not much, but 't is enough  
To gain the journalistic puff,  
And buy her spring and winter 'gear,'  
And add a polish to her sneer,  
And bid her sawdust bosom heave  
Her collar-bone just where the sleeve  
Is padded with some pounds of wadding,  
To keep her ancient blood from clogging."

The italics are our own. It will take Spotted Tail some time to spell out these anatomical movements, and so allow his tomahawk to rust. — *Book of Day-Dreams*, by Charles Leonard Moore. (Lippincott.) It is a good while since we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Moore's poetry. Pleasure can pretty surely be counted on when his books turn up; not the pleasure which comes from an easy abandonment to a light-voiced singer, but that which springs from encountering vigorous imagination at work with material not altogether plastic, but yielding fairly good form. This volume contains a hundred sonnets, as Shakespeare conceived sonnets to be, and they have a sequence which, if not entirely intelligible on a single reading, will appear finally to the careful reader. There is a good deal of pomp



of words and many sounding phrases which refuse to deliver up clear sense; there is some want of melody; and how could Mr. Moore, in his last sonnet, produce such a line as

"Adieu, adieu, my dreams! but unto thou?"

The poem — for such the whole series is — contains the old quest of the soul for a satisfying solution of its being. Faults it has, but one could forgive faults to a poet who could write these lines at the end of his poem: —

"Still courage keeps my soul. Though baffled, this  
Broods like an eagle o'er the blank abyss.  
O eagle, flown beyond this faded day,  
Thy height is won, thou hast thine heart's desire;  
A wider ether would thy wings essay,  
And the fire in thee sought the source of fire.  
Now is the end, now night thy gaze restrainest,  
On vacant space thy plumes can beat no more;  
Beyond thou canst not, and beneath disdainest,  
Thou hold'st devoured the deeps thou hast passed o'er.  
What is there left? In narrow circles flying,  
To wheel forever on this verge of life,  
Or solemn-souled and sure, and fate defying,  
Sweep in proud splendor past the shores of strife,  
Ages on ages hence perchance to fall,  
Or to make covert and discover all."

— Moore's *Irish Melodies* and Leigh Hunt's *Tales from the Italian Poets* are two recent additions to the admirably selected Knickerbocker Nuggets series. (Putnam's.) — Porter & Coates have issued a new edition, the twenty-seventh, of their excellent *Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry*, edited by Henry T. Coates.

*Fiction.* In *A Man Story*, by E. W. Howe (Ticknor), the author returns somewhat to the curious manner of his first book, *The Story of a Country Town*, and his humor sticks out in the same awkward fashion. — *Molly Bishop's Family*, by Catherine Owen. (Houghton.) Like this author's previous books, this is a domestic-economy treatise in the guise of a story; but it is unblushingly frank, and the reader takes the recipes for Windsor pie, meat fritters, and croquettes as a sort of substitute for the picnics which he is invited to in Mr. Howells's stories. However, this book deals more with the raising of a family than of a loaf. It is sensible, unpretentious, and realistic enough. What is more real than a picked-up dinner, unless it be a dropped egg or a spoiled child? — *The Story of an African Farm*, by Ralph Iron, *alias* Olive Schreiner, appears at the head of Messrs. Roberts Brothers' new Handy Library. The book, while dealing externally with scenes on an ostrich farm, is most concerned with the religious experience of the hero. There is a singular suggestion of Björnson in the manner of this book. The author writes like one of little experience in book-making, who has brooded over her subject so intensely that the oddity of her form ceases to be an affectation. — *Autrefois, Tales*

of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere, by James A. Harrison. (Cassell.) Eleven stories, chiefly of Creole life. Mr. Harrison writes with enthusiasm, but the color in his stories, though laid on rather lavishly, is a color of words largely. His stories shrink when repeated only as stories, and one is likely to be rather fatigued with the brilliancy of their setting. — *The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot*, by William Minto. (Harpers.) An historical romance, the scene laid in Wat Tyler's insurrection. — *Doctor Ben*, by Orlando Witherspoon (Ticknors), is a reissue in paper form of a clever Canadian story brought out some half dozen years ago. — *Sinfire*, by Julian Hawthorne, and Douglas Duane, by Edgar Fawcett, are two stories in one volume. (Lippincott.) — *Behind Closed Doors*, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnam's.) Given an impossible situation, it cannot be so very difficult to weave a cunning web, first to conceal the situation, and then to disclose it. One would not guess Miss Green's plot, because by so doing he would convict himself of lunacy. — *A Pure-Souled Liar*. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) The drainage is bad in this book. — *The Elect Lady*, by George MacDonald. (Appleton.) Readers of this writer will find something of the old mixture of mysticism and Scotch shrewdness, but the story itself is somewhat novel. — *Through the Long Nights*, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. (Harpers.) Whatever the story may be, no one ought to ask any one to read it, either through long nights by the electric light, or through long days in sunlight, so long as it is printed in such wickedly small type. — *A Counsel of Perfection*, by Lucas Malet. (Appleton.) A short novel with a good deal of strength in it. Such a character as that of Lydia Casteen is worth drawing. — *The Graysons*, a story of Illinois, by Edward Eggleston. (The Century Co.) — *The Fatal Three*, by M. E. Braddon. (Harpers.) The three are Clotho (or Clortio, as the printer will have it), Lachesis, and Atropos. Miss Braddon seems to have made her position without the aid of any special literary gift. — *The Rebel Rose*. (Harpers.) An English political and society novel, with a melodramatic touch, and a most matter-of-fact way of presenting the melodrama. Clearly the writer was a stage-carpenter by nature. — *Karmel the Scout*, and *The Gun Maker of Moscow*, both by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., are now reissued by Cassell. Is there a *Revival of Letters*? — *Master of his Fate*, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A *Tale of the West Riding*; a tale also of sin and sorrow, as Mrs. Barr's strong tales are apt to be. — *The Pagans*, by Arlo Bates, is reissued in Ticknor's Paper Series; as also *Fortune's Fool*, by Julian Hawthorne. — *The Silver Lock and other Stories*, by popular authors. (Cassell.) With

this and other books of the series, the reader is given, not a chromo, but lots of information about Sapolio, Pears' Soap, Ridge's Food, Perforated Paper, and the like. — *The Guardians* (Houghton) is a readable novel. Is it misleading to call it old-fashioned, when we merely wish by this term to indicate that it neither analyzes to death nor occupies itself with impossible situations? It is in fact a novel built upon lines familiar to all who know the history of modern fiction. It deals with character as disclosed by selected situations, and those situations are not commonplace, though they are matter of fact. The writers of the novel plainly were interested in it. — *With the Immortals*, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) — *The McVeys*, by Joseph Kirkland. (Houghton.) This novel carries forward some of the characters introduced by the author in his novel *Zury*. — *Nobody Knows, or Facts that are not Fiction, in the Life of an Unknown*. (Funk & Wagnalls.) In a sort of Alfred Jingle style, the writer of this book has undertaken to make a hero of the unknown man in life who does the real work of the world. He has brought him into contact with toilers under many phases, and some of his representations of life are graphic; but there is no such unity to the book as would give great force to such a scheme. — *The Young Seigneur, or Nation-Making*, by Wilfrid Châteaclair. (Drysedale, Montreal.) An interesting, unhackneyed series of sketches strung upon a semi-biographical string, the author's purpose being to forecast the destiny of Canada. The book is quite worth attention, especially by those who consider the problem of race which old Canada suggests. — *My Aunt's Match-Making*, and other stories by popular authors. (Cassell.) — *Bewitched*, by Louis Pendleton. (Cassell.) There is some promise in this melodramatic sketch, but it has the air of a juvenile production, written out of no real conviction of character and its movements. — *Madame Silva*, by M. G. McClelland. (Cassell.) With this, in the same volume and by the same author, is the tale of *The Ghost of Dred Power*. Both have a touch of the supernatural in them. — Putnam's Sons have issued a very pretty edition of Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*, with the author's quaint drawings.

*Books for the Young.* *Tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, by Margaret Vere Farrington. (Putnams.) It is always commendable to bring the early English romances to the notice of the young, and probably each fresh book reaches some who might otherwise miss the knowledge; but this raconteur has no peculiar qualifications for her task, and we would rather give a bright boy or girl the jumble of Sir Thomas Malory, for

the English of that book is sweet and quaint and will affect the imagination, and it is comparatively of little consequence to straighten the stories. — *Two Little Confederates*, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) The story of two young boys on a Virginia plantation during the war. The scenes have the air of being recalled by the writer, and they are described with a constraint which impresses their general truthfulness upon the reader. — *Sparrow, the Tramp, a Fable for Children*, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. (Roberts.) A pleasant little story, in which birds and animals take leading parts. Their fortunes and those of the human actors are skillfully interwoven. — *Editha's Burglar*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Jordan, Marsh & Co.) The first presentation of this charming sketch in book-form.

*Education and Text-Books.* *The Essentials of the French Language*, by P. M. Clere. (M. V. Lacage, San Francisco.) A book which embodies a teacher's work with pupils who are in a hurry to get command of a working French speech. The arrangement is orderly, and we should think that, with a good teacher behind it, the book might serve its purpose. — *A Primer of Memory Gems*, designed especially for Schools, by George Washington Hoss, A. M., LL. D. (Bardess, Syracuse.) These gems are alphabetically arranged, different in this respect from Graham gems, which are arranged in order of merit. The impartiality of the selection is open to some question. The authors, to be sure, are taken from a wide range, including on one page Dryden, Shakespeare, H., Pope, Campbell, and H. The first essential of a gem is that it should not exceed three lines; the next that it should be alphabetically arranged, and it is clear from an examination of the book that H. has been sadly overworked. But he is nobly ready. When Shakespeare fails, Mr. H. steps firmly forward. Who is this H.? Not Mr. Ho—? — *The School Pronouncer*, based on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; a guide to correct pronunciation by means of exercises in the elementary sounds and their symbols, drills on the phonetic analysis of words, and lessons in words liable to be mispronounced. By W. H. P. Phyffe. (Putnams.) Besides the use of this book by teachers, — and an admirable one it is for them, — it would serve as a quickener of social intercourse. Where else can one find so easily such interesting facts as the pronunciation of "syzygy" and the spelling of "methylenhexphenylphosphonium"? — *Inductive Language Lessons*, elementary grammar and composition, with a new, simple and effective system of diagramming, by Harris R. Greene. (Lovell.) One of the ingenious methods employed by Mr. Greene is to give

a handful of sentences, some rightly, some wrongly, expressed, and then to set the scholar to correct the whole. His own language sometimes needs correction, as when he says, "Now build these verb-terms into sentences, then diagram them all." — *The Song Century*, compiled by C. W. Bardeen. (Bardeen, Syracuse.) There is considerable variety and liveliness in this small collection, and the editor has gone to good composers for most of his music. — *Aspects of Education, a Study in the History of Pedagogy*, by Oscar Browning. (Industrial Education Association, New York.) This pamphlet deals largely with conditions to be found in England, but by this very treatment it is likely to help American students, since they are enabled to stand off and see the application of principles. It is often confusing to have principles applied to ourselves. — *The New Model First Reader*. (George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.) Chiefly different from other books of its class in having its pictures in high colors. — *Aristotle and the Christian Church*, by Brother Azarias (Kegan Paul, London), belongs among the contributions to the history of education, for it deals with a large historic subject, one of fundamental importance, and touching closely upon the practical questions involved in the controversy between secular and religious education. — *Selected Poems from Premières et Nouvelles Méditations*, edited with biographical sketch and notes, by George O. Curme. (Heath.) The editor confesses that Lamartine is to him the dearest of all French poets, and frankly warns the student that this partiality may affect his critical judgment; but it has at any rate made him an interesting editor, for he reads the poems with the student as if he cared for them, and did not regard them merely as grammatical exercises. — *Astronomy Note Book, for High Schools, Academies, and Colleges*: thirty-six printed pages, interleaved with blank leaves for notes. By Marion L. Berneike. (Lovell.) — *The Virtues and their Reasons*, a system of ethics for society and schools, by Austin Bierbower. (George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.) This treatise contains much reasonable thought, but we do not well see how it could serve as a text-book in schools. It may help the teacher, but could hardly answer the demands of the ordinary pupil. — *Physical Development, or the Laws governing the Human System*, by Nathan Allen. (Lee & Shepard.) Dr. Allen is a veteran in a field in which he was also a pioneer, and this volume is made up of a series of papers published at different times, many of which have to do with the problem of the education of the body. The author is sometimes somewhat extreme in his views, but

he is a vigorous hitter and has strong, sensible ideas.

*History and Biography.* Of *Many Men* is the title of a collection of anecdotal and reminiscential sketches by T. C. Evans, who was for many years an agent for lecturers and lions. (American News Co.) Thus he tells of his personal relations with Dickens, Bulwer, Sala, Yates, Webb, Weed, Grant, and others. In his capacity as impressario he did not always succeed in his purpose, but his efforts to succeed brought him for a while into close quarters with his noble game. The sketches, however, are not all due to this occupation, but the best things in the book are not Mr. Evans's fragmentary skimmings from new books, but his personal recollections, and these, though not very important, are often quite readable. — *The Advance Guard of Western Civilization*, by James R. Gilmore. (Appleton.) A very interesting study of men and events in the Southwest in the important years just following the Revolution. We are surprised not to notice any reference to James Harrod. — *Men and Measures of Half a Century*, sketches and comments, by Hugh McCulloch. (Scribners.) The reminiscences of a sturdy publicist, who not only narrates his personal experience and describes the men whom he has known, but makes shrewd and telling comments upon public affairs as he has known them and had part in them. Naturally he gives considerable attention to questions of financial management and policy, but in whatever he writes he shows himself a sturdy, hard-headed, and opinionated man, whose opinions are well worth consideration.

*Science.* An Enumeration of the Published Synopses, Catalogues, and Lists of North American Insects, together with other information intended to assist the Student of American Entomology, by C. V. Riley. This pamphlet is published by the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, which also issues a serial, apparently, under the title *Insect Life*, devoted to the economy and life-habits of insects, especially in their relations to agriculture, and edited by the entomologist and his assistants, with the sanction of the commissioner of agriculture. Is not government going a little too far in entering the field with a free periodical? We cannot see how this differs from any publishing venture, except that the people at large pay all the expenses, and the subscribers get it for nothing. — *Entomology for Beginners, for the Use of Young Folks, Fruit-Growers, Farmers, and Gardeners*, by A. S. Packard. (Holt.) In effect an introduction to the same author's well-known *Guide to the Study of Insects*. Dr. Packard is always interesting, and has had

good training for just the work he has undertaken in this book; but is it not almost too cramped?

*Sociology and Economics.* Penological and Preventive Principles, with Special Reference to Europe and America; and to the Diminution of Crime, Pauperism, and Intemperance; to Prisons and their Substitutes, Habitual Offenders, Sentences, Neglected Youth, Education, Police, Statistics, etc. By William Tallack, secretary of the Howard Association, London. (Wertheimer, Lea & Co., London.) We give the title-page in full because it serves as an abbreviated table of contents. Mr. Tallack advocates the separate system in prisons, a reasonable culmination of penalties, substitutes for imprisonment, and relies especially upon an appeal to the religious motive. And indeed, when one considers how badly the world has got on, and what claims Christianity makes of possessing the secret of restitution, it would seem that the demand should unceasingly be made upon the religiously educated to find the corrective of monstrous evils in human life, and, above all, in social life. — Problems of To-Day, a Discussion of Protective Tariffs, Taxation, and Monopolies, by Richard T. Ely. (Crowell.) Mr. Ely contributed the papers which compose this book to the Baltimore Sun, and thus his work is not a *concio ad clerum*. He writes as a professor addressing a crowd, using the nearest illustrations to explain the principles which he holds. Mr. Ely is always interesting, and if he is not dispassionate, his impulses at least lead him to espouse the cause of the many, and not of the few. — The Tariff and its Evils, or Protection which does not Protect, by John H. Allen. (Putnams.) Here we have not a malignant professor, but an old ship-owner and merchant battering away at the foundation of all our prosperity. — Industrial Liberty, by John M. Bonham. (Putnams.) A thoughtful, well-written, and, we may add, very well-printed book, which traces the development now going on of individual liberty through the operation of industrial laws. — The President's Message, with Annotations by R. R. Bowker, is No. 48 of Questions of the Day. (Putnams.) The editor, we think, would have made more telling points if he had quoted more freely from the various speeches and reports by Republicans which are in consonance with the message. — The Tariff History of the United States, a series of essays, by F. W. Taussig. (Putnams.) In this volume Professor Taussig has reprinted his paper on Protection to Young Industries, which first made him generally known, and has added other papers which he has printed in periodicals. They follow his own course of study, which was somewhat

chronological, so that when brought together they make a tolerably connected history from 1789 to 1887. — The Centennial of a Revolution, an Address by a Revolutionist. (Putnams.) An ironical criticism of the position taken by some publicists, notably in the Political Science Quarterly, that there has been a revolution, practically, by which the State has gone down before the nation.

*Mechanics.* Krupp and De Bange, by E. Monthaye; translated, with an appendix, by O. E. Michaelis. (Thomas Prosser & Son, New York.) A comparison of the two great European ordnance systems, to the advantage of Krupp. The book contains also an interesting description of the Krupp works at Essen. Messrs. Prosser are Krupp's agents in this country. The book is, of course, a special plea, but it has all the appearance of fairness.

*Dictionaries and Hand-Books.* The Oxford Dictionary, by James A. H. Murray (Maemillan), has advanced through Part IV., completing Volume I., which covers A and B, and beginning Volume II. with C, Cass. The first section contains an interesting preface, giving a history of the enterprise. More than two million quotations have been collected, and the names are given of the notable scholars who have aided in the work. No name, however, is so important as that of the editor himself, who has had the labor of organizing and ordering the work. We think readers are wise who subscribe to this work in parts, and so have the pleasure of dipping into the entertaining history of words. After all, there is no book quite so fascinating as a dictionary. — Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson's A Library of American Literature has advanced through the fourth volume (Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York), which begins the period of United States history, and carries it in effect to 1820, although of course there can be no rigid demarkation of periods in such a work. As in the earlier volumes, there is evidence of thorough research. The editors have overhauled a great mass of material, and have exercised great economy in their citations, avoiding the prolixity which has been so marked a characteristic of our earlier literature. The biographical notes are brief and to the point, and altogether the work is likely to do what we fancy Mr. Stedman did not foresee, — distinctly add to his fame. — Hints from a Lawyer, or legal advice to men and women; a law-book for everybody, with reference to property, family, and commercial affairs. By Edgar A. Spencer. (Putnams.) Like similar books on medical subjects, the conclusion appears to be, In any case of real importance, consult a professional man. This book gives you only a smattering.